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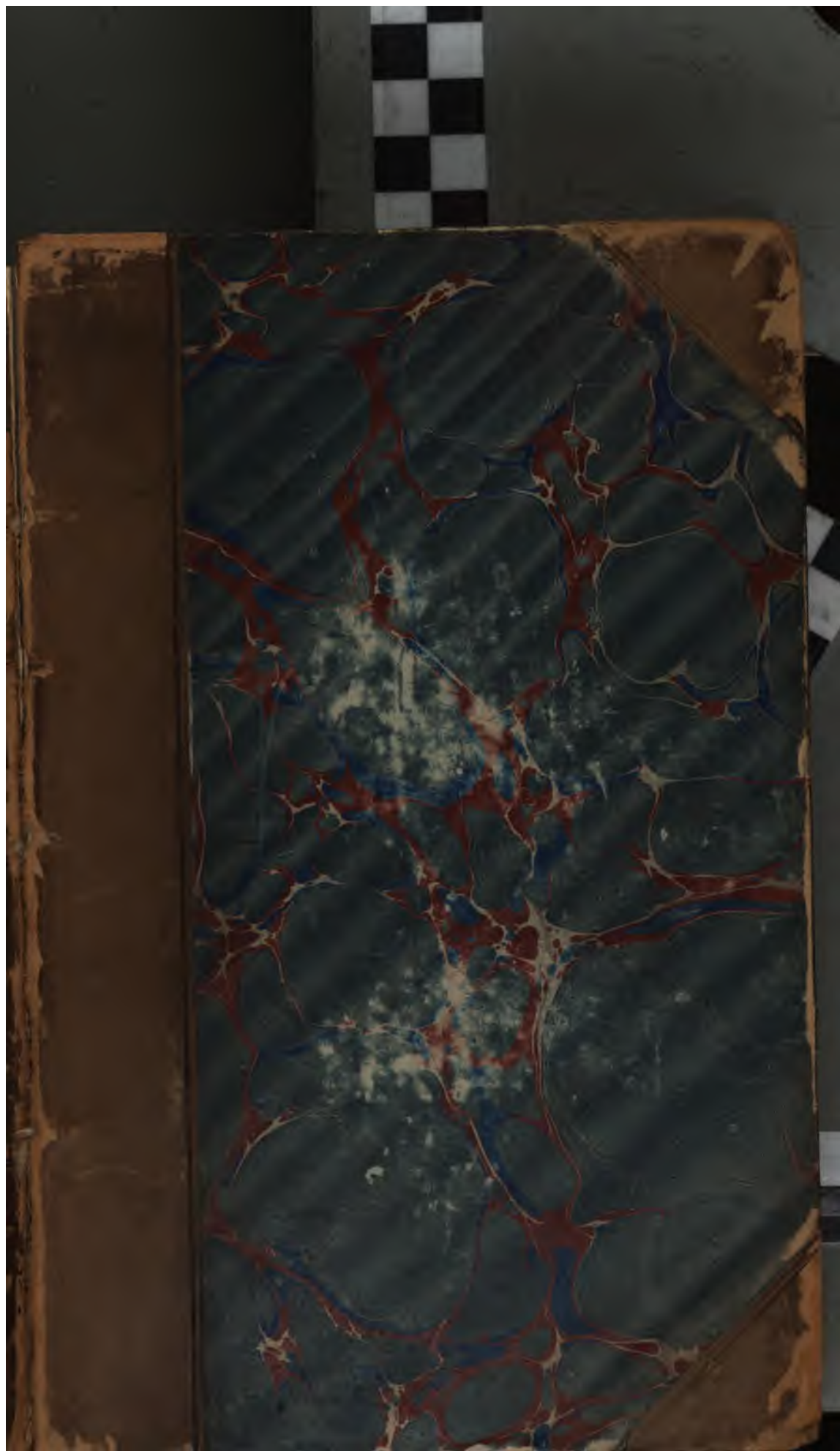
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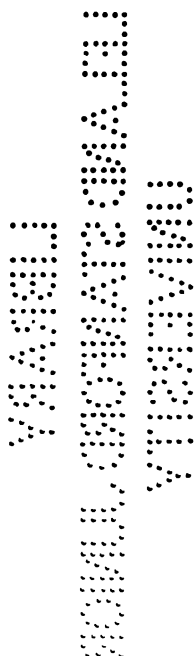
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THE

## QUARTERLY REVIEW:

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THE appearance within a few months of two English biographies of Lessing amply attests the powerful spell that attaches to his name. The sense, though dim and hazy, that exists abroad as to Lessing having been a man of a superior order, is a striking illustration of the abiding impression that is wrought by genius. He flashed upon contemporaries in his own land such startling bursts of light, that subsequent generations, even in remote parts, have retained a tradition of the emotion produced on the spot, and have instinctively continued to connect the idea of Lessing with that of a strangely daring luminary which suddenly directed a blaze of weird illumination upon things previously left in specious twilight by minds of a more timid fibre. This impression is not incorrect. Lessing undeniably takes rank amongst intellects of first-class calibre, and particularly amongst the intellects that have imparted an abiding impulse out of their spontaneous vigour. His genius had in it the force which at once quickened in the German firmament a group of intellectual atoms until then floating in a state of inorganic solution. That quickening influence was moreover confined within no technical limits; it was general and deep. Lessing unloosened, by the power of his touch, the tongue of his countrymen, then in the cradle of their literary revival, and feebly attempting to stammer forth ideas in a language which since Luther's days had been left to lie without culture.

Most assuredly Lessing's title to originality cannot be disputed.

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Whatever he became, he became by the force of his own impulse. There is no trace of his having directly taken in aught from outside sources, whether native or foreign, whether individual or collective. Influences are of course to be traced on him as on every human being, but in no instance did Lessing sink into an imitator, much less a copyist. In an age of feebleness, when his countrymen palpably leant on models in their literary efforts, Lessing never reproduced in any of his creations the outline of some visible example. Born at the point of time when German mind was just awakening to life, and was trying to make its first strides with babyish gait, Lessing from the outset stepped forth in the fulness of masculine strength, exhibited an intellect of diamond-like clearness and keenness, and expressed himself with a terseness, a vigour and a point, such as language generally acquires only after generations of culture. In him there was nothing nebulous, uncertain or involved; from subtlety of thought he was at times enigmatic, but he never was ambiguous. In none of his writings can it be said that Lessing showed himself under the control of dominant fashions or of prevailing mannerisms. And as he never bound himself to any one in apprenticeship, so also he left behind him no specific disciple, though the number was great of those strongly affected by his influence. At no moment was Lessing ever so little a visionary or a sentimentalist. The undimmed brightness of his keen intellect burnt on calmly amidst the haze of heated enthusiasms and nebulous conceptions, though he lived in close contact with individual minds that by their force and example swept many who were of more than average strength into fanciful exaggerations and confirmed mannerisms. Like a marble statue that comes from its master's chisel, perfectly set in all its parts, so Lessing appeared before the unformed German world, a splendidly built man, strong and healthy in all his parts; with a mind of admirable faculties animated by an unflagging and fearless spirit of research—a spirit with such singleminded devotion to the pursuit of research, that to quail before consequences was a feeling it did not know; the whole nature being seasoned by sympathies so generous and warm, so broad and unselfish, so thoroughly tolerant and free from taint of bigotry, that the man may be said to have been quite transfigured by a sublime essence.

Henceforward there will be no excuse if the British public does not know all about this remarkable man. Seldom have two such elaborate memorials been raised to any <sup>a lan-</sup> language of a foreign country as the two books <sup>h</sup> show on the part of the authors genuine sta

both are marked by unusual ability in its treatment. Mr. Sime has brought to his labours an assiduity and a breadth of discussion which are somewhat excessive, perhaps, and remind us occasionally of a Dutch commentator. Indeed, his merits amount almost to a fault. He furnishes the reader with such minute analyses of Lessing's writings, that the biographical narrative has suffered in interest. No summary and no disquisition, however laborious, will give such a vivid representation of an author's writings as can supersede the originals, for those who are interested enough to make a thorough study of him. Mr. Sime, out of enthusiasm for his theme, has overlooked this fact. We regret it, because the general reader can hardly fail to be deterred from doing justice to a capital book, when he finds whole chapters devoted to tedious and sometimes superfluous summaries. At the same time, if prolix, the criticisms plentifully scattered through the book are commendably accurate, and the fruit of close study. Miss Zimmern is deserving of sympathy, for she has had the misadventure to find herself forestalled just as she was on the eve of publication. Her handy book is likely, however, to be more popular than Mr. Sime's two volumes. She tells Lessing's life in a decidedly more pleasant manner, and her narrative is generally correct, and sufficiently detailed. On the other hand, those who would push their studies farther, and wish to know about Lessing's relation to the intellectual currents abroad in his day, had better turn to Mr. Sime's elaborate volumes. The latter is the profounder scholar, and his acquaintance with German is manifestly superior to that possessed by Miss Zimmern.

It is always of interest to note the conditions under which those who became distinguished for genius were ushered into the world. None could certainly have appeared less propitious for the rearing of a bold and innovating spirit than those which surrounded the paternity and the early training of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. He was born in 1729 at Kamenz, an insignificant town in the Saxon portion of Upper Lusatia. The family stock was of a stubborn Lutheran fibre; during generations its members had been distinguished for orthodox fervour, and an almost uniform adoption of the theological calling. One ancestor is, indeed, credited with having, in an Academical disquisition, advocated general toleration; but this symptom of Latitudinarianism was quite singular in the family history. Lessing's father was a Lutheran pastor of emphatically orthodox type. And as the sire, so too was the mother, whose father had himself been the incumbent at Kamenz—a homely, unsophisticated woman, apparently without a trace of higher culture, but

well fitted by her housewife-like qualities to husband to the uttermost the painfully small means at the command of her spouse. Scrupulous literalism, stern Puritanism, lively horror of the sacrilegious impiety personified by the Roman Catholic Church, and of the ungodliness embodied in the doings of a gay and a luxurious world, made up the stock of homespun sentiments for this abstemious, primitive, God-fearing, but decidedly sectarian couple. And if this array of sternly rigid influences might seem uncongenial to the development of a sprightly mind, so too were the material conditions of the family little calculated to let sunny rays lighten up the existence of a playful and fun-loving child. Penury—nay, at times, absolute indigence—weighed on the homestead of this Protestant minister, and cast on it the chill shade of pinching want and of sharp privation. But no pressure, however serious, of material troubles for a moment made the father's mind falter as to what was to be the career of his eldest born. Young Lessing was destined by his parents from infancy for the family calling. Like his forefathers, he was meant to become a preacher of Doctor Martin Luther's doctrine. There were then in Saxony several educational establishments for boys intended for the ministry. One was at Meissen, in the suppressed monastery of St. Afra, and here a scholarship was secured for Lessing in 1741. The tone of the institution was punctiliously pedantic, and the instruction given was of a pronounced theological character. 'When in Meissen I saw that much had to be learnt there which could be turned to no account in the world,'—was Lessing's retrospective remark in after-life. Still he contrived to distil a good deal of knowledge out of the uncongenial teaching he had to submit to. It is characteristic of his turn of mind that he eagerly studied the Latin classics, Plautus and Terence being his special favourites. Still more indicative of his original impulses is the circumstance that he tried his hand on a comedy, for dramatic composition was quite foreign to the spirit of this seminary. 'A good boy, but somewhat satirical,' was the observation made by one master; while the Rector reported him to be 'a horse that required double fodder, tasks being to him mere child's play, that by others were found too hard.' Notwithstanding this commendation, Lessing was not happy; while, on the other hand, the masters were puzzled what to make of their rather wayward pupil. He himself earnestly besought his father to remove him before the customary six years' term was over, and ultimately had his prayer granted, on his precociously attaining the his class. Accordi

1746, being just seventeen, Lessing proceeded to the University of Leipzig, a choice due to the circumstance of his having again been favoured with a scholarship in the gift of the Kamenz magistracy at that seat of learning, for otherwise the father would have sent him to Wittenberg, then still a highly considered school of Lutheran theology:

A youth's entrance upon the freedom of University life constitutes an epoch even with those best prepared for the promotion, but to Lessing it was an abrupt plunge out of the carefully barred confinement of a monastic seminary into the tumultuous current of the world's tide. It was not merely a sense of emancipation from pedantic leading-strings that befel him; the stunning sensation of a wholly new world, with facts and interests never before contemplated, overcame the eager lad on his first encounter with the varied and boisterous realities of student life. The position then held by Leipzig, not only as a University, but still more as the central point of what was considered in Germany to be its intellectual movement, requires to be realized in order to understand the peculiar attraction which it was likely to present before the mind of a keen and susceptible youth. There were, indeed, many Academical foundations in Germany, but, with the exception of Leipzig, none had acquired more than technical repute in connection with particular faculties. They were known as schools of theology, or of medicine, or of law, but for general culture and for the higher study of letters, Leipzig in that period of intellectual beginnings concentrated within itself the forces which were unconsciously quickening into life the long-continued torpor of German mind. It was in Leipzig that were domiciled, and in Leipzig that beamed, those now obliterated constellations, Gottsched and Gellert, who in the thin atmosphere of that infantine season twinkled like stars of the first magnitude, but have since faded from sight in the brilliant gleam shed by a galaxy of luminaries, of whom Lessing was amongst the first to beam over the horizon. What Gottsched preached was that Germans should discard foreign importations, and produce a literature of their own out of national elements. He especially proclaimed the necessity of creating a native drama, so as to banish from the stage the French and Italian compositions which then constituted the sole repertory of Germany. He had the enterprise to start a literary journal, the first of the kind published in Germany, which was made the vehicle for active propagandism in popularizing an improved literature. In its pages were published the opening cantos of Klopstock's 'Messiah,' a poem now indeed antiquated, but which was a production of undeniable merit, and, above all, the first considerable



siderable literary work of a distinctly Teutonic type. As such it struck the popular imagination, and had a telling influence on the national taste by kindling patriotic admiration for the homesprung tone of a composition wrought by a native artist in a style not borrowed from current models. It was German literature, as the outcome of what was indigenous to, and spontaneous in, German habits of thought and German feelings, that was really ushered into the world by the appearance in Gottsched's periodical of Klopstock's didactic and ponderous verses. The exertions of these Leipzig reformers were not, however, confined to mere propagandism. Through the medium of his literary organ, Gottsched strove, and with success, to endow his chosen seat of residence with what, in the then barrenness of the German world, was an institution of Phoenix-like rarity—a temple dedicated to the Thespian Muse. When Berlin was actually without any German playhouse whatever, Leipzig could boast of one in which, under the direction of an actress of culture, Frau Neuber, a trained troop acted plays arranged or written by Gottsched, according to his reforming principles for a national drama. Enough has now been said to show what a bewildering flood of novelties Leipzig must have presented to a young man of Lessing's peculiarly old-fashioned training but very susceptible nature, and how thoroughly calculated all this was, on the one hand to stir his eager interest, on the other to distract his mind—nay, even to shake to their foundations the staid order of stern views which alone were in conformity with the paternal principles.

Lessing's University career was marked by considerable irregularities, and the facilities of personal liberty, coupled with certain magnetic attractions, drew him into courses which were, to say the least, not well adapted for training a student who was to walk demurely in the paths of pious Lutheran orthodoxy. It has been seen that at St. Afra Lessing had already once tried his hand on a dramatic composition, though nothing could be possibly more abhorrent to the spirit of the school. The fact is that Lessing had an inborn inclination towards the drama, and consequently he had not been many weeks in Leipzig before he found himself drawn irresistibly to Frau Neuber's theatre. Night after night would he be seen in the pit, watching with rapt attention and studying with keen interest the action of the performers. His mind became engrossed in the stage and in Frau Neuber's company. In this passion he was much abetted by the habits of his most intimate 'chum' and fellow-student, one Mylius, a man of undeniable talents, but a very unsafe companion. Mylius was a random scapegrace, one of those clever ne'er-do-wells who are continually out at elbows—struggle through

through life by a spasmodic and jerky exercise of their wits—delight in grotesquely setting at naught customary proprieties—and always dash their own prospects, partly by indiscreet sallies, but still more from inability to resist the attractions of dissipation. He came, like Lessing, from Kamenz, where he had made himself notorious by outraging the decorous feelings of the God-fearing citizens, through a rhymed satire on the Puritanism of the magistrates. Long after this heyday season of student comradeship, the two men still remained partners in some literary undertakings, though on Lessing's part the original intimacy became subject to serious modifications. His nature was too serious and too manly to put up permanently with the volatile, dissipated, and feeble character of the other. That Mylius's parts were of a high order is incontestable, but the man's irrepressible irregularities dragged him down perforce into the gutter, notwithstanding the repeated extension of helping hands. After the collapse of several ambitious ventures, thanks to his remarkable plausibility of speech, Mylius contrived to persuade a number of persons taking interest in science, amongst them the eminent Haller, that if only he could travel into the wild regions of America, he might render excellent service for its promotion. Funds were actually subscribed—a matter by no means easy in the impecunious condition that prevailed in the German world of letters and science—and Mylius was duly started on his expedition. But the command of cash instantly proved too much for the confirmed rake. Instead of sailing for his destination, Mylius lingered on in the low pleasure-haunts of London, consorting with artists and players, spent his funds, then wrote to his German patrons for a further supply, and ended his days wretchedly in a London hospital. Such was the man who became Lessing's bosom friend and comrade on his first entry upon the always slippery walk of University life, and the consequences were natural. Mylius not merely accompanied Lessing to the pit; he took him behind the scenes, introduced him into the green-room, and made him acquainted with the actors, men and women, of the troop. Lessing became their daily associate; the lecture-room was abandoned for the theatre; the studies of the University were changed for that of the stage. That the young student found strong attraction in the charms of a member of the troop, a *Fräulein Lorenz*, of whose talents in maturer years he spoke disparagingly, is tolerably clear. Yet warm as his personal feelings were towards this lady, it is not to them that should be ascribed the special fascination that made him connect himself so intimately with the troop of players. Lessing was prominently distinguished for a healthy and vigorous realism. He

He was wholly free from that prevalent pallor of sentimentalism which then produced a plentiful crop of mawkish eclogues and vapid pastorals. He ever drew his inspiration from human beings as they were to be seen in the busy scenes of the world. His mind had a keen sense for the play and flow of life; it entered with zest into the excitement of amusements, and it responded with healthy quickness to nature's call for physical enjoyment. But it should also be carefully noted that Lessing never became overmastered by the flush of such pulsations, and that the athletic symmetry of his finely chiselled nature was never disfigured by undue development of the grosser fibres. There is no indication that on any occasion the clearness of Lessing's mind was for an instant clouded by the steam of debauch, though certainly no anchoret-like tendencies ever prompted him to look with disfavour on social pleasures.

In this combination of a truly lofty intellect with a system sufficiently sensuous to enter with zest into the excitements of life consists the distinctive character which made of Lessing the remarkable man he became, not merely for contemporaries but posterity. A seer of transcendent keenness, scanning calmly with unflinching self-possession through the lens of his daring intellect those highest altitudes of mysterious thought, the idea of scrutinizing which makes ordinary mortals giddy, Lessing, on shutting the enigmatic volume of bold speculation, would descend from the loneliness of his high observatory to disport himself for relaxation in facile intercourse with ordinary mortals in their everyday haunts, and on the level of their everyday amusements. Of this remarkable characteristic, not to let a higher aim drop out of sight, Lessing afforded striking proof in this season of his Leipzig wild oats. He forsook, indeed, academical and still more all theological pursuits for intercourse with actors and actresses—he dined and he supped with them, and he was the constant frequenter of the green-room—he was even on terms of decidedly questionable intimacy with a lady member of the company, and he spent more money than his scholarship put into his pocket; in a word, he did many things which parents far less strait-laced than an old-fashioned Puritan pastor must have viewed with concern; yet all this time, far from being engrossed in the coarser pleasures of boon-companionship, he was throwing himself with passionately earnest vigour into the work of serious labour in connection with the drama. Lessing began with an extraordinary activity to sketch out plays. Altogether there remain nearly fifty such fragments from this period of his life. The distinguishing feature of these attempts is that they aim at representing characters from actual life and not from a nebulous  
and

and conventional world. It is also noteworthy that the plots, instead of being taken from French sources, then the fashionable models, seem in several instances to have been suggested by English dramatists, such as Congreve and Wycherley. The most important of these compositions is a play called 'The Young Scholar,' in which a University pedant is ridiculed. It was accepted by Frau Neuber, put in rehearsal, and in January 1748 was acted, as we are told, amidst the 'laughter of the spectators and the clapping of hands.' But at this moment of triumph there came, what it is only to be wondered had not come before, a stinging reproof from the old pastor at Kamenz. To the ears of the God-fearing couple a report had come about the doings of that son whom they had sent forth to the high school of learning that he might qualify himself for the ministry of God, and the report, brought by an officious friend, was one to strike sorrow into the soul, for it exhibited a son so utterly gone astray into the paths of vice as to have become forgetful of the commonest filial decorum.

In Germany, and the more primitive the circle the more this holds true, Christmas is emphatically the holy feast of the domestic hearth. An inexpressible sense of sanctity attaches to the annual meeting of the family circle around the blazing tree, and to the interchange of love-gifts in the illumination of its sheen. However poor a family may be, it is to the fact of the presentment of such tokens, no matter of what humble character, that it looks for the proper keeping of this festival, and not to the serving of sumptuous cheer. And thus did that most unsophisticated and strictly observant couple at Kamenz. Circumstances indeed forbade the presence in the flesh of their eldest offspring; but that her first-born should be without a token of heartfelt communion on this blessed anniversary, the true old mother could not abide. The household means were indeed very straitened, and no memento could possibly be afforded but of a touchingly homely texture. The good woman set to baking for her distant child a cake of bread; and this loaf of love, with one bottle of wine (all the cellar could furnish), she confided to a neighbour who had to visit the Leipzig mart on matters of business. The neighbour went thither, and he gave what he was charged with to Lessing; but during his stay at Leipzig he also saw and heard about the young man what grievously troubled his Puritan soul, and which, on his return, he deemed it a duty forthwith to pour out into the bewildered hearing of the pastor and his spouse. They were told that the child of their fond love was become a notorious reprobate—that his name was in the public mouth—that it figured in big type on the Devil's Scripture, the play bill—that he had

had actually become a playwright—that he was the inseparable companion of comedians—and, horror of horrors, that his impiety had gone the length of defiling the maternal cake and wine by taking it for consumption at an orgy with the sons and daughters of Belial. Sorrow and consternation overcame the inmates of the Manse. The pastor, at all times a stern and a quick-tempered man, especially when matters touching on religion were in question, was neither slow nor measured in the expression of his wrath. Lessing was never wanting in filial affection. We have letters of this period to his parents; they are couched in the stately—one might call it, the pompous and decorous style of reverence then customary in addressing elders. But there is more than conventional ceremonial in them; the language is that of genuine feeling.

Explanations at home only partially cleared the sky. There was, indeed, an irresistible warming of the parental heart at sight of the prodigal. Even the stern Puritan unbent in presence of the bright, eager, brilliant son, who pleaded with so much force. That which it was most difficult of all things to provide in the Manse—a little money—was scraped together to help towards the payment of pressing debts, and Lessing went back to Leipzig with the permission to exchange the study of divinity for that of medicine. But the drama and literary exercises were no whit banished from his mind, and he quickly returned with increased zeal to his old pursuits, until the financial collapse of the Leipzig theatre, involving personal disappointment and additional embarrassment from his having stood security for pauper actors, threw Lessing into a plight from which he saw no mode of extrication but flight. Without giving a hint of his intentions to any one, he disappeared from Leipzig. After some months of desultory travel and adventure (in the course of which he made a stay at Wittenberg) Lessing entered Berlin at the close of the year 1748, so thoroughly out at elbows, that he shrank from being seen, and with the scapegrace Mylius as his sole friend and guide in the labyrinth of a wholly foreign world. The buoyancy of youth and the elasticity of genius constituted the stock of resources with which Lessing arrived in the capital, where, with one short interval, he continued to reside for six years—to leave it a man known to the public.

Berlin was certainly not a place which then would seem likely to offer to a penniless German student ready paths to preferment. It was neither a pleasant city, nor was it a seat of German learning. As compared with Dresden, rich in its art collections and resplendent with its profuse court, it presented the

the aspect of a provincial town under the forbidding ferule of sharp martinetdom. As compared with Leipzig, it seemed a spot stricken with intellectual bleakness, from the absence of native culture. The culture honoured and paraded in Berlin was of exclusively foreign importation; French men of letters, French academies, French science, were in vogue at the great Frederick's court; and, at least in public, the native growth of German letters had no opportunity of thriving. That no German theatre of any kind existed in Berlin, is of itself enough to show how thoroughly German culture was looked down upon in high quarters. Yet below the surface there existed a knot of spirits in sympathy with the German impulse that was abroad, and with such spirits Lessing succeeded in connecting himself before long. To provide daily bread he hired himself out to publishers enterprising enough to undertake translations; while with the confidence that belongs to genius, unbefriended and unknown, he ventured to address the leading theatrical managers in Germany with proposals for carrying out his ideas in regard to the creation of a national drama. As was to be expected, the responses to these ambitious appeals were disappointing, and Lessing lived from-hand-to-mouth by haphazard jobs; sometimes transcribing as a mere copyist, then again for awhile arranging the library of the owner of a journal still in existence, the '*Vossische Zeitung*.' For this introduction he had to thank Mylius—the only material advantage ever derived from his society. The sturdy independence of Lessing's character was strikingly shown at this time. So perfectly content was he with the barest pittance, a free board and the most trifling stipend, if only he could secure leisure for working at his cherished projects, that he actually declined a considerable fixed payment for a translation of D'Herbelot's '*Oriental Collections*,' because he said the task would not leave him the spare time he wanted for his own studies.

With indefatigable energy he composed during this period of cheerless misery a series of plays, amongst which '*The Jews*' and '*The Freethinker*' deserve attention, on account of their subjects. He ventured even on a much more ambitious project. In conjunction with Mylius, Lessing engaged in founding a theatrical periodical, which was, however, shortlived, because on points of æsthetic opinion Lessing came to differ seriously from his associate, and in consequence curtly declined further co-operation. The antagonistic tendencies of the journal to the principles of dramatic criticism then in fashion are clearly declared in the following passage from the opening article:—

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‘It is certain that if in dramatic poetry the German will follow his natural bent, our stage will resemble rather the English than the French.’ Soon after this, Mylius vanished from Berlin, and then Lessing got a first foothold on the lower round in life’s ladder by accepting an offer to conduct the literary department in Voss’s paper. The general editorship of the journal he characteristically declined, on the ground that under a censorship so sharp as the Prussian he would not waste his time on a task necessarily thankless.

Berlin ever has been, and still is, the city of Germany for taverns. The *Kneipe* is a prominent institution in the life of its inhabitants; it is the club, the habitual place of resort for distinct sets and cliques and classes. Different circles affect different localities, where in the bond of kindred sympathies congenial spirits meet convivially. Acquaintances are there easily contracted without the intervention of formal introduction, and Lessing, a ready frequenter of such haunts, made some that proved memorable. It was thus he was thrown together with a young Frenchman of his own age, and, like himself, living by his wits—Richier de Louvain—who at the time acted as secretary to the great Monsieur de Voltaire. The sage happened then to be involved in his notorious—it may even be called scandalous—law-suit with the Jew broker Hirsch, arising out of very questionable money speculations. He needed a German amanuensis, capable of translating the pleadings he had himself composed in French, and Lessing was presented to the great man as one qualified for the task. This led to close intercourse. Lessing was admitted as an habitual guest at Voltaire’s domestic table, in his apartments on the top floor of the Royal Palace, and thus had ample opportunity of well studying, with his keen powers of observation, the great intellectual luminary of the age. The connection came to an abrupt termination under circumstances which produced sensation, and first brought Lessing’s name before the public. A copy of the ‘*Siècle de Louis XIV.*’ had been confided by Richier to Lessing before publication, under the condition that no third person should see it. The book, however, did fall into third hands, and the fact reached Voltaire’s ears, who flew into a paroxysm of fury, turned away Richier as a thief, and peremptorily called on Lessing to return what he termed stolen goods. It is not possible to absolve Lessing from at least culpable levity in this transaction. The work had been confidentially consigned to him by a friend; he had neglected to take proper care of the trust reposed in him; and he had even pushed forgetfulness to the length of leaving the book in another’s keeping  
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when he himself went on a short visit to Wittenberg. One can easily understand, however, that Lessing should have resented keenly the imperious tone in which Voltaire, beside himself with frenzy, had summoned him to make restitution as a thief. He was not slow to retort in an epistle marked with all the vigour of his caustic powers; the immediate result being that his name was in many persons' mouths. 'Your affair with Voltaire has attracted much notice,' wrote Mylius. 'Since your departure you are better known than when you were here.' For us, however, the noteworthy circumstance, in this one unsatisfactory episode in Lessing's life, is the emphatic recognition of Lessing's intellectual worth, expressed by Voltaire, in an autograph letter addressed to Lessing a few weeks after the vituperative epistle he had dictated to the unfortunate Richier in the first transport of frenzy:—

'On vous a déjà écrit, Monsieur, pour vous prier de rendre l'exemplaire qu'on m'a dérobé, et qu'on a remis dans vos mains. Je sçais qu'il ne pouvait être confié à un homme moins capable d'en abuser, et plus capable de le bien traduire. Mais comme j'ai depuis corrigé beaucoup cet ouvrage, et que j'y ai fait insérer plus de quarante cartons, vous me feriez un tort considérable de le traduire dans l'état où vous l'avez. . . . Je serais très-satisfait, que non-seulement vous traduisiez le livre en allemand, mais que vous le fassiez paraître en italien. . . . Je vous renverrais l'ouvrage entier, avec tous les cartons et tous les renseignements nécessaires, et je récompenserais avec plaisir la bonne foi, avec laquelle vous m'aurez rendu ce que je vous redemande.'

A moment's reflection on the great distance in the relative position of the two men towards each other will bring home the remarkable nature of the testimony we have here to the impression Lessing's genius instinctively produced. Voltaire—the pet of monarchs, the spoilt child of fashion, by nature intensely vain and excessively irritable—wrote from the pinnacle of renown and social distinction; Lessing, on the contrary, was not merely quite unknown to fame, but he stood before Voltaire in the condition of an humble dependent—almost of a menial—of a scribe hired to do a bit of literary mechanism, and one at whose proceedings the great man had not unreasonably been incensed. That under such circumstances Voltaire should have addressed Lessing in such courteous terms is decidedly creditable to his insight, and a striking homage to Lessing's power of impressing minds. Anyhow this chance and for a while close contact between these two men—one the enthroned high-priest of the fashionable taste in letters and notably in the drama, the other a yet unfledged but already palpitating pioneer of a  
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current destined before long to expel from the German stage the æsthetic principles whereon the other's ascendancy as a dramatist rested—is an incident too striking to be overlooked.

About the same time that he learnt to know Voltaire, Lessing was thrown together with an individual at quite the opposite end of the social scale, his acquaintance with whom ripened into friendship that never encountered a flaw, and acquired the tone of romantic attachment. This was Moses Mendelssohn, then even more unknown to fame than Lessing. It is recorded that the two men happened to play chess together in some place of public resort, and that this led to closer intercourse. It is well to remind the reader what an outcast the Jew then was from every section of German society. In the country where the Hebrew race has since attained the highest honours—where a galaxy of Jewish names, Heine, Börne, Rahel, figure amongst the glories of national distinction—the Jew was then looked on like a spotted leper, against whom were shut the doors, not merely of the aristocracy and of fashion, but actually of all public schools and public office. The Jew pedlar and the Jew money broker were indeed plentifully forthcoming, like irrepressible weeds defying eradication. But from social position and from civic rights the Jew was then excluded in Germany, even more inexorably than he is now in Roumania. So jealous was the social barrier established against the admission of Jews, that even many years later it was a law still enforced, that every converted Jew had to adopt a new name, so as to prevent the introduction of Jewish family names into Christian society. Thus, when Rahel's family adopted the Christian faith they had to assume the name of Robert. If such a thing as degrees in Jewish degradation could be admitted by this spirit of Pharisaical superciliousness, then Moses Mendelssohn must have been regarded as the very lowest of the low. Mendelssohn sprang from the humblest possible parentage. In the obscure Jewish community at Dessau, his father served as doorkeeper to the synagogue. So abjectly poor were the family circumstances, that the boy was dependent from infancy on the charity of the less destitute members of the congregation. Happily his natural disposition for learning was fostered by a Polish Rabbi, who initiated him in the Talmud and the writings of Maimonides. This inspired the boy with such thirst for knowledge, that he adventurously picked his way to Berlin. Here he subsisted for a time no better than a pauper, until the Chief Rabbi came to take notice of him. This man was remarkable for Biblical lore, and for broad religious views which afterwards got him into trouble with his more rigid co-religionists. Through his interest Moses obtained employment as clerk

clerk in the house of a Hebrew silk merchant. During leisure hours in his garret he prosecuted his studies with passionate eagerness, so that when chance brought him together with Lessing he had already mastered several languages. Lessing's keen perception quickly recognised the genial qualities in the modest Jew lad, and his generous nature became drawn towards him in kindly sympathy. He encouraged Mendelssohn in his disposition to enquiry, and strove to dispel his natural diffidence. Lessing's room became a daily resort, where Mendelssohn imbibed inspiration from his friend's vigorous conversation, and was quickened by stimulating words to venture himself on literary efforts. It is deeply touching how to the last moment of his life, as a graceful creeper clings to the stem of a mighty trunk, so Mendelssohn hung with heartfelt affection and gratitude upon the superior genius, by whose encouraging words alone he had been emboldened to present himself before the German public as a writer and a teacher. This was particularly shown in his vindication of Lessing's memory after his death from what Mendelssohn considered the horrible imputation of having subscribed to Spinoza's teaching as his philosophical faith.

There was yet a third acquaintance made by Lessing in Berlin at this time, of whom a few words must be said. This was Nicolai, the bookseller and voluminous author, now chiefly remembered for his antagonism to Goethe and Schiller and the later literary movement in Germany, and for his having been, in return, pilloried by the two poets in the epigrams known as the 'Xenien.' Nicolai was a German Martin Tupper in his later days, a priggish propounder of platitudes, prosaic commonplaces, and mare's nests, which have gained for him a lasting notoriety as the type of what Germans have nicknamed *Philisterdom*. Still Nicolai was always distinguished by remarkable activity and shrewd enterprise; and the qualities, which at a later period only conduced to his flooding the public with writings that excited ridicule, were at this time expended in promoting publications of a different character. The spirit of German literature had not yet got into the grooves he afterwards kept shaking his head at. On the contrary, Nicolai had himself written in sympathy with what was then the progressive element; and, though no one in his dry bustling priggish manner could well be less like Lessing, he had expressed himself favourably in reference to some production of his. In consequence of this, Lessing, and through him afterwards Mendelssohn, came to make the acquaintance of Nicolai, and, what is more curious, the acquaintance grew into abiding friendship. Whatever his shortcomings,

shortcomings, it must be admitted that Nicolai exhibited genuine interest in both these literary men, and repeatedly proved his friendship by counsel and material assistance in the publication of their writings. The contrast presented by the varied individualities composing this trio of life-long friendships is, however, as Mr. Sime remarks, singularly curious.

When tidings reached the Kamenz Manse that the prodigal had again broken loose, and had disappeared no one knew whither, and when at last it became known that he had betaken himself to Berlin, grievous was the sorrow that overcame the old couple. To the minds of rigid old-fashioned Lutherans, Berlin was the city where the spirit of scoffing godlessness was enthroned; where public honour was paid in high places to the iniquities of outlandish impiety. To the stern old Pastor it now seemed that, by deliberately electing to seek this haunt of evil minds, the son of his pride had irrevocably determined to plunge into the abyss of perdition. So intense was the parental anger, that it would even seem as if a box left by Lessing under the domestic roof was for some time withheld from the reprobate, though in his impoverished condition its contents would have been most acceptable. At last it was sent, with a present of nine thalers, and it is evident that his father's resentment gradually thawed. His heart was probably further moved on learning that, of his own accord, Lessing had betaken himself to Wittenberg with the view of graduating, though it was in the secular faculty of medicine. The satisfaction must, however, have been but transient, for the stay at Wittenberg was marked by a literary success, which was cast in a mould that drew on Lessing the frown of minds wedded to orthodox views. In the University library he had found the means of indulging his passion for quaint reading, and the result was embodied in a series of essays, somewhat on the model of Bayle's 'Miscellanies,' which he gave to the world under the title of 'Vindications.' The subjects for these papers were chiefly characters like Cardan, that laboured under the charge of irreligion, which had been advanced by the ruling ecclesiastical authorities of their time. Lessing sought to establish that they were the victims of misrepresentation. The task was eminently to the taste of one who greatly loved the curiosities of literature, and in its execution there was already the sound of that keen voice which subsequently rang out from Wolfenbüttel with such startling effect through the length and breadth of German orthodoxy. The 'Vindications' met with much attention in learned circles. Michaelis, the great Biblical critic at Göttingen, publicly expressed his recognition of their value;

value; and it was not long before Frederick's French Academicians found themselves unable to deny that in this young critic there was a writer of pungent force. 'Quant à ce qui regarde Monsieur Lessing,' wrote Beausobre to Gottsched in reference to a publication—the joint work of Lessing and Mendelssohn—meant as a squib on a subject given for a prize essay by the Berlin Academy, 'je ne le connais que de nom, assez ignoré chez nous; il mérite de l'être de nos voisins'—he means the Saxons. 'Son ouvrage a été attribué longtemps à un Juif nommé Moyse et je ne sçais pas encore certainement s'il est de Lessing.' Then he adds with Academic superciliousness, 'Je chargerai quelqu'un de donner quelques petits conseils à cet écrivain mordant.'

Whether the 'petits conseils' were conveyed, does not appear; it is however beyond question that Lessing's next literary effort was attended by such decided success as neither Monsieur Beausobre nor his Academical colleagues could any longer make light of. Lessing had recently dropped his dramatic pursuits. In the summer of 1755 the fit suddenly overcame him afresh with an impulse that was irresistible. Flying from Berlin, with its distracting surroundings, Lessing found a secluded garden-house to his liking at Potsdam, wherein he shut himself up hermetically for seven weeks. During this period he designed and finished, with an activity that was feverish, 'Miss Sara Sampson,' a five-act tragedy in prose, the appearance of which on the boards marked an epoch in the German drama. It is easy to point out that this play, tested by the canons of modern stage creations, has manifest defects. No one would care to dispute the fact. It is not as a play of the present day, but as one composed under the literary conditions which then prevailed, that 'Miss Sara Sampson' must be judged, to understand the extraordinary effect its performance had on the German public. For the first time there was presented to it an elaborate drama, cast in a wholly different mould from those frigid classical models which conventional French culture had hitherto supplied for the mawkish and imitative efforts of some feeble playwrights. In 'Miss Sara Sampson' a drama was exhibited of German manufacture, the matter of which was taken from the class of real-life subjects which inspired Richardson's pathetic romances. It is true that the scene and characters were transferred to England, but that was a point of secondary importance to the emancipation manifest in the entire departure from the type of dramatic representations which the hitherto sacred canons of criticism alone considered legitimate. In this respect the revolutionary influence for the German drama con-

sequent on the effect produced by this play may be considered parallel to that exercised in another direction by the appearance of Klopstock's 'Messiah.' Both quickened German mind and let loose intellectual forces that were previously in virtual, though unconscious, stretch for deliverance. It is noteworthy that the enthusiastic reception which the piece met with began in no great centre of German life. 'Miss Sara Sampson' was first performed in the theatre of a second, if not third-rate provincial town, Frankfort-on-the-Oder; yet the scene on that occasion was unprecedented. Ramler, in a letter to the poet Gleim, written directly after the performance, describes the audience as having sat immovably entranced for three hours and a half, to burst forth in loud sobs at the close. Still more expressive is the distance to which the fame of this drama quickly travelled. France certainly was not a country where any disposition to copy German models might have been expected, yet in the '*Journal étranger*' there appeared a criticism and partial translation of this play by a disciple of Diderot; and we learn from Grimm that at the Duc d'Ayen's private theatricals a French version was performed 'before the greatest company in France,' where 'the piece was received with great applause, and produced the most powerful impression—the daughter of the master of the house,' the Comtesse de Tessé, 'playing the part of Miss Sara in a ravishing manner.'

Like his eminent contemporary Winckelmann, there used to come over Lessing at intervals an intense and even irrepressible impulse to a change of scene—to break out from the cramped and distasteful environment within which he found himself caged. Like Winckelmann also, he was possessed with a desire and a longing, that at seasons acquired the heat of passion, to look on the classic land of Italy, and there to bathe in the contemplation and study of that ancient art, the remains of which were the one true commentary that could give precision of knowledge in regard to those classical authors which were a favourite recreation to his mind. Such a fit of restlessness now befel Lessing. Away from Berlin he would and he must go. Convulsively he cast about to discover some harbour of refuge to his taste; and none such having presented itself, one morning he vanished as abruptly as seven years before he had decamped from Leipzig, and, what is still more curious, it was to go back to the old haunt he had so unceremoniously deserted. Doubtless the magnet which exercised the determining attraction was the Leipzig theatre: but, though Lessing did consort during his stay with actors, no dramatic production of consequence resulted, and the important incident of this flight to Leipzig lies in his having  
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become acquainted with a wealthy young patrician, named Winkler, who contemplated a three years' grand tour through Europe, and proposed to engage Lessing as a companion, on terms of a highly flattering kind:—

'Should the public be disposed to humiliate me as an over-assiduous writer, and to refuse me its approbation on the ground that I have received it too often,' Lessing wrote to Mendelssohn, 'I will propitiate it by the promise that, from next Easter, during three whole years it shall neither see nor hear anything of me. How is that to be? you ask doubtless. I announce to you the most important news which I ever could announce about me. Verily I must have left Berlin in no unpropitious hour! . . . I am about, not as tutor—not with the burden of a youth fastened on my soul—but as a mere companion, to travel with a man who is wanting neither in means nor desire to make the journey as useful and as pleasant to me as I myself could ever wish to make it.'

This joyful anticipation was destined not to be quite realized; but we cannot stay to trace the details of Lessing's return to Leipzig, his breach with Winkler, and the formation of his new friendship with a Prussian officer, Heinrich von Kleist, who combined an ardent zeal for his profession with a taste for the Muses, and a nature singularly cultivated with a mind highly susceptible of romantic devotion. The generous warmth of his heart was quickly kindled on behalf of Lessing, who now, by his severance from Winkler, was in the wide world once more wholly unprovided for—'a sparrow on the housetop,' as he said of himself—living wretchedly on the pittance to be derived from literary drudgeries. Having relations with men of considerable influence at Berlin in high circles, Kleist appealed to them with passionate eagerness to bestir themselves with the view of procuring for Lessing an appointment of some kind.

'Try hard,' he writes to one friend, 'to get for Lessing a place in the War Office, or some other convenient appointment; he will quickly learn the duties.' Some days later he has a new plan. 'In the Berlin Palace Library there is a very old librarian, who must die soon or want an assistant. Do write about this at once.' 'Oh, work with me to obtain some post or other for our dear Lessing,' Kleist exclaims to Gleim. 'He is to be greatly pitied; never have I seen a friend in such a position.' His necessities at this time were so great that Lessing had to beg small loans from friends.

Kleist, though himself not rich, came freely with his purse to the rescue; but in 1758 an order arrived that called him into the field. 'In the year spent at Leipzig . . . Lessing has become so dear to me that I feel as if he were dead, or

rather as if I were half dead.' These words are in a letter to Gleim, with the testamentary instruction that of 1200 thalers deposited with the latter (apparently his whole fortune) 200 were in the event of his death to be given to Lessing and Ramler. Then came this afterthought in a postscript, 'Rather give them the money now, and, should I live, it may be returned whenever they have become rich enough.' He did not return, but was mortally wounded on the fatal day of Kunersdorf. Carried to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, he expired after several days' suffering. For a while the catastrophe was not positively known to his friends, and a suspense of hope animated them. 'Ah, dearest friend, it is unhappily true, he is dead,' wrote Lessing to Gleim. 'In the greatest pain he was throughout calm and cheerful. His greatest wish was to have seen his friends once more. Oh, would this could have been! My sorrow is a wild sorrow. He had already before three or four wounds. Why did he not leave the service? For less and smaller wounds generals have retired. But he *wished* to die.'

Leipzig had now become thoroughly distasteful to Lessing, and so we find him once more of a sudden in Berlin—though again with no more definite provision than his pen and the hearty welcome given by Mendelssohn and Nicolai. Three years he continued in the capital; three years of intense, often desultory, and too often irksome task labour. One work, however, demands notice. In conjunction with Mendelssohn and Nicolai, who furnished the pecuniary means, Lessing planned and founded a literary periodical, to contain reviews of current literature in different countries, in the shape of letters. It was a bold plan, and the articles, which were mostly by Lessing, attracted much notice. Though the issues of the letters were irregular, the strain of the work before long became fatiguing even to a mind so elastic. Evil times also supervened. The capital was occupied by the Russians, and Lessing witnessed the public flogging of two journalists, one his own successor at the '*Vossische Zeitung*.' Disgusted with the situation, he was meditating flight, when unexpectedly General Tauentzien, recently appointed Governor of Breslau and Director-General of the Silesian Mint, who had met Lessing in Kleist's society, offered to take him as his secretary. Without a moment's hesitation, Lessing jumped at the engagement, and, having again decamped without a word of farewell even to his bosom friend Mendelssohn, he found himself installed at Breslau, as an important official, in November 1760.

General Tauentzien ranked amongst Frederick's foremost Paladins. It was popularly said that, should by a reverse of fortune  
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the great King's following be so reduced as to find sufficient standing room under the bough of one tree, Tauentzien would infallibly be in this gallant band. There is no indication of his having partaken of Kleist's literary tastes. He made himself known only as a brave soldier and a sagacious administrator. That he therefore should deliberately have picked out Lessing as confidential assistant in his responsible post, is fresh proof of the deep impression made by the latter upon minds of superior intelligence. Lessing's own feelings at the change in his life are graphically expressed in a letter to Ramler. 'You will be surprised, perhaps, at my decision; to confess the truth, for at least one full quarter of an hour every day I am myself perplexed by it.' What really determined Lessing's decision can be gathered from the following entry in his scrap-book. 'I now will for a while spin around myself, as an ungainly caterpillar, in order to come to light again as a bright bird.' The kind of journeyman's taskwork to which he had been of late bound had come to prove a yoke, from which relief at almost any cost had become to him an object well-nigh of necessity. The continued drudgery he was tied to pressed down with crushing weight even the marvellous elasticity of his mind. Convulsively Lessing longed for a repose from daily necessities, which might enable him to recruit his intellectual forces for higher efforts than fugitive notices and the jobs set by speculative booksellers. The Breslau appointment offered exactly what he was in search of. The salary was considerable, according to the scale of the times, and he was freed from all household cares by living with the Governor. Indeed, Lessing might have made a fortune easily. It is well known how Frederick was driven to have recourse to questionable currency devices. The Silesian Mint was largely concerned in these, and so trusted an officer as Tauentzien did nothing which, according to the practice of the age, was deemed unworthy of his character, in profiting to his own benefit by operations based on official knowledge. Lessing had the same opportunities. Lucrative offers came from brokers anxious for early information, and it is highly to his honour that he imperterbably rejected all proposals to derive benefit from a class of transactions then commonly dealt in by responsible officials. When he left the service, his fortune consisted of an investment in curious books and some very trifling savings. Truth, however, demands the admission that during the Breslau phase of his life Lessing was drawn into extravagance and even dissipation. Release from the galling strain so long upon him would seem to have re-acted on his vigorous system in a wild burst of pent-up spirits. His constitutional fondness for the pleasures of society,  
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with a strong special liking for intercourse with military men, made Lessing a ready frequenter of the taverns where officers congregated, and a willing participator with them in the games of chance it was their habit to indulge in. Eye-witnesses describe how Lessing would throw himself into play with the heat of a confirmed gamester, thick drops of sweat trickling over his face as he hung on the turns of fortune. So high were the stakes he risked, that Tauentzien made friendly remonstrances. Lessing's answer was eminently characteristic of the volcanic force—the inward need for occasional explosion—in his nature. 'Were I to have to play coldly,' said he, 'then I should not play at all. I have an object in playing with such passion. The violent movement sets my blood in flow, and frees me from a physical depression I suffer from at times.'

Let not the reader, however, run away with an idea that, because he thus gave a considerable rein to dissipation, Lessing was at this time oblivious of higher purposes. While an habitual visitor at taverns and an habitual votary of faro, Lessing contracted intimacies with grave professors, actively corresponded with his literary friends at Berlin, and became notorious for his eager purchases of books at sales. In fact, this Breslau period may be considered to have been one when, in the greatest enjoyment of freedom, Lessing was out at grass, recruiting a jaded system, and imbibing in his own peculiar fashion the elements and vigour for ulterior and higher work. That such improved condition was the effect of these holiday sallies is proved by his next important production, 'Minna von Barnhelm;' for, though published after his departure from Breslau, this play was conceived and sketched during his sojourn there. If 'Miss Sara Sampson' was drawn from a general view of real life, 'Minna' palpably embodied actual life. In it the spirit of the Seven Years' War—of the vicissitudes so largely and so painfully connected therewith—of honourable gallantry and broken fortunes—was visibly paraded before the audience. With 'Minna von Barnhelm' the protoplasm of a German historical drama was ushered into the world. As a mere piece of workmanship, the drama was decidedly in advance of Lessing's previous productions. On the contemporary generation the piece produced quite an electrical shock. The poetess Karsch, writing from Berlin, says: 'To-day "Minna" was given for the eighth time, and it was astounding how the public crowded to it yesterday. The gallery, the boxes, the pit, were crammed, and I had to be content with a seat on the stage, for even that was full on both sides; an extraordinary addition to Herr Lessing's honour, for no German before has contrived to fill with enthusiasm and thoroughly to delight both gentle and simple,

simple, learned and unlearned.' Goethe, talking in his old age with Eckermann, said: 'You may imagine what an effect "Minna" made on young folks when, in that dark season, it came out. Truly it was a *glittering meteor*.' The run of the piece was quite unprecedented, but without benefiting the author; for, by the unsatisfactory copyright then prevailing in Germany, the profits of a theatrical success accrued solely to the manager. Previously to this brilliant hit, in 1764 Lessing had been brought to death's door by fever. From this sick-bed he rose with the determination that he would no longer continue his present life. From Breslau and its surroundings he would perforce get free in some manner or other. Travel to Italy again floated much before his mind, for Winckelmann's great book had just appeared, and already Lessing was engaged in meditations, ultimately resulting in his 'Laokoon.' 'The serious epoch of my life is approaching,' he wrote to Ramler; 'I am beginning to be a man, and I flatter myself in this hot fever to have raved away the last lees of my youthful follies.' In vain, however, did Lessing look about in various directions for some suitable place of refuge. A professorship at Königsberg was indeed offered him, but he would have nothing to do with it, because it must have entailed the obligation of a yearly oration in honour of the ruling Sovereign, a courtier-like task to which he could not accommodate himself. So it came to pass that at last he flung up his post without having any provision assured, and betook himself back again to his old haunt, Berlin.

It is true he was not wholly without a secret hope of obtaining the vacant Keepership of Baron Stosch's celebrated collection of antique gems, so highly prized by Winckelmann, which had been bought by Frederick. But on Lessing's name being submitted for the appointment, the King instantly remembered the unpleasant associations relating to the Voltaire episode, and curtly ostracized, as an objectionable fellow, the great German genius, to give the Keepership to an utterly incompetent French adventurer. Thus again the pleasant vision of a comfortable anchorage vanished away, and again Lessing was adrift in the wide world, still, as he said, 'a sparrow upon the housetop,' with nothing but his energy to rely upon. Under such circumstances it was that he found the leisure to complete the treatise entitled 'Laokoon,' which, with 'Nathan the Wise,' is the most widely celebrated of his works.

It would be quite impossible here to enter into a critical consideration of the principles and canons laid down in this treatise, nor is this necessary for our purpose. The originality of the book is at once attested by the extraordinary and lasting impression

it produced. 'To realize the effect wrought by Lessing's "Laokoon,"' wrote Goethe in 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' 'one must be young; it transported us out of the region of trivial observation into the limitless area of thought.' Following in publication close on that of Winckelmann's startling 'History of Art,' this treatise equalled the sensation produced by that *magnum opus*. It is true that Lessing had been already meditating, some years before, an essay on the æsthetical points which formed the subject-matter of this treatise. It cannot, however, be questioned but that the 'History' directly determined the completion of 'Laokoon.' It was meant by Lessing as a corrective to what he considered as an imperfection in Winckelmann's criticism. Between these contemporary and in many respects cognate publications there is an essential distinction in the treatment of kindred subjects, due to a radical difference between the writers. Both enthusiastically admired the classical and the antique; but, while Winckelmann approached his subject as a 'connoisseur,' Lessing approached it as an abstract scholar. Winckelmann, in his 'History,' presented himself before the public as a master in *vertu*, who led his readers pleasantly from chapter to chapter, as it were, through a range of art galleries, each shut off for works having in common some particular distinguishing features, which he indicated with the charming clearness and precision of one who by long and familiar observation is thoroughly at home with all these characteristic points. Lessing, on the contrary, burst out, as Goethe said, in a 'lightning-like flash,' with the voice of a prophet, solving problems lurking in the very depths of the realm of thought, but with speech so clear and lucid, and with illustrations so happy and so telling, that his conclusions seemed to carry their proof with them, and his sentences struck deep into the minds of his contemporaries, as heavy hailstones strike into the soil they fall upon. That rare combination of metaphysical and illustrative faculties, so conspicuous a quality of Lessing's mind, was nowhere shown more effectively than in this treatise, which sought to define landmarks for the shadowy confines between the domains that belong to the Arts of Painting and of Poetry. Winckelmann's work is now practically obsolete, and forgotten as a manual by all but special students, because material connoisseurship has vastly advanced since his day. Lessing's 'Laokoon' is, on the contrary, still read largely, and for the reason that, though antiquated in points of detail, and erroneous in several of the canons laid down, its intellectual substance, vivid with the flash of genius, is still and will ever remain as pregnant with matter for deep reflection as on the day when the sentences were  
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thrown off. Translations still continue to appear—we will only refer to one by Sir R. Phillimore, and another by Mr. Beasley, which, by the competent Editor of the newest edition, is pronounced almost faultless. That edition, issued from the Clarendon press, deserves particular notice for the excellent introduction prefixed to it by Mr. Hamann. The reader will there find in lucid English an admirable analysis of the treatise, with illustrations perfectly to the point in regard to previous and contemporary labours in the same field. Mr. Sime too has devoted much care to the matter, but in Mr. Hamann's pages everything that requires to be said is given in a manner from which most readers, we apprehend, will carry away distinct impressions than from Mr. Sime's rather prolix comments.

'Laokoon' brought additional reputation, but it brought no money, and of money Lessing now was in dire need. Besides his personal wants, he was sorely distressed by the painful situation of his parents. A large family—daughters at home—had reduced the old Pastor to positive indigence, and Lessing had freely given of his little savings in response to appeals from the Manse. He was now, however, verging upon forty, without any assured provision, and with the creeping sense that the vigour of youth was ebbing; that the spirits were waning which once buoyed him up under the drudgery and servitude. 'I stood in the marketplace without engagement, but there was no one who would have me, doubtless because no one knew of any use to turn me to,' was what he said some years later of his situation at this period. Suddenly, in the moment of closing darkness, there came a call which made him start with the irrepressible thrill with which the old war-horse starts at the sound of the trumpeter's blast. Some wealthy Hamburg citizens had combined in a public-spirited idea to convert an humble theatre, already existing in their city, into a nursery of high drama on a quite magnificent scale. There was something decidedly fantastic in the whole conception. Not merely ample salaries, but even munificent pensions for their old days, were to be ensured to actors, who had to submit to a regular schooling, so as to be trained to elevated style; while the talents of dramatic writers were to be secured by analogous pecuniary advantages. To Lessing, as the most eminent playwright of Germany, an engagement was proposed as dramatist of the company, with a fixed salary. This duty he, indeed, declined to assume, on the ground that he felt himself lacking in the requisite productiveness; but he eagerly responded to the proposal that he should associate himself with a scheme entirely in sympathy with his tastes, and he accordingly undertook to be the counsellor and critic of the company, and to write  
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a periodical that was not merely to review plays, but was designed to become the organ for enunciating dramatic canons, and for a free critical discussion of the performances of the Hamburg troop. At the same time Lessing connected himself with another undertaking. A Hamburg man of letters—Bode—now remembered only for a version of ‘*Tristram Shandy*,’ had conceived the project of a vast printing and publishing establishment, that would bring profit to the owner and prove a boon to men of letters. He proposed a partnership to Lessing, who, with a naturally sanguine temperament, at that moment specially elated by the dramatic prospects suddenly opening up before him, rushed into the scheme with enthusiasm. The practical Nicolai warned him, but in vain, that the scheme, however plausible on paper, rested on a rotten basis in the then state of the German copyright law, which made the trade a warren for piracy. Lessing was far too passionately set upon getting to Hamburg, which then beamed before his eyes as a haven of peace and comfort, to listen to such prudential observations.

But his sanguine anticipations were speedily doomed to grievous disappointment; the single beneficial result of the Hamburg episode, exclusive of new acquaintances, being further addition to literary reputation. The ‘*Dramaturgische Blätter*,’ his dramatic periodical, acquired, and has retained in Germany, a classical standing. The only instance we can call to mind of a like abiding reputation, retained in the literature of any country by a publication issued in a fugitive form, is the ‘*Spectator*.’ Though the actors, and in most instances the plays that were the immediate subjects of review, have quite passed away from recollection, the ‘*Dramaturgische Blätter*’ are known to every well-read German at the present day, and for the reason, that in them are to be found some of the subtlest and most brilliant criticisms ever written on the essence of the drama. The principles of dramatic art have never been discussed more profoundly, nor illustrated with more striking vividness, than in the ‘*Dramaturgische Blätter*,’ which vibrate with the full force of Lessing’s critical genius at every page. It is self-evident that essays of this character must always have been above the taste of the general public. Individual minds of superior culture read them with keen delight, but as a periodical the ‘*Dramaturgische Blätter*’ had no sale. Lessing was guilty, however, of a yet graver error as regarded the interests of the Hamburg theatre than that of overweighting the pages of his periodical with abstruse matter. He subjected with Rhadamanthine sternness the members of the troop to such uncompromising strictures, that the green-room quickly raged with all the furies of *Æolus*.

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In truth the theatre was hardly started, when the want of all competent management became painfully perceptible. A month only after the opening Lessing wrote: 'There is discord among the directors, and no one knows who is cook and who is waiter!' The grim fact was patent that the performances did not draw. To stave off embarrassments the directors after a while tried to cater for more vulgar tastes, and Lessing with a wry face had to acquiesce in an exhibition of harlequinade on the boards originally meant to be exclusively sacred to the legitimate drama. But even this did not save the ill-contrived enterprise, and after eighteen months' existence the would-be national theatre closed its doors as a wholly bankrupt concern. 'Transeat cum ceteris erroribus,' wrote Lessing to Ramler; 'this pleasant dream of founding a national theatre here in Hamburg has vanished. . . . I withdraw my hand from the plough as willingly as I put it there.' Unfortunately the misfortune was not single-handed. At the same time the other enterprise—Bode's fanciful scheme—came to utter grief, and in this catastrophe Lessing, as a partner, was personally involved to a serious extent. In fact, ruin—crushing ruin—now seemed to be impending; and, to add to his sorrows, there came again heartrending appeals from his sister at Kamenz for some pecuniary assistance to his sorely-distressed parents. 'My heart bleeds when I think of our parents,' he writes to his brother. 'God is my witness I am not to blame if I do not relieve them. At this moment I am poorer than any one in the whole family, for the poorest, at least, owes nothing, whereas, while without the commonest necessities, I am over ears in debt.' Amidst all these grievous troubles—dunned by creditors, beset with troubles, harrowed by griefs—Lessing yet retained the energy to throw off several brilliant productions. It was at this time that he composed his 'Antiquarian Letters'; that he wrote a specially celebrated disquisition on 'The Form given in Classical Art to the Representation of Death'; and that he engaged in a literary controversy on points of scholarship, which excited much attention, with Klotze, a Halle Professor. The tone of this controversy, as well as of his correspondence, and the feverish activity generally displayed by him at this time, indicate, however, an over-tension of the brain, and a condition which could hardly have continued long without unhappy results.

While struggling manfully thus to cope with creditors, the idea of emigration laid hold on him strongly. Lessing seriously contemplated embarking in one of the many ships alongside the Hamburg quays, and sailing away to some Italian port. It was

no longer a merely vague notion, the idea grew into a resolution ; and that it was not ultimately carried into effect, was due to accidental circumstances. The prudent Nicolai, having hazarded some words of caution, was met with the remark : ‘ What I mean to do in Rome ? At present I can only say this, that in Rome I have at least as much to expect as anywhere in Germany.’ Rumours soon spread of his intention, and various stories got afloat. Lessing was going to fill Winckelmann’s place in the Albani household ; he had declared himself ready to conform to the Catholic faith ; he was to become Librarian at the Vatican. These reports, being related to Lessing, angered him greatly. Munzel-Stosch, nephew to the great collector, having, through Nicolai, offered an introduction to Cardinal Albani, Lessing replied thus :—

‘ I am beholden to Herr Munzel-Stosch for the obliging offer. Pray tell him I shall avail myself thereof, and will let him know when and where I would like to have the letters . . . but to tell *you* the truth at once, I have no intention of making any use of them at all. . . . I don’t care to make any but chance acquaintances in Rome. Had Winckelmann not been such a particular friend and client of Albani’s, his *Monumenti*, in my opinion, would have turned out differently ! I can see what I want to see, and live as I care to do, without Cardinals.’

His irritation was specially intense at the report of his being about to apostatize, and this he strongly expressed to his old friend Ebert, then at Brunswick :—

‘ What annoys me is that every one to whom I say I am going to Rome at once thinks of Winckelmann. What have Winckelmann and the place he made for himself to do with my journey ? No one can rate the man higher than I do—yet I should be as little pleased to be Winckelmann as I often am content to be Lessing.’

When the spring came and ships sailed, Lessing, however, still was in Hamburg—fettered by embarrassments, harassed by importunate creditors, worried by troubles, and jaded by labours—when from his friend Ebert there unexpectedly came a proposal, which could not but have much in it to attract a person with Lessing’s fondness for books.

Amongst the numerous princely houses of Germany none can boast a longer roll of names illustrious for deeds in the battle-field and in the Cabinet than that of Brunswick ; nor can any Court (excluding even the prolific house of Saxony) show a larger number of branches thrown off at various times from the parent stem, of which most grew into goodly and independent positions. This lineage of Brunswick evinced a most remarkable succession of vigorous qualities, and produced from generation to generation

generation men who, as soldiers and as princes, thoroughly held their own, and something more, in the political conflicts that permanently rent the ill-organized body of the Germanic Empire. By that natural process of extinction, inseparable from human existence, several collateral principalities—including that of Brunswick itself—merged, in the seventeenth century, in the branch which till then had its seat at Wolfenbüttel, and was not the least distinguished for its members. In 1635 it was represented by Duke August, whose qualities earned for him the surname of '*Senex divinus*,' and whose administrative capacities were shown by the admirable order into which he brought a State reduced to the verge of ruin by the devastations of the Thirty Years' War. It was this Prince who, having a strong taste for letters, profited by the suppression of monasteries to bring together the marvellous Library which is still at Wolfenbüttel. It is his line that still reigns over Brunswick. It cannot be said that the ancestor's spirit of frugality characterized the Duke in possession at the time of which we write, though he too was by no means without remarkable qualities. Duke Charles participated in the taste for glittering extravagance that many German princes of that day indulged in, from imitation of the Grand Monarque's style. This he did to such an extent that, even under the lax system of the Aulic jurisdiction, he was menaced with being put under sequestration. The Marchesa Branconi, publicly recognised as his Highness's favourite, was as absolute at Court as Madame de Pompadour at Versailles; and, under her auspices, the Ducal pomp was lavishly profuse. Still, alongside this reckless dissipation the nobler instincts of the house also showed themselves. The Duke created the Collegium Carolinum, an educational institution which became famous throughout Germany; and he drew to his capital men of literary renown from all parts, amongst whom may be named Zacharia, Eschenburg, the translator of Shakspeare, Ebert, and especially the Protestant Abbot Jerusalem, a highly popular preacher and divine, but of a somewhat mystical tendency, now only remembered as father of the unfortunate youth believed to have been the prototype of Goethe's Werther.

An undeniable spirit of culture pervaded the Brunswick family. The young Princess became that remarkable woman, Duchess Amalia of Weimar, mother to Duke August, and Goethe's early admirer and steady friend. The Hereditary Prince, Ferdinand, is now best known as the unsuccessful commander of the Coalition army that was foiled by the cannonade at Valmy, and as the old blind man who rode into the thick of the fierce carnage at Jena to seek a soldier's death. He was, however, by no means a

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mere soldier: he had been educated in the eighteenth-century culture; he was the friend and correspondent of Voltaire and D'Alembert, and he coquetted, as many princes then did, with the edged tools of a spirit which, when developed to practical results, their natures shrank from. Ferdinand was disposed to smile on men of letters as becoming ornaments for a grandee's court, just as he would have a well-appointed theatre and an art gallery; but he does not seem to have ever realized the force of independence and of dignity inherent in intellectual merit, quite apart from the trappings of honour conceded by the grace of sovereign favour. Moreover in him there existed, in marked degree, a feature then by no means rare in Germany—the belief in mysteries of superior wisdom, enshrined in rites to be learnt only through the medium of initiation and affiliation. He was Grand Master of German Freemasonry, a body which then comprised an extraordinary number of distinguished men, who were seriously moved by a notion that in its ritual might be found the expression of a recondite teaching that would carry humanity to a higher level. This very general taking 'au grand sérieux' the mummeries of a pantomime by men of intellectual vigour is a most curious chapter in the history of the development of German mind. It will hardly be possible to point out one amongst the great men of Germany of this period who entirely escaped the temporary hallucination, that lore of deep import and ancient tradition lay embalmed in the rites of Masonry, with the exception of Lessing. At Hamburg he had indeed allowed himself so far to fall into the prevailing fashion as to get initiated into the craft; but his clear penetrating mind never treated the matter as a serious one. His sponsor on the occasion having anxiously, after initiation, expressed a hope that Lessing must be now satisfied that Masonry nowhere offended against Morals, Religion, or the State, was unpleasantly met with the caustic reply, 'Would to Heaven I had found something of the kind; for then, at all events, I should have found *something*!'

It was from this Brunswick court that the proposal came, which induced Lessing to drop for the present his Italian project. Ebert had interested the Hereditary Prince in his behalf, and transmitted an offer of the Keepership of the Library at Wolfenbüttel, with a salary of 600 thalers and a residence, together with an intimation that the salary should shortly be raised. Had Lessing been free from pecuniary encumbrances, this sum would have been a very fair provision. After some delay, in part due to difficulties as to getting away from creditors, but in part also to that inflexible characteristic which never would permit him

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to adopt the courtier's ways, Lessing was installed, in April, in what was to prove his home for the remainder of his days.

Wolfenbüttel presents now to the rare visitor as striking a specimen as it is well possible to conceive of grandeur departed, of that most melancholy dilapidation where the process is actually visible how, bit by bit, everything is dropping to pieces. Broad streets, flanked by massive houses with quaintly picturesque gables, stretch before the eye in spectral silence, broken by no sound of footfall, like avenues of tombs. At one end of the town stands a sumptuous pile of buildings, a palace of vast dimensions, in that rather fantastic yet imposing style common in Germany in the sixteenth century, with numerous pinnacles surmounted by as numerous statues; a striking example of Rococo architecture. In its halls Duke August, *Senex divinus*, once held court; now bats and owls are the only tenants. All is ruin, just as time has had leisure to make it; bit by bit the statues are crumbling into shapeless fragments, windows have disappeared, and decay has it all its own way. In close proximity to this monument of desolation rises a circular structure crowned by a cupola. It is there that the *Senex divinus* deposited his precious library, and the internal arrangements testify to the judgment of the builder. But here likewise dilapidation has been given wellnigh the same unchecked play-room. Incredible as it sounds, in Germany that boasts to be, *par excellence*, the land where learning is held in honour, this marvellous, in some respects unique, library has been left all but utterly uncared-for. The reigning sovereign of Brunswick, who came to the throne as long ago as 1831, has not once had the curiosity to visit an institution so closely identified with the glorious names of Leibnitz and Lessing. A lavish expenditure provides for a theatre of proverbial gorgeousness in Brunswick; 800 thalers, a trifle over 100*l.*, is all that is allotted for the maintenance of the library. In consequence the building is actually falling to pieces. One portion of the wall now consists of a timber boarding, within a few feet of which is a wooden shed filled with inflammable materials. In the central hall the heavy plaster ornaments are dropping down, so that the Librarian, by his own exertions, has had a netting spread across the dome, for the protection of life. A spark falling on the neighbouring shed, or a stroke of lightning, might ignite this decayed storehouse of priceless treasures like so much tinder, for it should be known that this Library comprises 300,000 volumes and 12,000 manuscripts, and that practically it may be said to be an unused and even but superficially explored mine. Two facts will attest the rarity of its contents.

contents. The bibliographer Brunet, speaking of that *raris-sima avis* for collectors, the treatise 'De Tribus Impostoribus,' with the fabricated date 1598, so rare that its existence has been doubted, says that only three copies, which he specifies, are beyond question.\* The Wolfenbüttel Library actually possesses three specimens, one with a curious manuscript indication of whence it came. Amongst the choicest rarities is the Bible in Platt-deutsch, printed at Cologne before Luther. A copy belonged to the Duke of Sussex, another is in the possession of the eminent philologist, Prince Lucien Bonaparte. Again, there are preserved three copies in Wolfenbüttel of this rare edition. That literary treasures of this order should be thus neglected, aye, and exposed to all the chances of haphazard destruction (for not even the semblance of protection against fire is provided), amounts to a scandal which it is hoped that educated Germany will lose no time in putting a stop to.

Lessing's first sensation on taking a view of what he had to preside over was somewhat like that of a spirit called upon to bring light and order into chaos. The want of arrangement, of catalogues, of all guidance to the contents of the library, was lamentable. The second feeling that rose in him was keen delight at the rare prospect of literary curiosities he might expect to unearth. With the full impetuosity of his ardent nature, Lessing flung himself upon the disordered piles of volumes committed to his charge, and vehemently began to ransack them. The eagerness he displayed was more remarkable than the efficiency of his attempts at arrangement. Plans, indeed, he entertained, but what he did towards their realization is said not to have gone much beyond removing volumes wildly from their place, and substituting another confusion for that which had previously prevailed. But if the Librarian proved at fault, the investigator was soon heard of. As might have been expected in a collection mainly brought together from monasteries, the Library was specially rich in medieval manuscripts. Lessing accidentally found among these a previously unknown treatise by the great Schoolman and Heresiarch, Berengar of Tours, which went to disprove a statement universally current about him. It had been hitherto an uncontradicted belief, that Berengar, after the condemnation of his views on Transubstantiation, had himself ultimately recanted before Lanfranc. Luther, in one of his writings, expressed himself emphatically against Berengar's opinions,

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\* 'Ce livre est fort rare et nous n'en connaissons avec certitude que trois exemplaires, le premier dans le catalogue Crevenna, le second chez le duc de la Vallière, et le troisième dans la vente Renouard.'—G. Brunet, '*Manuel du Libraire*,' vol. v. p. 943, ed. 1864.

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and come to be held up by orthodox Lutheran divines in as an arch-heretic. From this treatise it appeared, not he never recanted, but that the opinions he held on tantiation were virtually identical with those of Luther. Here there was everything calculated to command s interest: a literary discovery, the rehabilitation of a cha- from the imputation of having weakly denied his opinions, i occasion to prove that the confident assertion even of Pro- at divines is not infallible in matters of history. Instead merely editing the text, Lessing wrote a tract, in which, ng up the thread already apparent in his 'Vindications,' he enuously sought to clear the traduced memory of Berengar, d to present him as a martyr to conscientious enquiry. It s the vigorous language, with which he incidentally defended he spirit of theological enquiry, that gives permanent importance to this publication.

On the clergy this treatise produced a decidedly unfavourable impression. The Lutherans were vexed to find their prophet convicted of historical inaccuracy—the Calvinists were angry at being despoiled of a distinguished fellow-believer—while both were in common ruffled at a tone which vibrated with an accent apparently little disposed to regard with deference the barriers within which theological discussion had been hitherto, as a rule, confined. Lessing's intimate friends, on the other hand, hardly concealed their surprise at his having expended so much labour on what seemed to them a sterile and purely scholastic question. Even the gentle Mendelssohn could not repress the sarcasm, that he supposed a discovery of any manuscript must be a subject for congratulation, though he was not in a position to judge what good was likely to result to the human race from the recovery of this particular treatise. Lessing was not discouraged by this indifference. Continuing his researches in the Wolfenbüttel mine, he dragged to light several more unknown writings, which he published as a 'Miscellaneous Collection.' They ranged over the most varied subjects; but the most remarkable were, again, vindications of individuals labouring under charges in reference to religious opinions—as, for instance, one Adam Neurer, who in the sixteenth century had been expelled from the Lutheran fold; so that these publications, while attracting notice, also whetted the feeling already kindled in orthodox circles.

These labours, however, before long lost their zest. Lessing was a student and a thinker, but he was never a confirmed book- : still less could he resign himself placidly to mechanical ion. The deadness of Wolfenbüttel smote with the 147.—No. 293. D chillness

chillness of a charnel-house atmosphere on a nature so craving after human intercourse for its recreation. Books, musty books, in countless array, were there for silent companionship, but the ring of the living voice was wholly absent. After a year we find him exclaiming to Gleim, 'More and more does the dust of books fall on my nerves; soon these will be wholly incapable of delicate sensation.' At intervals, indeed, he would run away for a day or two from this sepulchral loneliness to the neighbouring Brunswick, but such rare snatches of distraction could not dissipate a discontent that had other causes besides a merely general desire for society. For the first time his health began to give way. Vertigo, spasms, cough, rheumatism, attacked Lessing—the fruits of a well-like habitation in unison with the mouldering character proper to all Wolfenbüttel. And along with these troublesome guests there forced themselves relentlessly on him no less harrowing visitors—the Hamburg creditors, who would take no denial in their pressing demands. It had become known that Lessing had a promise of increased salary. Driven by those who knew no mercy, he caused his distressful situation to be stated in official quarters, with an application that the promise might be graciously fulfilled. The promise was not disputed, but was also not observed. For two whole years Lessing was kept in suspense—being told neither one thing nor the other—neither turned away as asking for something undue, nor assured that he should have what he applied for. Yet, with all his faults, Duke Ferdinand was not a man who naturally took a miserly pleasure in squeezing his dependents. The only explanation of his conduct that suggests itself is that the haughty temper of the Prince took umbrage at the uncourtier-like tone in which Lessing made his applications, as it were by message through third parties, instead of addressing himself in an humbly expressed petition to the Duke directly. Bitter with the bitterness of gall and wormwood were the feelings that overcame Lessing in the course of these two wretched years, during which the grim form of imprisonment for debt was ever hovering by his side. His letters but too painfully reveal at times an all but frantic state of mind. 'Better go a-begging than let oneself be thus dealt by,' Lessing once cries out. His independent nature, however, had at last to bend under the dire goad of relentless Hamburg claimants. He was driven to put his hand to a pitiful supplication, though all he brought himself to ask for in this direct appeal was a mere forestalment on his existing salary. 'Humbly do I venture to have recourse to your Serene Highness in my insignificant concerns. Without fault of mine, I find myself in such embarrassments, that I am  
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at a loss how to help myself, unless I beseech most humbly your Serene Highness to let me have paid in advance three-quarters of my salary.' This was accorded, but even now the Duke preserved silence in regard to the promised increment. The accorded advance, however, afforded temporary relief from odious pressure, and that restored Lessing's elastic energies enough to let him bound eagerly in a direction where lay prospects that had paramount attractions for his heart. For some time Lessing had been thoroughly in love.

The object of his affections was Eva König, the widow of a Hamburg silk merchant, whose house Lessing had been in the habit of frequenting while he resided in that city. On a journey to visit his factories in Austria, the husband died, when his reputed large fortune was found to be grievously embarrassed. With admirable perseverance, and equally admirable judgment, the widow in the interest of her children devoted herself to the disentanglement of her husband's concerns. The correspondence between her and Lessing affords ample means of estimating Eva König. She was a woman of superior qualities, combining almost masculine firmness and business aptitudes with a woman's feeling for what is noble and tender; the whole being set off by an unmistakable fund of humour and pleasant sarcasm. Her letters teem with sound and sprightly good sense, expressed in easy language. That Lessing, when he went to Wolfenbüttel, already entertained much admiration for the lady, is beyond question; but then and later she objected to enter into any engagement, before having brought to an issue the complicated task she had assumed as a duty. That task obliged Eva to take up her residence at Vienna, and for four years a correspondence went on, which is the record of the anxieties, the sufferings, the despondencies, as also of the flashes of elation and of hope which made up the phase of this Wolfenbüttel servitude. At last, in the end of 1774, there came from Eva a letter announcing that, though there would still be work for a little time, yet such recovery of fortune as could be expected was assured, and that her hand would then be free. This announcement coincided with the advance of salary just obtained. Claiming now a furlough to which he was entitled of right, but without stating any destination, Lessing decamped from Wolfenbüttel. After a few days spent at Berlin and Leipzig, he hurried on lover's wings to Vienna. 'How greatly I am seized with delight at last again to meet thee, O my darling! that I have no need to say. God grant only that I find thee in thorough good health!'

The reception Lessing met with in the Austrian capital is an extraordinary testimony to the high renown in which he stood.

Notoriously the pride of aristocratic prejudice nowhere prevailed more than in the society of Vienna, and this prejudice was equally notorious for its stolid indifference to the worth of mere intellectual merit. Yet in this exclusive world, high and low, noble and gentle, in private and in public, combined to bow before the genius of Lessing, and to acknowledge his superior nature by unprecedented demonstrations. During his residence at Wolfenbüttel only one original creation of his Muse had been given to the public, the tragedy of 'Emilia Galotti.' It is an adaptation of the legend of 'Virginia,' the scene being laid in an Italian court, where rules a prince of profligate morals. The immediate success of the piece may have been partly due to a covert meaning which some ascribed to it. The idea suggested itself that, in the doings of the Italian Prince, Lessing aimed at satirizing the tone of some German courts. In Brunswick, before the piece could be presented, the author had to give explanations that he did not mean to reflect on living persons. Still this did not remove all suspicion, and in Gotha the Duke prohibited a performance that might lend itself to inferences unfavourable to august personages. In spite of so much calculated to give umbrage to censorships less exacting than the Austrian, 'Emilia Galotti,' was given at the Vienna Court Theatre as a homage to Lessing. On his entering the house, the audience rose and welcomed him with ringing applause; it was an ovation that reminds one of that given to Voltaire in the Théâtre Français. 'Never has any German *savant* been received here with such distinction as our excellent friend, and that from our Sovereign down to the general public,' writes to Nicolai an Aulic Councillor von Gablenz, who hoped to secure Lessing for the Academy which Joseph II. designed to establish. The crowning honour, however, came from Maria Theresa. That illustrious lady, deviating altogether from her customary habits and from Court etiquette, twice admitted Lessing to an interview—an exceptional grace shown before to Winckelmann. On one occasion his courtiership was put to an awkward test by the Empress asking his opinion of the Vienna Court Theatre, which was then at the very lowest. Lessing tried to escape by a vaguely general answer; but the Empress quickly observed his drift, and said, 'I think I understand you; I know well good taste makes no progress with us as it ought; won't you say where lies the fault? I have done whatever my power and insight permit, but,' added she with kindly simplicity, 'I am but a woman, and in such matters a woman can't do much.'

Lessing had thought at times of seeking his fortune in Vienna, but if he felt disposed now to listen to proposals, the idea was  
driven



driven out of his mind by a quite unexpected intimation. Duke Ferdinand, in whose service he was, desired him to accompany his second son forthwith to Italy. Here came, at a moment least anticipated, the proffered realization of a wish, the day-dream of a life! He was at last put in a position to feast his eyes with the sights they had been longing to gaze upon. But there were difficulties about closing with the offer, the chief being that the journey would again take him away from his betrothed. She, however, declared that for some months she could not hope to conclude her affairs, until which time the union must be perforce postponed; and in April 1775 Lessing accordingly left Vienna with the Prince for Italy. The trip was to have been for eight weeks; it lasted eight months. The travellers visited the principal cities, made a lengthened stay in Rome and Naples (where Lessing much enjoyed the society of Sir William Hamilton), and pushed their peregrinations even to Corsica. It must be greatly regretted that of this Italian journey only very scanty and quite fragmentary notices are preserved—some letters to his bride and some jottings in a scrap-book. It seems that his regular correspondence went astray, and that the diary kept on the journey has been lost. That Lessing's naturally great powers of observation did not go to sleep, is sufficiently shown from the curious jumble of multifarious remarks—evidently mere notes for the memory—in the leaves of this scrap-book. It is however also clear, that he was not as happy as might have been expected during the journey; the same bad postal arrangements which made his letters miscarry deprived him of tidings from his betrothed, and it was with feverish eagerness he hurried home to Wolfenbüttel, there finally to arrange for his speedy union with Eva, who was then at Hamburg, having at last been relieved from her protracted charge. Lessing's immediate purpose was to get a settlement of the long-promised addition to his salary. A formal application led to an intimation that the Duke would like to discuss on an early occasion what could be done to satisfy his wishes. Weeks having elapsed without further notice, Lessing took the bull by the horns. In a letter which, to use his own expression, 'must have piqued' the Duke, he recounted the treatment he had experienced for the last three years, and expressed his firm resolve to resign his post unless the promise of increased pay were at once made good. This had its effect. The Duke shrank from losing the services of one so eminent. Two hundred thalers were added to his salary, free from all deductions; those that had been previously made were returned in full, and a special grant of a thousand thalers was given to meet



meet pressing calls. Without loss of time Lessing now sped to Hamburg. There, on October 8, 1776, the marriage took place at a friend's villa, and some days later the couple were settled in that tumble-down Wolfenbüttel abode, once to Lessing so dismal, but now in his eyes a palace radiant with sunshine.

Short as a Martinmas summer did this season of joy last; but most thoroughly bright with happiness was Lessing through its brief days. The tone of his correspondence vibrates with the cheerful ring of a contented soul. Friends observed with delight how a caustic and bitter spirit—the warped result of protracted irritation—had been now dispelled, and was succeeded by a genial beaming humour. Mendelssohn, in the letter announcing his visit, observed, ‘You now appear to me in a calmer and more contented mood, that harmonizes infinitely better with my modes of thought than the clever but somewhat acrid humour I have observed of late years.’ Four weeks later, and the glimpse of sunshine was violently darkened for ever. On Christmas Eve, 1777, a son was born to Lessing and died the same day; a week later the mother followed her child. ‘My wife is dead; and so this experience, too, I have now made. I am thankful there cannot be still reserved to me many such like experiences, and I am quite easy.’ There is something appalling in these few stern, calm, self-collected words, written down firmly on a slip of paper to his old friend Eschenburg, at Brunswick, on the very day of his wife’s demise. It is a common characteristic of strong and deep natures, that their griefs are too mighty to be thrown off in explosions. Such natures concentrate grief within them, and its point eats silently into their souls. So was it with Lessing.

With domestic happiness in ruins around him, inwardly racked by sorrow, suffering from physical ailments rapidly on the increase, Lessing bore himself outwardly as if the effect of his misfortune had been to inspire him with a fresh spirit of labour, and with that superior heroism of mind which, though perfectly conscious of the perils surrounding its courses, never allows itself to be deterred by vulgar considerations of personal expediency from resolutely and calmly pushing on to the goal it has deemed right to set itself. Nowhere in the writings, which during this closing period came with wonderful rapidity from Lessing, can there be detected, whether in enfeebled form or in waning fire, a trace of the disease which was ruthlessly gnawing at his once vigorous frame. On the contrary, it was at this time that he composed some of his most remarkable works, and, in ‘Nathan the Wise,’ certainly his serenest and most  
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matured creation. What specially distinguishes these writings is the far-reaching scope of their lucid criticism, the increased and declared boldness of their thought. To this was due the extraordinary sensation evoked as each of them appeared, notably by the so-called 'Wolfenbüttel Fragments,' and the 'Dialogues on Freemasonry.' It is mainly from these writings that a tinge of disingenuous subtleness appeared to be reflected back over Lessing, which has caused him to be viewed by some as a mind that harboured in hidden depths ideas of a thoroughly subversive character, which he hypocritically refrained from expressing in plain speech. This opinion rests on a total misconception of Lessing's nature. That the tendency of his later criticism went considerably in advance of what he had before uttered is unquestionable, but whatever there is enigmatic in his expressions was certainly not the result of his having sought to play double behind a drawn curtain.

The 'Wolfenbüttel Fragments,' which set the orthodox world in Germany on fire, were neither (as they professed to be) 'Fragments by an unknown writer discovered in the Library,' nor were they Lessing's own work. They were the production of Hermann Samuel Reimarus, an eminent Orientalist and Biblical scholar, with decided Rationalistic views.\* Reimarus left behind him a bulky manuscript treatise on the Bible and Religion, which his daughter put into the hands of Lessing, who had been much in the house of Reimarus at Hamburg. His first idea was to get the whole printed at Berlin, but difficulties with the censorship caused this to fall through. Being, in virtue of his office, exempt from that authority in Brunswick, Lessing picked out a chapter 'On Toleration of Deists,' and included it in a volume of 'Miscellanies,' as a 'Fragment disinterred in the Library.' This happened in 1774; and, no exception having been taken to the essay, Lessing now bethought himself of giving to the world more from the Manuscripts. Accordingly, five 'Fragments' were published, under the heading, 'Something more from the Papers of the Anonymous Writer concerning Revelation.' The 'Fragments' treated points of vital importance in the Biblical system—Miracles, Revelation, Prophecy, &c.—and beyond dispute the tone of Reimarus was that of a forerunner in that method of Scriptural criticism which has since been applied with much vigour by Strauss and Colenso. It would be idle to attempt to deny that the text of these 'Fragments' was couched in a dis-

\* The most important of the works published by Reimarus in his lifetime is his edition of 'Dion Cassius,' 2 vols. fol., Hamburg, 1750, containing very valuable notes.



tinctly negative spirit, and that the arguments adduced struck at that acceptance of an immediate supernatural element in Scriptural incidents, which was and is the backbone of current orthodox belief. The treatment was however marked by strictly scientific reasoning, without a shadow of the scoffing tone which characterized the Voltairean scepticism, then fashionable in many of the upper circles of society. In printing these criticisms, Lessing was actuated by the conviction, that really learned investigation can never redound otherwise than to the service of truth. As editor, he accompanied the 'Fragments' with observations which conclusively show the difference between the point of view from which he regarded Christianity and that from which Reimarus viewed it. The latter was a Biblical specialist; he anatomized Scripture as a medical student would dissect a body, and in analysing its texts he fancied himself dealing with the whole substance of religion, just as some medical students think that in handling the tissues of the brain they are grasping the volume of mind. Yet as, notwithstanding this fallacy on their part, these students by their painstaking investigations tend to confirm knowledge and to clear the ground of mists, so Lessing firmly held that searching, conscientious, and learned criticism on the Scriptures, such as that of Reimarus, was labour that must be attended with fruit, and therefore could not be obstructive to a due appreciation of what is essential in religion. That this was Lessing's thorough persuasion, results distinctly from his very characteristic comments on the 'Fragments.' While in no manner attempting to veil his own mind behind specious phrases, Lessing plainly dissented from the ordinary view, that demonstrations effective against certain particulars of Scripture and Theology must also batter the substance of Christian belief. The following short extract defines with forcible precision the position taken up by Lessing:—

'What has the Christian to do with the hypotheses, explanations, and evidences of the Theologian? To him the Christianity he feels to be so true, and wherein he feels himself so happy, is there once for all. If the palsied individual experiences the beneficent shock of the electric spark, what matters it to him whether Nolle, or Franklin, or neither, be right? In short, the Letter is not the Spirit, and the Bible is not Religion. Consequently charges against the Letter and the Bible do not imply also charges against the Spirit and Religion.'

This apology naturally failed in obtaining acceptance from the orthodox public. A storm of indignant denunciation burst from the Protestant clergy all over Germany, a foremost spokesman being a Hamburg Pastor, by name Goeze, with whom Lessing engaged in a controversy we have no space to dwell upon, but  
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which is memorable as having led to replies from Lessing, that for wit and point are amongst the most brilliant pieces in German literature. So furious, indeed, were the Protestant clergy, that the Aulic Body was moved by them to proceed against this pestilential heretic, and the Brunswick authorities, at the instance of the Consistory, saw themselves compelled to restrain Lessing from printing any additional 'Fragments.' Lessing said of himself, that intellectual irritation always braced his mind; and so was it now. Never did he seem of serener spirits than while exposed to the brunt of this ecclesiastical assault. To anxious friends he joked at proceedings which, he said, only advertised his writings, and increased their circulation. It was in the thick of this onset, when prosecution seemed by no means improbable, that Lessing calmly concentrated his mental powers on the production of his noblest creation, 'Nathan the Wise.' When overcharged with an emotion, Goethe would relieve himself by giving vent to it in some child of his artistic imagination. In 'Nathan the Wise' Lessing instinctively sought to give plastic form to metaphysical and religious conceptions with which his mind was then charged. How the idea of this drama first occurred to him is told in a letter to his brother, written in August 1775.

'I do not know what will be the end of my matters [the controversy with the clergy], but I should like to be ready for whatever may happen. One is never more so than when one has as much money as one can want, and so this night I had a comical thought. Some years ago I had the idea of a play, the subject of which has some analogy with my present controversies, which I should not then have dreamt of. If you and Moses approve, I will publish this by subscription, and you may get the enclosed advertisement printed at once, and distributed as widely as you deem advisable. I should prefer the actual subject of the piece not to be known too soon; but if you and Moses are curious, then just turn up the story about the Jew Melchisedek in the first day's storytelling in Boccaccio's "Decameron." I fancy I have hit on an interesting episode, and I shall certainly play the theologians with it a worse trick than with ten more Fragments.'

Exactly eight months later the play was finished. Unlike his previous dramas, it was in blank verse. 'Nathan the Wise' is a dramatisation of the most elevated spirit of Deism. All the leading characters—Saladin, the Templar, Nathan the Jew—are distinguished by an ideal nobleness of nature, which is yet free from anything fantastic, and by an unsectarian limpidity of moral sentiment which makes them instinctively appreciate each other as members in common of one large human fold, notwithstanding the denominational barriers thrown up between them



them by the divisions of conventional doctrine. What gives to this poem its distinctive charm is the sustained tone of unaffected elevation that pervades it from beginning to end. The key-note of sublime toleration—of serene wisdom—of an abstract religiousness, happily struck at the beginning, vibrates without a falter throughout the cast of the piece, just as one particular tone of atmosphere is successfully carried in due modulation by a master hand through a landscape painting. The tone of 'Nathan the Wise' is undeniably pitched at an ideal elevation—the characters are of a cast decidedly abstract—yet there is no trace of bombast in execution, and the language never has an accent of unnaturalness or of stilted magniloquence, because throughout, form and language are thoroughly sustained, and in admirable harmony with the conception of the work. That conception was of a philosophical poem, and never has didactic theme been so happily rendered in plastic form as in 'Nathan the Wise.' The German public has recognised that this work embodies the most direct expression of Lessing's mind. To this sentiment must be ascribed the circumstance that the play has become a stock-piece in the German repertory—for, in reference to ordinary stage effect, it is lacking in the points calculated to arrest the interest of audiences. Indeed Lessing never anticipated its being put on the stage, nor did even the reading public receive it at the time in the manner that might have been expected, considering the author's reputation. The verdict of posterity has, however, thoroughly avenged this neglect, and 'Nathan the Wise' has justly secured for all time a prominent place in the foremost rank of German classics.

One noteworthy incident connected with the composition of this drama should be mentioned. It has been stated that Lessing sought to publish it by subscription. The intention was due to the necessity he was under to secure funds, if for some months he was to abstain from writing what booksellers would give money for. His parents had recently died; a destitute sister was addressing to him piteous appeals; old Hamburg creditors were again putting in an appearance; in short, he was once more sorely beset from every side. But the subscription failed, when the three hundred thalers Lessing absolutely wanted to keep himself afloat dropped, as it were, from the sky. There happened to be in Hamburg one Moses Wessely, a well-to-do Jewish merchant, who for years had been a silent but fervent admirer of Lessing. Somehow the fact of Lessing's need reached this man's ears. One of Lessing's brothers lived in Hamburg; to him the Hebrew merchant went, and hesitatingly offered to furnish the money; and when the  
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brother observed that the question of security for repayment might present difficulties, Wessely replied that all he desired was an autograph of the great man whom he felt so much reason to revere. The story is perfectly authenticated and singularly touching.

Close upon 'Nathan the Wise' followed the celebrated 'Dialogues on Freemasonry,'—the last work Lessing lived to publish—which stirred afresh the waters already greatly troubled by the 'Fragments.' It has been remarked by Mr. Sime that nothing from Lessing's pen is more attractive in form than these 'Dialogues;' it may be added that nothing is so replete with sentences pregnant with far-reaching conclusions. On the surface, the nature and scope of Freemasonry constitute the subject of the tract. Ernst, one of the two speakers, is curious on this head. Falk, the other, has been initiated, and a conversation arises between them which apparently dwells on the immediate purport of the craft. In reality, however, the observations made have a far wider range. They glance at society in general, at the development of the human race, and at the existing type of states. The premonitory rumble of the earthquake that came to an explosion in the French Revolution can be detected in the 'Dialogues;' and ears already on the alert with suspicion did not fail to catch the ominous sound. The spirit of Humanitarianism which inspired the *Contrat Social*—a spirit that at numberless points came in collision with existing institutions and governments—manifestly lurked through the drift of these conversations. That the point is not presented in its bare form is true; but still the presence of something anomalous and strange could not but suggest itself beneath the enigmatic sentences that were put into the speakers' mouths. In addition to this, there was disturbance among the numerous host of fervent Masons at the tone in which the mysteries of the craft were treated. There was no other inference possible, than that Lessing meant to make light of existing Masonry, and to convey the impression that the actual professors fell short in practice of its abstract principles. 'Lodges hold to Freemasonry the relation that Churches hold to Faith. . . . Go and study the ills [consequent on the constitution of states], learn to know them all, weigh their influences, and be assured this study will solve what in days of despondency will seem the most damaging, the most insoluble charges against Providence and Virtue. The solution and enlightenment will make you calm and happy, without being called a Freemason.' 'You lay so much emphasis on this *being called*,' innocently observes Falk. '*Because one may be something without being so called*,' is the rejoinder; and herein lies the pith and substance of the



the 'Dialogue.' As Grand Master of Masonry, Duke Ferdinand forbade Lessing to continue the objectionable publication. At the same time the orthodox clergy renewed its assault. The *Corpus Evangelicorum*—the Aulic corporation charged with the defence of Protestant interests—was set in motion to proceed against Lessing for his theological writings. In November 1780 Duke Ferdinand intimated to him an imminent citation from that body on the score of impious publications. When the communication reached Lessing, the hand of death already lay on him.

The ailments which began with his coming to Wolfenbüttel had rapidly increased after his wife's death. He who had been so erect and active was now overcome with languor and drowsiness. Asthma and spasms, shortness of breath and painful rheumatisms, racked the body; and, in addition, the old money troubles were upon him in an aggravated degree. Yet did the grand nature hold on bravely. The letters written at this period are cheerful, though visibly tinged with that mellowed feeling which is the autumn-hue of life. Lessing's brightest joy was the society of his step-daughter, who lived with him; but occasionally he visited his friends at Brunswick. The old love for human intercourse held good to the last. The taint of misanthropy at no time corroded the goodly system. His sympathies never flagged, his interests never ebbed, and the boldness of his spirit never succumbed. Striking proof of this is afforded by his bearing towards Daveson, a poor and friendless Jew, who, having given offence to the Duke, had been thrown into prison. Believing him to be the victim of injustice, Lessing, on his release, took the proscribed man into his home, though he was well aware that this must give fresh umbrage to the already displeased Duke, and a new handle to the influential individuals seeking to oust him from the Librarianship.

Lessing's real comfort at this period was the affection shown by old friends and some flattering manifestations from other eminent men. Thus he received a visit from H. F. Jacobi, a visit rendered memorable by the record of a conversation, printed by the latter after Lessing's death, that gave rise to an acute controversy with Mendelssohn. Jacobi was one of those minds suffused with the mania for transcendental problems. Goethe said of Jacobi, 'he was punished by God with metaphysics as with a thorn in the flesh.' At this time Spinoza's system lay terribly on his mystic brain, and a leading reason for the pilgrimage had been a hope to obtain from Lessing some telling arguments that might steady him in his perplexed efforts to confute Spinoza to his own satisfaction. Jacobi showed Lessing in  
manuscript

manuscript his friend Goethe's unpublished poem 'Prometheus.' The torrent-like enthusiasm of the German public for Goethe's early works had not been shared by Lessing's critical mind. 'That "Goetz von Berlichingen" has obtained great applause in Berlin is, I apprehend, to the honour of neither the author nor the public,' he remarked in a letter to his brother. In 'Werther' he recognised literary merit, but severely criticized its sentimentalism. 'Can you fancy a Roman or Greek youth,' he exclaimed, 'ever taking his life thus, and for such a reason? Certainly not!' After reading 'Prometheus,' however, Lessing expressed hearty appreciation both of the form and the sentiments, no little to Jacobi's surprise. The latter replied so as to lead to further remarks on philosophic problems. This conversation, with Boswellian pedantry, Jacobi instantly wrote down and afterwards published, with a dogmatic statement that Lessing was a declared subscriber to Spinoza's system. The authenticity of the conversation cannot be open to question, any more than the fact that many of Lessing's utterances, if taken by themselves without reference to his writings, are calculated to perplex his admirers. 'The point of view from which the poem is taken is my own,' he said. 'The orthodox ideas of the Deity are no longer for me—I cannot enjoy them. *Ἐν καὶ πᾶν*, I know nothing else.' Jacobi. 'There you would be in tolerable harmony with Spinoza.' 'If I were to call myself after any one,' was the reply, 'I know no one else I should choose.' Jacobi being puzzled at these words, he was asked by Lessing, with ill-suppressed sarcasm, whether he had any acquaintance with Spinoza. 'I think I know him as very few know him,' was the modest answer; whereupon Lessing observed quietly, 'Then you stand in no need of help. The best thing is to become altogether his friend. There is no other philosophy but Spinoza's.' Still more bewildered, the confused Jacobi mumbled something as to the danger of trying to explain all things, but was stopped by the words, 'And he who does not make an attempt to explain all things?' Jacobi. 'He who seeks not to explain the incomprehensible, but only to know where its boundaries commence and to recognise their existence, I believe wins for himself the amplest room for true human wisdom.' 'Words, dear Jacobi, words!' was Lessing's exclamation. 'The boundaries you would set are not to be determined; and on the other hand you give free room to nonsense, to dreaming, and to blindness;' and with this phrase Jacobi was left to draw his own conclusions, which in our opinion were far beside the mark.

Lessing never thought his words were to be construed as the articles of a philosophical faith. The talk was, on his part, haphazard and even random talk; the utterances being  
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stray unpremeditated sayings that rose to his lips on the spur of a dialogue itself wholly unpremeditated on his part. Always prone to follow his impulse in conversation, Lessing was specially liable to be stimulated by friction against minds of a different character. The pedantry and literalism and metaphysical mysticism of Jacobi were precisely calculated to evoke his playful disposition for bewildering with enigmatic phrases and startling sentences. Lessing's reading of Spinoza had been far from superficial, and had resulted in many interpretations different from those entertained by Jacobi. Unwilling to waste time in seeking to convince a somewhat confused intellect, Lessing's humour manifestly found amusement in adding to its perplexity by abrupt and broken observations. In reality, Lessing never brought himself to subscribe to any particular code of metaphysics. This is clear from his writings. He was a sage and a deep thinker, but he was far too universal and independent for his ideas to be pinched within the tight compass of any rigid system; and, though Spinoza was to him not at all the Materialist he appeared before Jacobi's eyes, there is no ground whatsoever for representing Lessing as having subscribed to Spinoza's metaphysical system as his own philosophical faith. This is, however, what the world was asked by Jacobi to believe, with a dogmatic emphasis strangely attended by tragic consequences. The allegation gave such poignant grief to Mendelssohn, that it actually accelerated his death. To the Hebrew, nurtured on the Old Testament, the possible negation of a Personal God was a thought monstrous, horrible, shocking, such as was incompatible with moral worth. In Spinoza, Mendelssohn contemplated the renegade who in the room of Jehovah had set up the worship of Matter: and that the imputation of such gross idolatry should be levelled against the pure and noble soul of his cherished Lessing was a thing so outrageous to the gentle and affectionate Mendelssohn, that the vehemence of his exertions to vindicate a memory so dear to his heart exhausted the strength of a failing frame and hurried him to his grave—a not unfitting end to a friendship tender and unselfish as a woman's love.

Before this stir arose as to his opinions, Lessing had been laid in his last resting-place. The closing months of his life were months of pain and suffering. Under the weight of accumulated ailments, the fine energies were ultimately ground down. In December, 1780, he went to Brunswick for change of air. Surrounded by the care of loving friends and tended by the best medical advice, Lessing nevertheless grew worse. On February 3 the bursting of a blood-vessel reduced him to the last stage of prostration. Still once more the admirable strength of his frame  
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made a rally that inspired with delusive hope those around him, with whom he would converse as of old. The improvement went on to the 15th of the same month, on which day he felt so much better that he joked about his own state. As he lay in bed that evening, the presence of friends in the outer room was announced, and then a spectral scene ensued, graphically described by Mr. Sime. Moved by some strange impulse, the sick man rose from his bed to seek the comers.

'Suddenly to their astonishment the door between the two rooms opened, and Lessing entered; the cold sweat of death on his brow, a strange pallor on his noble features. . . . Silently, with a glance of inexpressible tenderness, he pressed the hand of his step-daughter; then bowed to his assembled friends, and with a painful effort removed his cap from his head.'

The next instant he was seen to falter, the head fell forward upon the chest, and, stricken by apoplexy, he sank back to expire in the arms of his Jew friend Daveson. Thus died, in his fifty-second year, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing—a 'sparrow on the housetop' to the end, for it was in a lodging-house he breathed his last. So reduced were his pecuniary circumstances, that money for the humble funeral was not forthcoming. Ultimately the Duke agreed to defray it, and he expended altogether three hundred thalers in payments on behalf of Lessing. Goethe was in the act of starting for Wolfenbüttel to pay his tribute to the great mind he had so much admired, but had never met in the flesh, when the tidings of death stopped him. 'Ah!' was Goethe's exclamation, 'Lessing is dead! In him we lose much, very much; far more than we have an idea of.'

This verdict, uttered on the spur of the moment, has been fully confirmed. Lessing's glory has not waned, for it is a glory of sterling substance. Not a shred of tinsel entered into his nature or his doings. At all points he was genuine and thorough, in his comprehensive nature and his multifarious works. That more perfect productions subsequently came from others in particular lines, does not detract from his claim to capital eminence. That, notwithstanding genuine poetic fibre, Lessing was surpassed by Schiller and Goethe as a poet and a dramatist, is beyond question. No more can it be disputed that as a mere philosopher he was surpassed by such systematic metaphysicians as Kant, Fichte, and Hegel. Lessing's greatness lies in the fact that, while never sinking into a specialist, he struck out abiding types in various lines, and that, above all, his mind acted on the whole breadth and length of German thought and letters with the beneficent force of a vivifying genius. In considering Lessing as a man of letters and a thinker, two qualities especially



especially command recognition. First, the genuinely spontaneous universality of his nature: it embraced effectively the widest range of subjects, and the widest range of vigorous expression, from verse and drama to technical learning and keen criticism. Secondly, the unfailing thoroughness and sincerity of his action in all things and on all subjects he took in hand. No trace of subterfuge exists in anything done by Lessing. He never sought to screen his mind behind a mask. 'Time will enable people to distinguish what we have in our minds from what we have said,' is the self-convicting confession dropped from D'Alembert, when writing to Voltaire from under the full blaze and favour of Paris freethinking *salons*, in apology for the deliberately ambiguous language studiously adopted in the 'Encyclopédie,' with the view of smuggling into circulation views it was deemed expedient not to broach in full. Such double meanings the poor and unprotected Lessing scorned; his nature never bent to underground devices; it never practised duplicity; and it is because his labour on all occasions was so honest and so earnest, so free from affectation and from artifices of any kind, that his writings have proved abidingly pregnant, and his creations bear a stamp, the freshness of which time cannot easily efface.

ART. II.—1. *Reports of the Executive Committee of the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control, for 1875, 1876, 1877, and 1878.*

2. *The Church Defence Institution. An Association of Clergy and Laity for defensive and general purposes. Reports for 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1877.*

3. *Dissent in its relation to the Church of England. The Bampton Lectures for 1871.* By George Herbert Curteis, M.A. London, 1872.

4. *The Congregational Year Book.* 1878.

5. *The Baptist Hand Book.* 1878.

6. *Charges delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Llandaff.* By Alfred Ollivant, D.D., Bishop of Llandaff. 1869–1875.

7. *A Charge delivered to the Clergy at his Primary Visitation.* By William Basil Jones, D.D., Lord Bishop of St. David's. 1877.

8. *St. David's Diocesan Calendar and Directory.* 1877.

9. *Reports of the Proceedings of the Representative Body laid before the General Synod of the Church of Ireland, 1876 and 1878.*

10. *Church*

10. *Church Property and the Liberation Society.* By Rev. W. L. Bevan, Prebendary of St. David's and Vicar of Hay.
11. *Notes on Mr. Miall's 'Title-Deeds of the Church of England.'* By Rev. W. L. Bevan.
12. *The Established Church in Wales.* Reprinted from the 'British Quarterly Review' for January 1871.
13. *Practical Suggestions relative to the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England.* Prepared by a Special Committee of the Society for the Liberation of Religion, &c. 1877.
14. *Practical Modes of Disestablishment and Disendowment.* By Frederic Harrison, M.A. 1878.
15. *Church and State.* By Frederic Harrison, in the 'Fortnightly Review' for 1877.
16. *The 'Nineteenth Century'* for May and June 1877.

IF we are to believe the opponents of the Established Church of England, her days have long since been numbered. Immediately upon the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, politicians began to count the utmost continuance of her existence, which even such warm-hearted supporters as Wilberforce deemed not to be worth many years' purchase. Subsequent changes, which lowered the borough franchise and admitted a vast addition to the electoral burgess-roll, were accompanied by lugubrious vaticinations and exultant prophecies of the Church's doom. The disestablishment of the Irish Church awakened hopes and fears which had only so much more ground in reason, as injudicious friends and crafty foes tried to make out that the causes of the two Establishments were identical, and that the fall of the one inevitably involved that of the other. More recently a certain impulse has been given, and eagerly seized upon by 'Liberationists,' in the contemptuous assurance of the Liberal leader of the House of Commons that, without having deeply studied the question, he did not object to disestablish the Church of Scotland, if by so doing he could further the interests of his party. Once more the advanced section of the Radicals, the only political body identified with the assault upon the Church, assure themselves and the world that the extension of the county franchise will necessarily result in the election of a majority hostile to the Establishment, and will ensure the triumph of the latest form of Chartism, embodied in Free Church, Free Land, Free Education, and Free Labour. The failure of the past is to be atoned for by more complete organization; and the main body of Liberationists, reinforced on either wing by a contingent of philosophical



Positivists, and by the Agricultural Labourers' Union, is to march onward to victory under the control of the Birmingham Liberal Association. Such is the programme now put forth, with all the confidence of tone with which the experience of half a century has made us sufficiently familiar. Never was a party, in hunting phrase, more given to holloaing before they are out of the wood. The whole question, if we are to believe Liberationist tracts and orators, is settled. As a matter of argument it is threshed out, and waits only the declaration of the terms which the victorious enemies of the Church will graciously accord to her. Even these, as we shall see presently, are not withheld. It may be politic to assume so bold an air. Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better. It is in any case desirable to understand the present position and actual strength of Aggressive Nonconformity, the alliances which it courts, and the objects at which it aims. We may learn something of its competency to deal satisfactorily with a question of the first importance, which involves the most profound problem of political ethics—namely, the true place, the proper functions, the just relations, and the exact limits, of the spiritual and secular powers, with their almost innumerable lines of intersection and complication—from the spirit with which we find it entering upon so delicate a task. We may cast some light upon the probable consequences to the Church itself of disestablishment and disendowment, from the present condition of the principal voluntary denominations in England; and we may gauge the almost certain results to the country at large, from the avowed aims of Liberationists and the example of other lands. Two startling paradoxes, to which we can only advert, meet us at the outset. First, that those who would repudiate all so-called national endowment for religion should have recently become converts to the necessity of a gigantic national endowment for education. Secondly, that in the day when ultramontaniam invades every province of free thought and every function of the State, men with any pretension to statesmanship should advance the proposition, that the religion of a people should be looked upon with indifference by its rulers.

In sober truth the array of forces hostile to the Church is formidable enough. Romanist, Presbyterian, Nonconformist, Secularist, all are welcome allies in this campaign, and of late a further accession of strength has been gained from the adhesion of some Ritualistic leaders. The Radical press throughout the country—only too often, in the case of local newspapers, first in the field or in sole possession, and therefore largely supported by Conservatives and Churchmen; the periodical literature of  
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the party, from the leaflets of the Liberation Society, through all the ranges of its magazines, Baptist, Independent, and miscellaneous, up to the pages of the 'Fortnightly,' 'Nineteenth Century,' and 'British Quarterly' Reviews, and down to those of the 'Sword and Trowel'; the London weekly organs of hostile denominations, such as the 'Nonconformist,' 'English Independent,' 'Freeman,' 'Baptist,' and 'Christian World,' as well as those of advanced democratic allies, like the 'English Labourers' Chronicle';—all these, added to the living voice of a vast army of Dissenting ministers throughout the country, form a powerful Propaganda, whose movements are marshalled and directed by the Liberation Society and its various agents. Life is kept up by local conferences, by visits from travelling and organizing secretaries, and by frequent and stimulating communications from head-quarters in London. Meetings are held in every direction, at which the forty paid agents of the Liberation Society deliver themselves of their version of the origin of Church property, of the injustice of an Establishment, and of the superior advantages of voluntaryism. Large placards posted up in our populous towns inform the poorest passer-by of the exact income of each bishop on the bench, or give fanciful estimates of the annual value of Church property, with a pointed suggestion that it would be desirable plunder. Pamphlets, tracts, leaflets, with catchpenny titles, are circulated by millions. The Liberation Society's Report for 1878 gives the following account, not without a characteristic sneer, of this branch of its labours:—

'In no previous year of the Society's history—not even during that of the Irish Church agitation—has there been so large an issue of its publications. . . . The committee have continued their efforts to instruct and interest the agricultural labourers in the question of disestablishment, in anticipation of their being invested with the franchise at no distant day. *Notwithstanding their experience of the advantages of "the educated gentleman in every parish,"* the labourers have willingly, and even eagerly, received the publications of the Society, and have also volunteered their services as distributors. . . . The total number of publications sent out from the office since the date of the last report has been 2,323,000. Such an extensive distribution of its literature has necessarily involved a considerable expenditure; but it is believed that the expenditure has been wisely incurred, and that a still farther extension of the Society's operations in this direction will presently become necessary.'—*Report*, pp. 8, 9. 'During the four years ending April, 1878, it held about 3500 meetings, and distributed between seven and eight millions of publications.'—*Report*, p. 23.

Inquiry into the financial position of the Society enables us



to ascertain how the large expenditure thus occasioned is met. With a courage we could only wish had been bestowed on some worthier object, the Liberationist party had no sooner experienced their crushing electoral defeat in 1874, than they held counsel how they might best retrieve their lost position. It was determined to raise a special fund of 100,000*l.*, to be expended during the next five years in the furtherance of their object, and more than 53,000*l.* were forthwith promised. So large an amount would at first sight indicate a widespread and earnest determination on the part of aggressive Nonconformists to dislodge the Church from her position without further delay. We do not for one moment question the large numbers or the energy of our opponents. We do not under-estimate the mischief which an annual distribution of two millions and a half of Liberationist publications may occasion. But a close scrutiny of the subscription list and balance-sheets of the Liberation Society reveals some facts of no little significance. Of the special fund, which is being rapidly spent, and which forms two-thirds of the Society's annual income, about 20,000*l.*, or nearly one half, was raised in the town of Bradford and its immediate neighbourhood, three firms alone contributing to it 15,000*l.*; Manchester sent 6200*l.*, London 6400*l.*, Birmingham 545*l.*, Leeds 240*l.*: from this it is evident that the mainspring of the whole movement arose from a handful of Bradford manufacturers and wool-combers. Nor is there wanting an equally significant indication that the agitation thus elaborately organized has little spontaneous life. There has been a genuine sale of the Liberation Society's publications for the four years ending May 1878 to the amount of 284*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.*, and this magnificent result has been attained by the expenditure of more than 60,000*l.*

It would, however, be delusive to regard the circulation of its anti-Church literature as the only result of the Society's energies. Without entering minutely into its constitution, it is enough to say that its Council of six hundred is so composed as to bring every district in England into communication with head-quarters; that annual meetings and triennial conferences serve to keep the flame alive and the members alert; that a vigilant Parliamentary Committee watches the progress and dissects the details of every measure supposed to have any bearing upon Dissenting interests, and affords a centre from which all the machinery of petitions and public meetings rapidly set in motion: in short that the party enjoy advantages of perfect organization and of astute strategy, the result of long years of experience and pains.

Before proceeding to consider the means and pro-

the Liberationists, it is worth while to inquire what is the tone and spirit of a literature which is gratuitously circulated by millions amongst the poorest and least educated of our fellow-countrymen. We are not going to rake up the hasty or extravagant language of intemperate partisans, or to cull a selection of *flores* from the well-known Nonconformist Sketch-book. We allow the plea that 'no society can be answerable for every word that one of its members, or, indeed, every one of its accredited agents may say.' We admit that it can only 'take care that its official utterances offend neither against truth nor charity.' We are content to abide by the issue as thus laid down by one of the ablest and most prominent supporters of Liberation principles. We shall simply give our extracts from the avowed publications of the Liberation Society, bearing its name on title-page or colophon:—

'Cathedrals are not, in any sense of the word, missionary colleges; there is no "diligent" preaching of the gospel from them; they do not instruct the youth in letters; they do not support the poor of their neighbourhood. . . . Mismanaged as their revenues have been in the past, and gross as was the misapplication of their funds, . . . they might, with an ordinary degree of Christian zeal, energy, and common rectitude, have still answered a useful and even noble purpose. Now, however, a heavy languor lies over nearly all cathedral cities, ecclesiasticism reigns in the place of religion, and the grossest immoralities find in that stagnant air a cause and an encouragement.'—*The Cathedral Bodies and what they cost*, pp. 1, 3.

'There is probably no body of men in the world who, so far as outward evidence goes, care less for the furtherance of religion than the English Bishops.'—*Plain Truths about the Bishops*, p. 3.

'It is notorious that many persons are living in adultery because of their inability to pay the fee demanded by the clergyman.'—*The Poor Man's Church*, p. 4.

'The clergy identify themselves with simony. . . . The Bishops make no objection to it. . . . Men of unperturbed truthfulness would choose to minister without taking such an oath, notwithstanding the status and emolument to which it leads.'—*The House of Merchandise*, p. 5. 'The want of success in the highest degree, so painfully evident amongst the clergy, is traceable in a great degree to the low and secular relationship from the outside that thus exists between pastor and people.'—*Ib.* p. 7.

'Of course if any community chooses to found its claim for superiority to all others on the fact that the scum and the chaff, the non-worshipping, the profane, the debauched, the imprisoned, are her peculiar heritage and glory, and constitute her preponderating spiritual strength, she will find no rival for the honour among those decent and holy Churches of Christ which are called sects.'—*Results of Disestablishment*, pp. 3, 4.



*'To ravin like a wolf, and to plunder like a freebooter, has been the peculiar prerogative of the Church of England.'*—*Ib.* pp. 5, 6.

*'There is no sect so schismatical, so unbrotherly, so insultingly unfraternal, as the Episcopalians. Her canons remain to this very hour the very quintessence of bigotry: their spirit is, to put it plainly, infernal.'*—*Ib.* p. 7.

*'The English peasantry, when they have any definite convictions, are Methodists, and their chosen place of worship is the little Methodist chapel. . . . Among the wealthy classes the State Church has of late years seemed to gain ground, but it is as an outwork of political conservatism, not as an organ of spiritual life.'*—*A Canadian view of the English State Church*, pp. 1, 2.

*'Does the establishment conduce to religious instruction? No, flatly No; if religious instruction mean a teaching of the people the principles and practice of a pious worshipping of God, as their Maker, their Preserver, and as a Being to whom they are to be answerable for all their actions in this world: flatly No.'*—*William Cobbett on the Church Establishment*, p. 3.

*'It is a Church whose history has been an almost continued history of oppression and of sympathy with oppression. It has been the most intolerant and persecuting Protestant Church in the world.'*—*It isn't Respectable*, p. 2.

*'While State Churches violate the rights of conscience and impose heavy pecuniary burdens and inflict other evils, they have failed to advance the cause of religion, and by their false representations of its character have led men to regard it with suspicion and disgust. Englishmen! how long will you allow common sense to be outraged, conscience to be violated, injustice to be done, your hard earned money to be misapplied and wasted, and Christianity to be caricatured, by the existence and working of a State Church?'*—*Ought there to be a State Church?* p. 2.

*'Do you wish for a reduction of taxation, the burden of which presses so heavily on the people? Then bear in mind that the State Church in England and Wales alone holds property worth several millions a-year! . . . Now these ecclesiastical funds—even after paying the incomes of the present incumbents, as long as they live, and compensating the holders of ecclesiastical property (to which there would be no objection)—would pay off part of the National Debt, or enable the government largely to reduce the taxation of the country.'*—*A Question that concerns Everybody*, p. 2.

These elegant extracts, which we have purposely given at some length, but which might be very largely extended, will enable our readers to form their judgment of the temper and spirit of Liberationism. No need for us to characterize either the quotations themselves or the passages which we have printed in italics, every one of which asserts or suggests a calumny, whose bitterness is only equalled by its mendacity. These are  
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not the hasty utterances of excited orators carried away by the enthusiasm of a public meeting; they are the deliberate expressions of a great association, issued with the avowed purpose of inducing the nation to strip the Church of a large part of the revenues she now enjoys, and gratuitously thrust by millions into the hands of men whose passions they are well calculated to inflame, and whose mental habits preclude their sifting the accuracy or weighing the evidence of such monstrous mis-statements. Nor are they outbursts of a long past resentment, which dates (as much Liberation argument is wont) from the year 1851, and which has since been followed by calm judicial discussion. They are all taken from Liberation tracts on the list of the Society's Report for 1878.

Such outrages on all sobriety and decency might be expected to defeat their object, but we are persuaded that they are employed of deliberate purpose, and are thought suitable to the taste of those to whom they are addressed. Violent and unreasoning hatred of the Church exists and breaks out at times in startling expression, as when only a few months since in the will of a wealthy Baptist a fortune left to his nieces was to be forfeited by any of them who should marry a clergyman of the Church of England. Men who have held seats in the House of Commons do not blush to make assertions that can only find a parallel in the obscure and anonymous abuse of the 'Church Times.' Really to read some 'of our newspapers,' said the genial Bishop of Carlisle at his Diocesan conference, 'you would think a bishop was a fiend incarnate, and that the deeds of most of us were so atrocious as to make our dioceses too hot to hold us.' The style of oratory or composition is carefully adjusted to the audience; there is the wisdom of the serpent without the harmlessness of the dove. Mr. Miall, who could bring forward his resolution in favour of disestablishment in 1871 in the House of Commons with such studied moderation as to earn the compliments of Sir Roundell Palmer, used the following language at a Liberation Conference in Manchester three years later:—

'How is it that many of the acts and habits of the Church of England, as a State Church, would fail to obtain tolerance for any secular transaction on the stock exchange? Can they be exhibited in connection with the national exponent and exemplar of religious truth, without lowering the standard and vitiating the tone of public morality in the country? This is bad enough, would it were all!—all, we mean, that the nation has to complain of in regard to the injurious influence of the Church Establishment, in England and Wales at least. But the fact is that, whatever it may have been in days gone by, its  
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claims in the present day are out of keeping with the intelligence and spirit of the age. It is the main and ever active irritant of the social body. It has its own dogma of ecclesiastical infallibility, and its own syllabus. It sets everybody by the ears. It fills the air with the noise of its quarrels. It inflames all other differences. It poisons the blood of society. Scarcely an institution exists for the intellectual, moral, or even domestic improvement of the people, upon which its monopolizing, exacting, sacerdotal claims are not obtruded. It can work with nobody unless it is allowed to have its own way.'—*Extract from verbatim report in the 'Manchester Examiner and Times,' November 5, 1874.*

We should like to have heard the comments of those who assert that the Liberation cause is maintained not only with fairness, but with courtesy and good temper, if this extract had been penned by any prominent Churchman as a description, not of the Church, but of the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control.

It is perhaps scarcely worth while to notice the cynical and contemptuous persistency, with which disestablishment and disendowment are urged as the only remedy for every real or imaginary difficulty. Never was 'delenda est Carthago' repeated with such unwearied pertinacity. Much capital is made out of the ritualistic movement, out of the inequalities of clerical and episcopal incomes; much, and with better reason, out of the abuses caused by simony, to which the attention of all who care for the Church's welfare cannot be too earnestly directed, and out of the alleged bondage of the Church to the tyranny of the State. All these matters, of course, really affect the question so far, and so far only, as their existence is inseparable from the union of Church and State, and we much question whether this could be satisfactorily established with respect to any one of them. Even could this be done, it would then only weigh in the scale against the evils which are found to be inherent in voluntary religious communities, or inevitable upon disestablishment and disendowment in England, and it would require a dispassionate judgment to determine on which side the balance of advantage inclined. We are not complaining, let it be clearly understood, of any fair criticism, however stern; nor of any truthful exposure of Church abuses however searching; but we do complain, to adopt Mr. Miall's phraseology, of 'a mode of conducting controversy which tends to lower the standard and vitiate the tone of public morality in the country.' We should be highly culpable if we made so serious a charge without good reason, and we therefore proceed to establish our indictment by a yet more striking example than the pointed quotations we have already given.

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It has generally been held that moderation is a sign of strength, and if the cause of the Liberationists is strong anywhere it was thought to be pre-eminently so in Wales, whose religious condition has been repeatedly asserted (we do not stop to inquire how justly) to be at once the triumph of Nonconformity and the reproach of the Establishment. Undoubtedly, Dissent has been exceptionally prevalent in Wales, and abuses of a flagrant character have in bygone days marred the Church's usefulness, so that we might fairly expect even from the strongest partisans accuracy in the statement of details, and at least some pains to attain average exactness, not to say truthfulness, in a relation of asserted facts.

We take, as an example of the mode in which aggressive Nonconformity satisfies these reasonable conditions, a pamphlet entitled 'The Church in Wales,' which is circulated by the Liberation Society, but which originally appeared as an article in the 'British Quarterly Review' for January 1871. Passing over its representation of the history of the Welsh Church in bygone times,—wherein amongst other startling pieces of information, we are told that John Penry had the honour of being persecuted, imprisoned, and *hung by the Church!*—we proceed with the writer to inquire into the condition of the Church in our own day, under which phrase the writer includes a period of twenty-five years. His introductory paragraph contains no less than three misstatements, which are at least, as we have found to our cost, seriously misleading. 1. Sir Benjamin Hall did not speak about the Church in Wales in the House of Commons (if Hansard may be trusted) at all in 1849. 2. Of the fourteen examples quoted in the Liberationist pamphlet, only the first eight were taken from the report of the Education Commissioners, or produced in the House of Commons. 3. Four of the most important cases, so far from being allowed by churchmen themselves, were refuted in detail by the Bishop of St. David's in an appendix to his charge for 1854.

The following four examples may serve to illustrate the spirit of an attack made with so much parade of minute detail.

'No. 9. *Llangybi*, four miles from Llanbedr College, has neither doors nor windows. The sacrament has not been administered for ten years. Service seldom performed at all. Cows and horses walk into the church and out at pleasure.

'No. 10. *Llanfihangel ar Arth*, also near Llanbedr.—Here there was once a chapel of ease; the stones of its ruins have now disappeared, though a yew-tree marks the spot: and the baptismal font has lately been used as a pig-trough. Yet the Dissenters have five chapels, and congregations amounting to 1,200.

'No.

'No. 13. *Llandeilo Fach*.—No service here for about ten years. The roof has fallen down for several years.

'No. 15. *Llanddowror*.—This parish is a frightful demonstration of the destruction of the Church in Wales by the present system. About eighty years ago this parish was under the pastoral care of a native Welshman, the excellent and eminent Griffith Jones, renowned for his piety, abilities and qualifications. The church had then 500 communicants, and people came many miles to attend the service. But this church has now no roof to its chancel, of which it has been destitute several years. The churchyard has neither wall nor fence; sheep were seen standing on the church tower some months ago.'—*The Established Church in Wales*, pp. 27-29.

We fear that we shall try the patience of our readers, but without entering into details it is impossible to expose, as it deserves, the mass of calumnious falsehoods, which these instances express or imply. In September, 1854, Bishop Thirlwall declared that Llangybi had been completely repaired early in 1850, that Llandeilo Fach had been in ruins, at least, as far back as 1825, and that it stands at a moderate distance from two other churches which are held by the same incumbent. The motive for suppressing these facts and for printing the number *ten* in italics need not be pointed out. With regard to Llanfihangel ar Arth, the Bishop wrote:—

'This statement is, no doubt, designed to convey the supposition, without which it would be utterly irrelevant, that the Church of England has at present no place of worship. It however possesses a good and well-filled church, and if further accommodation should be required, no one probably would think of rebuilding the ancient chapel for that purpose.'—*Remains*, vol. i. p. 194.

The misstatement about Llanddowror was yet more flagrant. The Rev. John Evans, Vicar of Llanboidy and Rural Dean, wrote of it as follows on August 1, 1851:—

'The chancel had a new substantial roof put on about fourteen years ago, which has been, and is, as I visited the place yesterday, in good repair, and the churchyard has both a wall and a fence. Three sheep were seen eating the ivy on the church tower last year, but how they got there no one could give me any idea. There was a mason working in the church, and the door was open, which left a passage to the tower; but how sheep ever ascended is to me a mystery, as it was with difficulty I and two others ascended the top.'—*Ib.* pp. 195, 196.

We may observe, in passing, that we have the highest authority for stating that in Llanddowror, asserted by the 'British Quarterly' Reviewer to be 'a frightful demonstration of the destruction of the Church in Wales,' about one in seven of the entire population are now *communicant* members of the Church of England.

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If we may judge from the evidence already laid before our readers, a Liberationist reviewer would not think it requisite to refer to the responsible utterances of the most prominent of the Welsh bishops, before sitting down to draw an argument in favour of disestablishment from the condition of the Church in his diocese. Had he condescended to do so, he might have been spared the guilt of reviving and reasserting, after an interval of twenty years, injurious and exploded calumnies. He might also have learned from the same easily accessible authority—for Bishop Thirlwall's charges were anxiously looked for and widely read—that three of the other churches referred to, namely, Llanafan Frechan, Llanfihangel Abergwessin, and Llanfihangel Bryn Pabuan—had been restored at considerable cost and with excellent effect by 1866, or a whole *lustrum* before his article appeared. An anonymous case of church discipline, according to the law under which an incumbent, suspended for three years, is allowed to return at the close of that period on giving proof of better conduct; one sad example of a church restored after the date referred to and since suffered to fall into decay; and one of a church which, though not in ruins, is not in good condition, are the only instances of the whole fourteen which are not fairly open to exception. It is in full accordance with so heedless an adoption of calumnious falsehood, that the reviewer sums up his case with the charitable conclusion:—‘Such was the aspect of the Church in the diocese of St. David's only twenty years ago, and we have no doubt there were scores of other parishes in the same diocese in little better condition than those specified in the above extracts.’

Our refutation of so long a series of specific charges suggests that it is most undesirable for churchmen to allow, as is too much their wont, hostile misstatements to pass unchallenged. Good service is done by careful explanation of the origin of parochial endowments in their own localities, and by searching criticism of the data upon which conclusions unfavourable to the Church are founded. We have excellent examples of this mode of dealing with Liberationist assertions in the Rev. W. L. Bevan's ‘Church Property and the Liberation Society,’ addressed to his own parishioners of Hay, and in the Rev. A. O. Nares's ‘Nonconformist Statistics in Wales and Monmouthshire examined.’ Like valuable service has been rendered by the author of a pamphlet on ‘The Church in Wales,’ which grapples with the statistics of the ‘British Quarterly.’ It would lead us too far from our subject to enter into further details, but it is satisfactory to know that the Welsh Church is steadily advancing. From the present Bishop of St. David's primary charge,  
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we learn that, in 1850, there were only 164 resident incumbents in 395 parishes; in 1877, the number of residents was 258. In Bangor diocese the growth has been no less remarkable; an increase of 59 clergy in the last twenty years; and there are now virtually no absentees. In Llandaff 39 officiating clergy had been added to the working staff of the diocese between 1869 and 1875. In the pages of this Review, in 1850, we observed 'The one capital and paramount want of the Church in Wales is the want of *men*.' With all the disadvantages arising from many special difficulties, especially the poverty of church livings and the sudden and vast increase of the population—the Church in Wales has gained in twenty-five years, at least, an addition of 200 resident clergy.

The 'Practical Suggestions' relative to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church afford ample proof of the same bitter spirit of hostility, of which we have already set so many examples before our readers. The Irish Church Act of 1869, of course, affords a precedent upon the lines of which aspiring legislators may exercise their ingenuity, and the Liberation Committee is fain to confess that as a measure of disestablishment it is as complete as could have been expected. 'Whatever complaints have since been made respecting the Act which abolished the Irish Establishment have related only to those portions of it which relate to *disendowment*,' p. 4. These 'Practical Suggestions,' in their most obvious meaning and as explained by Mr. Frederic Harrison ('Practical Modes of Disestablishment and Disendowment'), whose interpretation the Liberation Society has adopted and circulated, are a ruthless attempt (under the cover of a special care for the interests of individuals) to leave the Church, as a Church, utterly broken up and disorganized, as well as stripped of its last farthing.

Their first objection is to the formation under the Irish Church Act of a representative body, which the 22nd clause of the Act empowered Her Majesty to incorporate by charter, in order that it might hold property for the uses and purposes of the Church. The advantages, and even the necessity for such an arrangement, are obvious; but it excites the strongest opposition from those who profess their anxiety 'to mitigate the rigours of inevitable change,' and elicits all the vast treasures of scornful denunciation which their truculent champion, Mr. Harrison, has at command. It would be amusing, were the subject a less serious one, to mark the airy and self-confident manner in which he flings his vituperation at the Church, and exhibits the exuberance of his fancy in the form and colours wherewith he portrays her. 'Hypocritical, domineering, hybrid, the parasite of the civil administration,

ministration, stamped with the damning mark of the disingenuous'—such are the kindly epithets applied to the Church, which swarm through the pages of this Positivist champion of Liberationism. We will only add, on this point, that the creation by law of a Representative Church Body is resisted on the avowed ground of an expectation, that without such a rallying-point Churchmen would split into at least three different sections. No doubt the wish is father to the thought, for which the multiplication of sects amongst Nonconformists affords much apparent foundation:—

'When the Church is disestablished, *it will be legally and really dissolved as a religious society!* It will have to grow up again in its own way. It will form itself together again in two or three or half-a-dozen communities, but certainly not in one. . . . It is wild to dream that, when the Stato-band is snapped, the Guelphs and Ghibellines within the Church are going to live together as friends in unity.'—*Ib.* pp. 11, 12.

It is not our purpose to inquire whether so disastrous a forecast would in any case be fulfilled, nor yet to discuss whether the probable value of political forces would not under any circumstances secure for the Church of England terms at least as favourable as those which the Irish Church obtained. We do not regard the danger of disestablishment as probable, so long as the Church is true to herself: but it is high time that the purpose of her opponents should be clearly understood. We are deeply indebted to the Liberation Society for having at length honestly laid aside the mask, and for having with perfect, if cynical, frankness, disdaining all its wonted specious excuses of wishing no harm to the Church as a spiritual community, made it plain in the most express terms that its object is not to release, or to amend, but if possible to destroy her.

The mode in which it is proposed to deal with all consecrated buildings, as well as with other church property, demands examination. Cathedrals, abbeys, and other monumental buildings, it is suggested, should be under national control, and be maintained for such uses as Parliament may from time to time determine:—

'But there is no dictation,' adds Mr. Harrison, 'as to what those purposes may be, nor is it insisted upon that any particular form shall be celebrated, or not celebrated, within them. They may be retained, as Westminster Abbey is retained, for a great national mausoleum, and for national ceremonials, or they may be used for more than one religious rite, or by the preachers of more than one religious belief.'—Page 17.

Our readers will be puzzled whether they should most admire  
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in this proposal the sublime modesty of its asserted abstinence from dictation, the cool ignoring of the present resort of thousands to Westminster Abbey and to our other cathedrals for public worship, or the edifying vision of their pulpits as filled alternately by Cardinal Manning and Mr. Spurgeon, or by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Bradlaugh. Parish churches are to be dealt with under the Liberation Scheme according to the date of their erection, all those erected since 1818 being handed over to their founders or their representatives, if they are the result of individual munificence, or to the congregations who worship in them if they have been raised by public subscription:—

‘All churches existing at the date of the passing of the first of the Church Building Acts (1818) should be deemed to be ancient parish churches, and should be vested in a parochial board, to be elected by the ratepayers; which board should have power to deal with them for the general benefit of the parishioners in such way as it may determine. The power of sale at a fair valuation and under proper regulations should also be given. Churches built after the date named, which have been erected partly by subscriptions and partly from parliamentary grants and other public sources, should in like manner be offered to the congregations; but the amount so derived from public sources should be a charge upon the building, to be paid or redeemed, in accordance with regulations made by commissioners under the Disestablishment Act.’—Pp. 11, 12.

This picture would not be complete without the commentary supplied by Mr. Harrison:—

‘A parish church and the parish churchyard’—according to this modern Blackstone—‘stand on much the same footing as the parish green. Both were no doubt originally parts of some manor, which, of now immemorial usage, have been dedicated to the common use of the residents, and in them the parishioners have common interests. The one was dedicated to the secular amusements, the other to the religious devotions of the parish. Some lord of the manor has, in many cases, filched away the public green; a particular sect, having an alliance with the Government, has appropriated the public church. A variety of new forms of religious association have grown up in the midst of the parish. The church and the churchyard, through the official managers, have been arbitrarily monopolised by one of these many forms of religious society.’

So baseless a theory of the origin of church property finds a fitting pendant in Mr. Harrison’s anticipation of its future destiny under the control to which he proposes it should be transferred:—

‘Far be it from us to tie up within narrow limits the uses that the parishes

parishes shall make of their newly-enfranchised properties. They will, in most cases, doubtless be leased for the common benefit to the largest and most powerful of the religious associations which exist in the parish itself. It would not surprise me if that were frequently the Episcopal Disestablished Church of England. It would not shock me if I knew that the churches were, at times, used in common by the members of different religious societies. Nor would it strike me as impious or sacrilegious, if, in the absence of any possible religious agreement, they were devoted to the purposes of a schoolhouse or of a public library.—Page 20.

Whatever the standard of individual opinion on questions of propriety or sacrilege, it is well to remember that the dogma about the parish church and the parish green here enunciated is no new thing. Under a like specious guise of regard for the general welfare, and with hardly more violent declamation against the clergy and the landed proprietors, the Jacobins of the French Revolution and the Communists of our own day advocated the same resumption of churches, tithes, and lands, which is now demanded in full by the 'Labourers' Union Chronicle,' and in part by Mr. Harrison. If the agricultural labourers, whom Mr. Harrison is so anxious to educate in the persuasion that much Church property, and at least some landed property, are thefts, should apply the principle more indiscriminately than he could desire, they will only do what all history warns us we may fairly expect. We are content to leave the issue to the good sense and moderation of our fellow-countrymen, but we have been wont hitherto to regard such theories about property as the harmless eccentricities of erratic minds, so that it is startling to find them published with the imprimatur, and distributed through the agency, of the vast and wealthy Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control.

This Association, however, has persistently put forth the assertion, that Church property is national property in the widest sense, that tithes are the mere creation of law, and that the clergy are consequently State-paid. It is in vain that the upholders of the Church have pointed out that the State is only the trustee in whom Church property is vested, and that fair and just dealing requires that it should content itself,—provided the purposes to which the trust-money is devoted be not injurious—like other trustees, with seeing that the funds are properly applied, or that, if it should wish to retire from the trust, responsible trustees are appointed in its place. It is in vain that our opponents are asked to point out the Acts of Parliament by which tithes were created, and are reminded that there is a consensus

sensus of legal authority, from the days of Blackstone downwards, that the origin of parochial endowments was not from State grants, but from the bounty of individuals. That the Legislature has regulated tithes by various Acts of Parliament, proves no more than the universally admitted truth, that all property is subject to its control. Nor do we deny that the State, as natural guardian of the public welfare, has been wont to deal, and has been justified in dealing, more freely with public than with private property. To many minds all this discussion will appear mere waste of time. The question of disestablishment and disendowment, they will urge, and with irresistible force, will not be settled by antiquarian research into the exact meaning of Anglo-Saxon laws, but by the national conviction of what in itself is just and most beneficial to the nation. But in arriving at our estimate of what is just, the case must not be prejudiced by allowing misstatements to pass unchallenged; and the assertion, that the Established Church is the creation of the State, and that it did not exist before the days of Henry VIII., is just as true as that the Earl of Beaconsfield did not exist before the date of his patent of nobility.

There are other aspects of Nonconformist aggression upon Church property which cannot be entirely passed over. Whatever reason there may once have been to regard churches and churchyards as national property, in a qualified sense, has been utterly done away with by the abolition of Church-rates. Nothing is easier than to twit opponents with political inconsistency; but what can be more unreasonable than to claim a right in that which they have refused the means to maintain? Out of 2469 churchyards which were consecrated between 1833 and 1863, no less than 1525 were presented as free gifts, and the proportion of such benefactions since that date has probably been still larger. Upon our churches and cathedrals churchmen have spent more than twenty-five millions sterling since the year 1840, as shown by Lord Hampton's return; and of this amount about ten millions have probably been expended upon the restoration of the older parish churches. We look in vain through the Liberation Society's practical suggestions for any proposal that this outlay should be returned in the event of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church. The acuteness of memory, which has been careful not to omit the demand for repayment of any sums advanced from public sources, stands in singular contrast with this total ignoring of any compensation for what may be termed unexhausted improvements. The much paraded readiness to give compensation to individual clergymen and owners of church patronage will hardly bear the light of  
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very close investigation. However indifferent, in its blind hostility to the Church, modern aggressive Nonconformity may be either to the practical difficulties of disendowment or to its probable consequences, it could hardly venture upon confiscation of private property, and at least the rights of patrons and the life interests of incumbents must be so regarded. Nor is it out of place to remind our readers, that eminent Nonconformists have repudiated in the strongest terms all proposals for disendowment, as being downright spoliation and robbery. But if we ask whence the funds are to be obtained, from which compensation is to be given to those who have vested interests, we learn that the confiscation of endowments in public patronage will supply the means to compensate the individuals with whom alone it is proposed that the State in relieving the Church of its property should deal; and the liberality of the scheme is exactly defined as robbing Peter to pay Paul.

We cannot now enter upon a consideration of the practical feasibility of carrying out such a proposal. We do not say that the difficulties of the task are insurmountable, but they are gigantic in comparison with those which arose in dealing with the Established Church in Ireland. There the great mass of benefices was in public patronage, and the proportion of private patrons to be satisfied was unimportant. Here the conditions of the problem are entirely reversed, and of an immensely larger sum in the aggregate a far larger quota is in private hands. A glance at a few pages of the 'Clergy List' will show how vast a proportion of the most valuable Church property is thus held, and will lead to the conviction that the eventual surplus would inevitably be exceedingly small. Some of the Nonconformist leaders accept this conclusion, which is assuredly fatal to the Liberationist assertion, that a vast property which is *available* for national purposes is now monopolized for the benefit of a sect.

There is a mode in which Aggressive Nonconformity sweeps all practical considerations of this kind loftily aside, and deals with the mere existence of any established form of religion as a positive injustice to those who dissent from it. Hence arises a singular sensitiveness, growing at times to a morbid irritability, which finds expression in rejecting *toleration* as an *insult*, and can even pick a compliment to pieces to extract from it a sneer. It will be better in touching upon this, which has been termed the sentimental grievance (and we use the phrase without the faintest design of treating it in any but a serious spirit), to let two of the ablest and most prominent champions of Liberationism speak for themselves.

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‘To a Nonconformist travelling in America, one of the freshest sensations arises from the absence of an ecclesiastical Establishment. In England, I am reminded wherever I go that the State is hostile to my religious opinions and practices. In the United States I breathed freely. I was under the flag of a foreign government, but the law had nothing to say against my religious belief or my religious practices, and there was no national institution established with the direct intention of maintaining religious beliefs and practices which I reject. *Americans not belonging to the Episcopal Church are conscious, when they are travelling in England, that the national authority is hostile to their faith, just as I was conscious when travelling in America that the national authority subjected me to no religious disadvantages.*’—*Impressions of America*, by R. W. Dale, in the ‘*Nineteenth Century*’ for October 1878.

In like manner the Rev. J. G. Rogers, in an article on the Social Aspects of Disestablishment, whilst allowing that the positive grievances which the Establishment now inflicts are not numerous—indeed he only names the Burial question—dilates upon the same topic:—

‘It would, perhaps, be too much to expect (Churchmen) to see that Dissent is the creation of the law, and that, with the establishment of religious equality, it must cease to exist. Unfortunately, sectarian distinctions would not be effaced, but the stigma implied in the designation of all but those who hold the Creed and belong to the Church of the State would be removed. . . . It may be said that this is a small matter to parade as an injury, especially now, when the more substantial wrongs of which it was the symbol have been redressed. *Whether the injury be serious or trivial—a point in relation to which there will be great diversity of feeling—it is one which the State has no right to inflict on any of its subjects.*’—‘*Nineteenth Century*,’ May 1877.

This absolute denial of the right of the State to grant privilege in any case is subsequently qualified by Mr. Rogers, whose admissions completely solve his whole difficulty:—‘If it could be proved that the overthrow of the Establishment would be likely to result in an amount of evil to the country, for which the redress of any grievance that presses on us would be a very inadequate compensation, we must be content as Christian patriots meekly to bear the cross which the nation thinks it necessary to lay upon us. But this is exactly what we cannot see.’ Undoubtedly; but it is possible that some prejudice, and an exaggerated estimate of the value of abstract religious equality, may hinder the discernment of what many Nonconformists have seen clearly and acknowledged unfeignedly. What would have been the answer to any American citizen, who complained that he could not ‘breathe freely’ in this country because

because he was conscious that the institution of the peerage or of the monarchy was hostile to his theories of perfect civil equality? Would he not be told that the constitution was thus maintained under the conviction that the privileges of the Sovereign and the nobility, though at variance with his views of civil equality, resulted in the welfare of the entire community? We do not for one moment intend to imply that Mr. Dale and Mr. Rogers are not as loyal subjects as the staunchest of Churchmen, but the unqualified denunciation of all privilege is landing not a few of their allies into the most democratic republicanism.

We might, perhaps, hardly be expected to understand the frame of spirit which in one breath arrogates to itself a lofty assertion of higher spiritual freedom and demurs at bearing the *implied* stigma of dissent which that freedom involves, were it not abundantly manifest that most dissenting attacks upon the Church are due to social jealousy. We can make every allowance for the pardonable mortification which Liberationists must feel at the contrast between their own boastful estimate of Nonconformity and the practical value set upon it by their own followers. If a thing be worth what it will fetch from those who know it most intimately, and can therefore appraise it most correctly, modern Nonconformity would seem to have fallen on an evil and unappreciative generation. The constant streaming into the Church of the families of rich Dissenters, the frequent applications to the bishops and principals of Church Theological Colleges from Dissenting ministers who wish for Holy Orders, and the general avoidance of the Dissenting ministry by the children of the wealthier Nonconformist leaders, are facts of no slight significance; and in dealing with them we think that Dissenting writers often do themselves great injustice:—

‘The idea that it is more aristocratic, more gentlemanly, to belong to the Church, is not yet extinct; and Nonconformists of wealth and culture naturally fret at this ostracism. . . . They have a right to be indignant at it, and to scorn it as the outcome of a miserable weakness and a petty purblind jealousy.’—*The ‘Freeman,’ April 26, 1878.*

If we admit the premisses, we can hardly deny the conclusion; but, then, where are the vaunted results of sturdy Nonconformist education? Surely the faith which overcometh the world has not grown so feeble that it fails before a miserable and purblind weakness! For our own part, we do more justice to the home spiritual influence and early religious training enjoyed by most Dissenters, than to suppose that they are won over by such

ignoble agencies. It seems to us worthier of both sides to assign higher reasons for their defection. Indeed, the 'Freeman' itself suggests a reason that might have seemed invidious had it come from a Church quarter:—

'Perhaps they have received a better education than their parents, and the uncouthness of their old associates offends them. Their tastes are now refined, and the bald simplicity of our Nonconformist services can no longer gratify them. What so natural, therefore, as that they should go to Church?'

Nor need we travel further than the pages of the 'Freeman' for an example of that very tone of thought and expression which repels many educated persons. If an article on 'Liturgies in General, and King Charles's in Particular,' affords a true insight into the style and temper of modern Nonconformist students, we can well imagine the sufferings inflicted on congregations which are 'supplied' by such an agency. The scene opens on a Sunday evening in the common hall of the college, where several of the students had gathered for a little conversation round the fire:—

'Three of the gentlemen' (we are informed) 'had been preaching that day, and were distinguished by white neckties. The conversation was outspoken, and marked by that fearlessness of thought and truth of utterance which is found amongst Nonconformist students for the ministry; the source of that mental courage and accent of conviction which marks men who have been so trained.'

Perhaps this fustian should have prepared us for what follows, yet we hardly expected to find amongst the Sabbath evening exercises of students for the Christian ministry such choice examples of 'sweetness and light' as the following:—

'Last Sunday I accompanied a friend to church. . . . My friend said he felt better after it. After it, I said, but not for it. There is always a relief—a kind of spring—after having had to sit with propriety for an hour or so listening to a dull performance. I told my friend he mistook the natural reaction after a doze of dull routine for a refreshment of spiritual life. He said the Litany was scriptural. I replied that the Scripture it recalled was Baal's priests on Mount Carmel.'

After a criticism at once so profound and so kindly, we are not astonished to hear that Mr. Martineau's Liturgy 'contrasts favourably with the hodge-podge of the Anglican Prayer-book':—

'that the demand for a liturgy arises from a twofold cause—laziness and a low state of spiritual life, quite as much as from the desire for a better form of expression; or that 'the Order of Morning Service is such

such a jumble that, were it not for habit, it never could be tolerated. No wonder clergymen are bound by oath and capital good pay to use it. No intelligent man would ever do so without.'—*The 'Freeman,'* July 5, 1878.

Yet we question whether the unconscious vulgarity, which can record or invent such utterances with complacency, will not compare favourably with the spirit which is for ever asserting its own superior culture, and, under a transparent guise of mock humility, is constantly assuring the whole bench of bishops, 'But for the mere accident of the Establishment, I am just as good as you.'

It seems idle to urge upon minds so constituted, that the disestablishment of the Church would not improve their social position. It is hopeless to argue with them that social status is embraced in the category of imperfect rights, which cannot be enforced, and depends upon a combination of elements which are quite independent of legislation. The average tone and temper of a class; its position relatively to the other sections of the community in education, birth, and affluence; its mean specific gravity of ability, energy, and self-sacrifice; its powers of geniality and intuition, which enable it to maintain its convictions without causing needless offence; such are some of the elements which determine the social standing of any body of men, and which no Act of Parliament can touch. So long as a substantial proportion of Dissenting ministers are men of inferior education and of intolerably dependent position, so long will their dead weight help to drag down their colleagues in the social scale. So long as the English episcopate consists of men of the highest Christian culture, and is maintained, whether by ancient endowment or modern munificence, in a position of high independence, so long will their exalted condition, which is open to all the clergy, contribute directly and indirectly to raise their social standing. Add to this, that no Act of disestablishment could abrogate the prestige of centuries, and it will be seen that the inequality complained of is inevitable and is in the nature of things.

There is one point on which the Ritualistic favourers of disestablishment and Nonconformist Liberationists are entirely in accord. Both agree in loudly asserting that its connection with the State keeps the Church in bondage. To the loftiest claims for spiritual supremacy, which are urged alike by Congregationalists, Ritualists, and Romanists—whose language on this point might (strange to say) be used indifferently by any of the three—Liberation tracts and orators add innumerable taunts about the subjection of the spiritual to the civil authority. It

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were easy to run through a long list of such reproaches, from the rough-and-ready assertion, that the State priest only prays by Act of Parliament, to Mr. Harrison's elaborate insistence that the Establishment 'is mediatised and secularised, from the two Houses of Convocation to the clerk and beadle of the parish.' The points of practical importance in weighing such an allegation seem to us to be exhausted by the inquiry, how far the State control as at present exercised hinders the usefulness of the Church as a body or of its members individually—how far any such hindrances might be overcome by a re-adjustment of the relations between them—and how far the maintenance of such control, under the most advantageous conditions which mature thought can devise, corresponds with the voice of Scripture and with the practice of the Church in some of its brightest days.

The consideration of each of these questions lies apart from our present subject, but the bare mention of them will suffice to indicate that disestablishment is not the only remedy for any inconvenience to which the Church is at present subject in consequence of its union with the State. The Congregationalist, who holds that union to be unscriptural, will naturally put forth all his strength to dissolve it; but surely churchmen, of whatever school of thought, should exercise forbearance and patience before committing themselves to a step that would be irrevocable. Neither the insubordination and perversity of the extreme Ritualists, nor the vexatious difficulties which beset the constitution of ecclesiastical courts, afford sufficient warrant to either party for adopting a policy which would prove disastrous alike to the country and to the Church. Plans for intrusting Convocation with enlarged powers are under the consideration of able churchmen, and it is not too much to expect that the mutual yearning for conciliation, and the closer *rapprochement* which is being displayed so honourably by all but extreme partisans within the Church, will gradually lead to a satisfactory settlement of many grave existing difficulties. But on one point it is necessary to speak with unmistakable plainness. We are convinced that the Church laity of this country, whether the Church be established or disestablished, will never hand over unreservedly to the clergy either the definition of Church dogma or the interpretation of the Book of Common Prayer.

It is important to recollect that complaints about the bondage of the Church may be prompted by a desire for such sacerdotal supremacy, and the weighty and solemn warning of Bishop Thirlwall, uttered twenty-five years ago, may be commended to churchmen in our own day:—

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‘With regard to the power of deliberation, although it may be that much is left to desire, I think there is no ground for complaining that the Church is subject to any intolerable restraint. And I believe that something very different is meant by the language which we now so often hear, which represents her as working in chains, and pining in bondage, and by the charges of timidity or servility brought against those who fill her highest offices, as acquiescing in her misery and degradation. I think it is plain that all this points to the want of quite another kind of power, that of authoritative binding decision, which many would like to see exercised by a purely ecclesiastical assembly, and without which they would set little value on any Synod, or rather would be the more dissatisfied, the more its constitution corresponded to their wishes. Now, it is true the Church does not possess, and, as long as her relations to the State remain what they are, never can possess such a power of synodical action as this, by which the majority of a Synod would be able to bind the minority and the rest of the Church, and either to establish a new definition of doctrine, or to shut out from her ministry, if not from her communion, all who do not construe her language in the same sense with themselves. And it is because this power could not be exercised without the consent of the State, and because there is not the remotest prospect that it will ever be conceded by the legislature, that we hear murmurings of growing discontent, and longings more and more audibly whispered, for a Free Church, and for the severance of ties which are regarded as shackles. It is very important that the real nature and meaning of these complaints and wishes should be clearly understood. . . . Much valuable light has of late been thrown upon this question. I wish that those who may have been perplexed and disquieted by a “History of Erastianism,” which begins near the end of the subject, would, by way of supplement, study an account of it from another hand,\* which carries the review back into a remote antiquity, and which furnishes evidence sufficient, I think, to satisfy every candid inquirer that at all events we are not in this respect labouring under any new or impartial grievance. . . . I trust that many of those who have been misled to crave an impracticable redress of an imaginary wrong will yet feel the weight of his grave and seasonable warning: “When we determine to find elsewhere that independence of the civil power, which Christians in ages wiser and better than our own never desired to attain, we lay open our faith to a danger under which we can the less expect divine deliverance, because we bring it upon ourselves.” For my own part, I cheerfully accept my full share of all the obloquy incurred by those who shrink from the responsibility of exposing the Church to such a danger.’—*Remains*, i. pp. 178–180.

It is the more important to remember this testimony of so sound and learned an historian as Bishop Thirlwall, because much modern argument in favour of disestablishment assumes

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\* ‘An Argument for the Royal Supremacy.’ By the Rev. Sanderson Robins.  
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it as incontrovertible, that the Church, 'in ages wiser and better than our own,' was independent of the civil power. Their mutual relations may of course require readjustment, owing to the changed circumstances of the time; and the Convocation of the Southern Province last year suggested a plan, upon the lines of which some legislation may be found practicable. Already such an increase in the Episcopate has been virtually secured, as but a short time since might have been well deemed hopeless. For the present, at any rate, the most ardent spirits will do well to ask themselves, first, whether their field of usefulness is appreciably narrowed by the existing order of things; and, secondly, whether the results of disestablishment, so far as reason and experience enable us to judge, would not probably produce results diametrically in opposition to their wishes.

In truth, few things can be more astounding than the recklessness with which disestablishment is advocated by some Churchmen as a remedy for the real or imaginary grievances under which the Church is labouring, without due consideration of the probable consequences. We are not left without abundant light afforded us on this head, by the existence of vast and wealthy religious communities, whose condition, *as described by themselves*, warns us what are the dangers to which unendowed religious societies are exposed. The statistics given in the 'Congregational Year Book' for 1878 supply no unfair example of the working of the voluntary system. We learn from it that for 3137 chapels in England and Wales, and for 1092 preaching and evangelistic stations, the Congregationalists have only 1953 pastors in charge; 304 churches are returned as vacant, 41 more are served by lay pastors, and 210 are variously supplied. If, then, we set aside all the preaching stations, we have 553 churches confessedly vacant; whilst of the remainder there may be 1321, each of which has a separate minister, and 1264 more with only a pastor for every two churches. In strange juxtaposition with so vast a deficiency, no less than 558 ministers' names are entered in the Year Book as without pastoral charge. With all the wealth which the community enjoys, and with its much vaunted superiority in kindling through the voluntary principle the enthusiastic support of its adherents, from one-fifth to one-sixth of the regular congregations are absolutely without pastors, whilst the same proportionate number of pastors are without congregations. Nor can it be maintained that this unfavourable condition of things is due to the deadly shadow cast upon the denomination by the establishment of the Church of England, inasmuch as 21 churches are returned as vacant out of 121 in Canada and Newfoundland; and there is the same  
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number of vacancies in the 169 churches of Australia. What prospect there may be of any speedy improvement can be estimated from the returns, which give 120 as the total number of new ministers settled at home and abroad in 1877, against a loss of 101 by resignation, 18 by secession to other denominations, and 74 by death—or 193 in all; leaving a definite loss of effective power of no less than 73 ministers during a single year.

We are tempted to suppose that such a state of things must be quite exceptional, and due to the peculiar organization and management of the Congregational churches, but the 'Baptist Handbook' for 1878 presents us with a striking parallel. Here again there is a marked discrepancy between the number of chapels in England and Wales, which is given as 3278, and the supply of pastors, which falls to exactly 2000; but of the latter from one-fifth to one-sixth (the exact figure appears to be 372) are without pastoral care. It is the same tale repeated of chapels without pastors and pastors without chapels. The Handbook does not give us details of gains to the ministerial body by ordination or accession from other communions; but it records the deaths of 37 pastors, the removals of 175, and the settlement of 59. A comparative table shows how much the number of pastors in charge fluctuates from year to year; in 1872 (the first year entered in the return) it was 1779; in 1876 it rose to 1913; in 1877 it fell again to 1825. With commendable straightforwardness, the editor vouches only for the approximate correctness of these returns.

Nor do the figures furnish less remarkable evidence, if we had space for a searching analysis, of the painful restlessness which causes such numerous and constant removals of ministers from their posts. Many men, doubtless, there are in these and other voluntary churches, whose names would do honour to any religious community, and whose personal piety and worth have won and retain for them a lasting hold over the flocks committed to their charge; but despite such brilliant exceptions there must be something faulty in the system which results in dissatisfaction so widespread, and which produces such disastrous consequences. We indulge in no unkind reflections upon the utterly inadequate stipends of their ministers, which has formed the subject of so many moving complaints and of so many energetic efforts. We grieve for the sad necessity which compels the voluntary bodies almost without exception to shorten the term of preparation for the ministry, and to hand over the spiritual instruction of their people to beardless boys. It is the system and not the individuals that we blame. But in the face



face of such facts, it seems to us little short of madness on the part of any who care for the maintenance of Christian truth, to propose that we should secularise our existing Church endowments, and cast the entire body of Christian teachers upon resources which experience shows to be so untrustworthy. We had rather a thousand-fold hand over our endowments entire to other religious bodies for the support of gospel teaching, than cry with the Liberationists, 'Let them be neither mine, nor thine, but divide them.'

It is of no small importance to inquire what is the practical effect of voluntarism upon the tone and character of its ministers. Once more let it be understood that we are not casting any imputations upon persons. We have only to deal with the general tendencies of a system, and if these be injurious, they are sure eventually to produce undesirable results. We prefer to let the testimony of Dissenters give its own conclusive evidence on this head as being altogether beyond suspicion:—

'A man with an income of 60*l.* a year, drawn from a few people whom he is bound to please, and yet may very easily displease, *cannot afford to speak his mind*. We have observed such poor men painfully calculating the loss to their income if such and such persons were to take offence and leave the place. *There are hundreds of Nonconformist ministers who, laboriously treading out the corn, are muzzled, and not unmuzzled*. And this is our blessed voluntarism; and for this we fight against endowments and would have them devoted to relieving the rates for sewerage and paving.'—*The 'Christian World,' Aug. 11, 1876.*

We could fill page after page with Nonconformist testimony to the wide-spread injury caused by the want of endowments. The 'English Independent,' for the 4th of May, 1877, contains a lengthened report of the Triennial Conference of the Liberation Society, which fills more than a score of its pages, but, with all this pressure on its space, room is found for a long communication upon ministerial support, with a few brief extracts from which we must close this part of our subject:—

'Oh, there must be a wonderfully sustaining power in the gospel they preach, or they would long ago have succumbed to the strain put upon them—the strain of *poverty*. . . . The fact of so many ministers changing or seeking to change their pastorates throughout the country proves there is oppression somewhere. A minister, according to the apostolic type, should be a *pastor* as well as a preacher; but, in the present day, he is *not*, nor do I see how he *can* be. . . . We inveigh against the tyranny of a creed that binds men's minds down to a rubric; but is there not a tyranny deadlier and more depressing to be found in some of our rural districts, where narrow-minded magnates,



magnates, because they find the stipend, stipulate *as to what is to be taught in the pulpit*, as inexorably as any of our ecclesiastical prelates or Courts of Appeal? Is this a *fact* in our boasted Nonconformity, or is it not?

It is needless to pursue the argument further. By the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England, on the basis proposed by the Liberationists, the Legislature would imperil the Christian instruction of the entire rural population of the country.

A review of Aggressive Nonconformity in its existing phase would be altogether imperfect without some notice of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, whose alliance is so studiously courted by the most prominent Liberationist leaders. A study of the 'English Labourers' Chronicle,' the property and organ of the Union, proves that its members have grasped with eagerness the lessons taught them by the latest exponents of Liberationism. We pass by the abusive denunciations of the Church and the clergy as the enemies of education and of the poor. When Mr. Arch,—to feed whose personal vanity the 'Labourers' Chronicle' seems to have been started and maintained—asserts that the greatest obstacle to the social improvement of the labourer has been, as a rule, the clergymen of the Establishment, he is but echoing the ordinary clap-trap of his parliamentary and literary chiefs; although possibly the comparison to Moloch of 'the Parish Priest of England clothed in his sacred vestments, who has stood in the midst of country homes and seen children starved to death without inquiry,' would be a trifle too strong even for Mr. Miall and Mr. Chamberlain, or for Mr. Harrison and Mr. Morley. But, to the leaders of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, the downfall of the Church is only a stepping-stone to the destruction of the landed gentry. They care less about the village church than they do for the village green, stolen from them, as Mr. Harrison bears witness, by the squire. Each weekly issue for the first six months of the present year contains a paper on the Land Question, whose outspoken utterances assuredly leave nothing to be desired on the score of frankness. It is instructive to remark the calm forgetfulness with which the 'Labourers' Chronicle,' whilst advocating the disendowment of the clergy, observes that:—

'An endowed peasantry becomes an elevated peasantry; their thoughts are awakened, and their ideas widened from a sense of independence.'

How the needed endowment is to be obtained is not left in obscurity.

'By a ten per cent. probate duty, cutting off land left or transferred in

in greater quantities than one hundred acres, this can be done in the best and readiest manner. . . . It is the change we want, the manner of it may be this or that. The land monopoly must be destroyed, *how we care not*. But we would rather it were done on the lines of legislation in the manner of taxation, and not with violence. It will soon come one way or the other.—*The 'English Labourers' Chronicle,'* March 30, 1878.

Violent and wicked as are such principles, they are the natural result of a strong conviction that the peasantry have been robbed of their land.

'The Lords of Manors' (it is asserted) 'have stolen from the peasants and people of England some eight millions of acres of common land. We say stolen advisedly. If there were another word that indicated fraud of the grossest kind, we should use it.'

In return it is proposed that legalized spoliation should be remedied by legislative plunder. It is stated indeed in terms—

'that past frauds will not justify retaliatory ones. . . . In such an extreme case as the Bedford one, whose lords and dukes hold a vast property like Covent Garden, and the old abbey lands of Woburn, Tavistock, Thorney, &c., *manifestly national property*, we should never propose that all the property should be taken from them, or even dealt with in any exceptional manner. Time has condoned all such offences.'

Yet, despite such disclaimers, it is not easy to see what other method than confiscation can be shadowed forth by this proposed solution of the Land Question, which thus continues:

'The whole land question must be solved in the light of a present equity. The necessities of the nation, the welfare of the whole people, must be the consideration of the legislator, not the rent-roll of the peer, not the deer-park or game-preserves of the luxurious landlords. The people must live and flourish at even the destruction of every park and pleasure ground, to become wheat lands and garden grounds to meet their necessities. . . . The solution must be so thorough that the land monopoly ceases gradually, but without a check, every year giving unmistakable evidence that the peasantry with endowments of land are increasing in number, and rising in material welfare and social and political independence, whilst the vast estates of millionaires are reduced by taxation, and reduced by a more equitable division between co-heirs. This change we are shadowing forth must be one that the House of Lords cannot veto, or meddle with to mutilate, because no effective land reform can be carried into law, and into daily operation, without in the course of time destroying many of the privileges of peers. You cannot have an hereditary aristocracy, holding the exclusive privilege of being born legislators, without a land monopoly and without the ruin of the toiling peasantry, and eventually the ruin of the nation. Therefore, the

the House of Lords will never carry a suicidal act, that involves finally their extinction as a privileged class. But though the House of Lords can never be persuaded to carry a thorough reform of land tenure such as we claim and prove to be necessary, yet there is a way, a constitutional way, to override their objections, and carry such a reform in defiance of their combined opposition. It must be made part of a money bill—part of the ways and means of raising the taxation for the expenses of the country.—*The 'English Labourers' Chronicle,' July 13, 1878.*

The simplicity of this last suggestion for evading the opposition of the Peers to their own extinction is inimitable.

We do not think it necessary to enlarge upon the further results which would be likely to follow upon the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church, results which are only partially foreshadowed in the schemes of the Agricultural Labourers' Union for the gradual plunder, we beg pardon, *the reduction* of large fortunes and for the destruction of the aristocracy, who, in such favoured instances as that of the House of Russell, are not to be deprived of *all* their property. We pass over the peril to all other existing institutions involved in tearing away from its connection with the national life a church whose roots run so widely and so deeply. We are not careful to enter into these matters, because we are firmly persuaded that the day is far distant indeed, in which the hopes of Aggressive Nonconformity will be realized. But in the face of an attack so wide-spread and so well sustained, it is imperative that churchmen should not disregard the plain dictates of reason and of common sense, and that organized aggression should be met by combined defence. The Church Defence Institution supplies the needed centre around which churchmen of every grade of thought can gather, and it is not without a sense of shame we record that its income is as yet sadly inadequate to the work it aims at accomplishing, and which, as far as its means allow, it admirably fulfils. These are not days when judgment on important institutions can be permitted to go by default, and, wherever the agents or the publications of the Liberation Society are found to penetrate, the voice of the Church Defence Institution in reply should be heard without delay. It is perhaps not peculiar to controversial Aggressive Nonconformity, that it commonly assumes in argument the whole point at issue; but such questions as: Why do not churchmen support their own ministers, as Dissenters do? or Why cannot the Church at home get on without endowments as it does in the colonies? are seen to be impertinent in every sense when it is pointed out that Dissenting ministers are *not* duly supported by their own people; that the Colonial Church is *not* universally  
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without endowment; and that a colonial prelate, the large-hearted Bishop of Newcastle, New South Wales, surely no mean judge of its necessities, has just endowed his diocese with a bequest of a quarter of a million sterling. In short, every available means should be employed for forming and directing public opinion aright upon this question, a task which we think lay churchmen should specially undertake, and one whose performance will come with better grace from them.

It is not less important that churchmen should maintain an uncompromising attitude in dealing with so-called 'Liberationism.' It is no time to palter or to speak with bated breath as though the day of disestablishment were unavoidable. Although the Church be built on an immovable foundation, and neither her existence nor her stability can be threatened by any danger from without, what right have we to sacrifice any of the advantages with which she has been entrusted for carrying on her work? Five-and-twenty years ago Bishop Thirlwall remarked upon the strange combination and contrast to be seen in churchmen, of superabundant energy and successful labour with the language of despondency and alarm. If we are to speculate upon the connection of cause and effect between things seemingly so inconsistent with each other, we should be disposed to attribute them partly to the reaction after long sustained and anxious effort, to which earnest men striving to promote a holy cause are liable; partly to a laudable, but at times most trying, effort to see all sides of an important question, which begets in many minds an irritable suspense of judgment that finds its vent in dark forebodings; and partly to the rapid transmission of news, and the necessities of the daily press, which cause each occasional despondent and dyspeptic utterance of public men to be reported in all directions and unduly esteemed by those whose interests it is supposed to affect. 'It remains,' says Bishop Thirlwall, 'to be seen, whether we shall furnish an example, which will be amongst the most memorable in history, of that deplorable infatuation through which groundless fears sometimes become the instrument by which they are realized, and men cast away their most solid and precious blessings in their struggle to escape from slight evils or imaginary dangers.'

To any such timid spirits we say, 'In God's name take heart of grace.' When we remember what efforts the Church is putting forth, and the rapidly-increasing hold she is acquiring over the masses,—when we think of the zeal and devotion and fervour of her children, never more freely lavished in her cause than now,—when we recal the grandeur of her past history, the high place which within a few years she has regained, and  
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the prospects which at the same ratio of progress lie before her, —and then compare her, not invidiously, with any voluntary communion or with them all combined, we feel bold to say of her, and that in no irreverent spirit, ‘Their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.’ And if we prize our fortress in any degree according to its worth, we shall look for worthier reasons than any yet offered us, and for happier results than those which thought and study so far suggest to us, before we strike our colours to a motley phalanx of political Dissenters, Positivists, and Republicans.

The last half century has witnessed a remarkable change in the internal condition and relative positions of the Church and Nonconformity. At the commencement of that period, the growth of dissent was mainly owing to a religious spirit. Men, whose hearts were touched by the sacred flame, frequently failed to find within the Church either an opening for Christian work or even true sympathy with their yearning to perform it, and they therefore went over to the dissenting chapels. The case is very different now. Ritualism has, indeed, alienated a certain number, and an exaggerated estimate of its influence and extent may have deterred others from becoming Churchmen; but men no longer leave the Church in order to find a higher spiritual life elsewhere. In practical benevolence, in efforts to grapple with the spiritual destitution of the masses, in adaptation of its machinery to the almost overpowering wants of the day, in searching investigation into the weak points of its system with a view to their amendment, in the spirit and the lives of its clergy and laity, the Church of late years has distanced all competitors. The inherent weakness of the voluntary system has led to the abandonment of many chapels in districts which do not pay, and so involved failure in the primary Christian duty of preaching the Gospel to the poor. The supposed necessity for an aggressive policy, which many of the younger Nonconformist ministers think essential to success, has generated a style of preaching, against which a few ministers of exceptional moral courage in vain utter their mournful protest, so that in scores of chapels abuse of the Church or of the Premier is the main topic of the sermon. The old race of dissenting ministers, men of undoubted learning, unaffected piety, and courteous manners, of whom the late Dr. Pye Smith may be cited as a typical instance, is rapidly becoming extinct; though we rejoice to add that a few, whose names it would be invidious to mention, still remain to save religious Nonconformity from a complete collapse.

Aggressive Nonconformity (and it is with this only we have  
now



now to do) has abandoned the old Puritan position of unquestionable, if narrow, piety, and recognises men of violent temper and coarse language, as its leaders. As a religious organization it is played out, but it remains as the 'Rump' of the Liberal party, and the satellite of Mr. Gladstone. Is this the body at whose bidding we shall disestablish and disendow the Church which is yearly rising to a loftier sense of its responsibilities, and making more self-denying efforts to fulfil them?

The future historian of religious thought and movement in England in the nineteenth century will have to deal with a problem of singular difficulty and complexity. He will have to record an unparalleled activity both in action and speculation, which left no institution, however venerable, unassailed, and no truth, however sacred, unquestioned. He will have to ponder the startling paradox, of philosophy and science for a season largely divorced from theology, at the very time when practical Christianity was giving daily evidence of abundant life and power. He will have to unravel the causes which led to a wide extension, not merely of the Roman Church, but of the Ultramontanism of the Syllabus and of papal infallibility, in a country whose people have been able beyond others to combine allowance for the widest freedom of thought with a sober acceptance of Christian teaching. Above all, he will have to detail the origin, growth, and, we would fain hope, the final extinction of an agitation, which, starting on a professedly Christian basis, early displayed in the virulence of its chief agents by what manner of spirit it was animated, and which, driven onwards by the exigencies of its position and the logical sequence of its own principles, has been eventually compelled to court the alliance and assistance of infidel and anti-Christian orators. But further investigation will furnish a key to the enigma, and he will understand that the religious element in the movement was extremely small, and that it was but one form of the great democratic agitation, which, guided by a true instinct, sought in England, as it has done elsewhere, to overthrow the Church before levelling the other powers of the State.

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- ART. III.—1. *England's Mission*. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The 'Nineteenth Century,' September. London, 1878.
2. *Imperialism*. By the Right Hon. Robert Lowe. The 'Fortnightly Review,' October. London, 1878.
3. *The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds*. London, 1797.
4. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy*. London, 1878.
5. *Grosvenor Notes*. Edited by Henry Blackburn. London, 1878.
6. *History of the British Drama*. By Mrs. Inchbald. London, 1820.
7. *Daniel Deronda*. By George Eliot. London, 1876.
8. *The Wandering Heir*. By Charles Reade. London, 1873.

EVERY great nation has a life of its own, as distinct from the will of the majority of individuals of whom it is temporarily composed, just as the passing moods of the individual himself are separable from his consciousness of his personal identity. We are all of us sensible of the actual existence of a public conscience, though none of us can define precisely wherein it consists. The image of the State was in the mind of Pericles, when he told his hearers 'not to view it merely in the abstract, but rather to contemplate it day by day as it actually existed, and to become enamoured of it, and, when they felt its greatness, to bear in mind that their ancestors constituted it by their valour, their sense of duty, and their principle of honour in action.'\* It inspired the bold figure of Demosthenes: 'Would you act up to the spirit of your fathers, each one of you jurymen ought to think, when he enters on the judgment of a public cause, that, together with his staff and ticket, he takes upon himself the genius of his country.'†

Two portraits of our own country have lately been presented to us by the hand of a master, which might be entitled respectively 'England as it is under the Tories,' and 'England as it ought to be under the Liberals.' In the one she is represented, if we may put it in that shape, under the image of a harri-  
 dan, full of the spite and impotence of old age, whose years have only increased her vices, and who not only interferes in all the brawls of her neighbours, but seeks to exercise a domestic tyranny over the independent families of her adult children. In the other she appears as a respectable grandmother, who, conscious of her age and infirmities, has retired from active

\* 'Thucydides,' ii. 43.  
 Vol. 147.—No. 293.

† Demosthenes, 'De Corona,' 210.  
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participation in the business of life. The painter, with a fine dramatic sense, shows her to us seated on her chalk cliffs, in the warmth of the declining sun. Colonies of grandchildren, in the remote distance, bend an admiring gaze on her majestic decrepitude. She appears to have uttered a dignified remonstrance, for, nearer home, the armed nations of the Continent are seen suddenly dropping their swords and daggers, as the combatants do at the command of the Beefeater in the 'Critic.' They recognise her as 'the tribunal of civilised mankind.' Between the two ideals of national life, thus portrayed to them with all the earnestness and indignation of a political Hogarth, the people of England are told that they may make their choice.

Is Mr. Gladstone's representation of Tory policy just? Is his own portrait of England worthy of the subject? He is well aware that to both of these questions his opponents reply with an emphatic negative. Before what tribunal, then, must the question be settled? Undoubtedly before the conscience of the country. Then, as we are to be the judges in our own cause, by what method shall we obtain that true knowledge of ourselves which may enable us to return an impartial verdict? 'I know an infallible moral test,' replies Mr. Gladstone: 'search,' as Pope says, 'the ruling passion.'

'In the sphere of personal life most men are misled through the medium of the dominant faculty of their nature. It is round that dominant faculty that folly and flattery are wont to buzz. They play upon vain glory, by exaggerating and commending what it does, and by piquing it on what it sees cause to forbear from doing. It is so with nations. For all of them the supreme want is to be warned against the indulgence of the dominant passion.'

The observation is perfectly just, but its application will carry Mr. Gladstone farther than he intended. For instance, the dominant passion of the Athenians was individual liberty. So long as this was associated, as in the policy of Pericles, with the idea of the State, no personal sacrifices were too great, no national enterprises too burdensome, for the Athenian citizen. At times his identification of himself with his city carried him into injustice and excess, as in the case of the extermination of the Melians, the Mitylenean decree, and the Sicilian expedition. But when the sense of the imperial greatness of Athens declined, liberty began to associate itself with domestic religion, social pleasure, and intellectual refinement; the citizen shrank from the burdens of personal service and taxation; he learned to prefer an existence of ease and slavery to a life of political honour.

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The dominant faculty of the Romans, on the other hand, was Empire. Fully entitled to command by her genius for administration and the patriotic self-sacrifice of her citizens, Rome, while the idea of empire was joined with the idea of justice, while she developed her policy by the equalization of her own orders, and the extension of her franchise to the states which acknowledged her supremacy, advanced with safety on her road to universal dominion. But her principle of empire had always a tendency to degenerate into the principle of centralization. She condescended no further than to *spare* the conquered, after she had vanquished the proud. She did not care enough for justice to rule her subjects for their own good, or to transfuse the political life of the centre into the extremities of her dominion. Hence, though the traditional virtues of the Roman character exhibited an astonishing vitality, the corruption of the state was progressive; the wisdom of the senatorial government declined into the narrowness of oligarchy; the integrity of the elder Cato became less characteristic than the greed of Verres; and the discipline of Trajan weighed light against the excesses of Commodus.

Which of these two extremes is 'the dominant faculty' of England, the ruling passion of her people, which, 'like Aaron's rod, must swallow up the rest'?

'The Constitution of this country,' said Pitt, 'is its glory. But in what a nice adjustment does its excellence consist! Equally free from the distractions of democracy and the tyranny of monarchy, its happiness is to be found in its mixture of parts. It was this mixed constitution which the wisdom of our ancestors devised, and which it will be our wisdom inviolably to support. They experienced all the vicissitudes and distractions of a republic. They felt all the vassalage and despotism of a simple monarchy. They abandoned both, and, by blending each together, extracted a system which has been the envy and admiration of the world.'\*

Very true, says Mr. Gladstone, but this nice equilibrium has now been overthrown by the wickedness of the Tories. The course of our national life has been violently arrested by the antagonism of its two great internal principles. Liberty and Authority are arrayed against each other, and, amid the fatuous applause of the people, the latter has asserted its supremacy. The monster vice so long hidden has at last appeared. 'The dominant passion of England is extended Empire.'

Mr. Gladstone, we think, has been so long and so diligently studying the hideous features of the party to which he is opposed,

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\* Speech of Pitt on Fox's Motion of Address to the King, March 1, 1784.



that he has transferred what he conceives to be its characteristics into his portrait of the people of England. He is entirely unconscious that his own policy may be exposed to the same method of grotesque caricature that he has adopted towards the policy of his rivals. It was of course open to him to derive his conception of the character of England from a study of her political action. But to establish his indictment he ought to have taken a wider survey of things than the acts of Liberal and Conservative Governments since 1868. He was bound to have shown that 'a dominant passion for extended Empire' is manifest through the whole history of England. If he choose to rest his case on this broad ground, we ask him with confidence to indicate to us at what point in our annals the tendency towards imperialism first becomes apparent. Was the early colonization of America due to a deliberate policy of royal aggression or to commercial enterprise, and a desire to escape from arbitrary government? Was the foreign policy of Cromwell, the most aggressive in our history, determined by a desire for universal dominion, or by mixed motives of commerce and religion? In our settlements in Australasia did the trade follow the flag, or the flag the trade? Was not the natural extension of our Indian Empire resisted by Company, Crown, and Parliament? In short, does not the entire course of our national history indicate rather a dominant passion—as far as there is any predominance at all—for individual liberty, like that of the Athenians, than a deliberate resolve, like that of the Romans, for universal Empire?

But history is made up of politics, and, in England, wherever there are politics there is passion. The political action of a nation is doubtless the index of its character, but where the nature of its action is disputed, as at present, we must endeavour to find a clue to its character in some other quarter. Such a clue may, we think, be obtained by examining the tendencies of popular Taste. The character of every great nation is reflected indirectly in its art and literature, as well as directly in its history. Poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, and architects, show us the thoughts that pass through the mind of a people, and embody in an ideal form the objects that appear to it most noble, or beautiful, or worthy of pursuit. Art, again, shows the most sensitive sympathy with every social change which a nation undergoes. If therefore we can discover any masterful tendencies in our contemporary art, which can only be explained by the predominant influence of what is known to be a strong national passion, and if these are also found to co-exist with analogous forces in the political world, then we shall be able to form

form a much more satisfactory judgment as to the nature of our ruling passion, than if we were to draw our conclusion from politics alone.

First, then, we may say with certainty that, if contemporary English art afford any indication of the dominant passion imputed to the nation by Liberal critics, or of any other absorbing and exclusive principle of life, it will be as untrue to the spirit of its traditions, as Mr. Gladstone thinks the English people is to the spirit of the Constitution described by Pitt. What distinguishes English literature, for instance, is its balance of liberty and authority. No doubt its prominent characteristic is a certain Gothic greatness and freedom. As Pope says :

‘ But we brave Britons foreign laws despised,  
And kept unconquered and uncivilised.’

But through all the vigorous originality of our great writers there runs a link of ‘ common-sense,’ binding them to each other and to human society. Chaucer, the most medieval in spirit of the English poets, is yet touched with a vein of Lollardism, which reappears in the Puritan morality of Spenser, imbedded as this was in Catholic doctrine and Pagan imagery. The ample spirit of the Catholic Church is seen in Shakspeare, tempered with the national spirit of England and the human spirit of the Renaissance. Milton is at once Puritan and classic. Pope and Addison made it their conscious aim to fix the standard of the language by preserving all its idiom and character, while at the same time submitting it to the common law of classical authority. Scott, writing at a time when both the monarchical and republican instincts of the nation had been vehemently aroused, corrects the natural impulse of his own chivalrous sympathies by the established standard of constitutional common sense. In short, we may say that English artists have followed out the line suggested to them by their national instinct, without excluding influences from abroad ; and that, while trusting confidently to their own genius, they have never revolted against the prerogative of authority and experience. They have observed a just mean between the rudeness of primitive liberty and the deadening artificiality of Academic rule.

Whether our literature and art still preserve their ancient constitutional balance ; or whether the balance has been unduly depressed in favour of one or other of the two great principles by whose counterpoise it exists ; and if so, which that principle is ;—these are the questions which we now propose to discuss. And as we have treated the subject by implication, as far as it relates

relates to poetry, in a recent number of this 'Review,'\* we shall not re-open that question, but shall proceed to examine the spirit manifested in our contemporary painting, drama, and fiction, as compared with the English tradition of these arts, with a view to discovering what light is thereby thrown upon the present political temper of the nation.

As to painting, we want no better exponent of the English conception of that art than the greatest painter that England has produced, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Nothing can be more constitutional than Sir Joshua's instructions to the students at the Royal Academy. The prevailing note in his admirable 'Discourses' is an indignant repudiation of the doctrine that genius implies absolute power. The highest genius, he says over and over again, proceeds in obedience to the highest law, and it is only because the majority of mankind are insensible of the limits of law, that they impute the actions of genius to capricious inspiration. 'The summit of excellence seems to be an assemblage of contrary qualities, but mixed in such proportions that no one part is found to counteract the other.' The nearest approach to this excellence is found in the works of the greatest masters, and Sir Joshua therefore recommends his audience to render to these a rational obedience, and not even to be afraid of being called their imitators.

'When,' says he, 'we have had continually before us the great works of art to impregnate our minds with kindred ideas, we are then, and not till then, fit to produce something of the same species. We behold all about us with the eyes of those penetrating observers, whose works we contemplate; and our minds, accustomed to think the thoughts of the noblest and brightest intellects, are prepared for the discovery and selection of all that is great and noble in nature. The greatest natural genius cannot subsist on its own stock: he who resolves never to ransack any mind but his own will be soon reduced from mere barrenness to the poorest of all imitations; he will be obliged to imitate himself, and to repeat what he has before often repeated. When we know the subject designed by such men, it will never be difficult to guess what kind of work is to be produced.'

Yet, with all his sense of the necessity of authority, he was an ardent lover of liberty.

'A mere copier of nature' (we cannot in these days quote Sir Joshua too often), 'can never produce anything great; can never raise and enlarge the conceptions, or warm the heart of the spectator. The wish of the genuine painter must be more extensive: instead of endeavouring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations, he must endeavour to improve them by the grandeur of

\* 'State of English Poetry.' 'Quarterly Review,' July 1873.

his ideas; instead of seeking praise by deceiving the superficial sense of the spectator, he must strive for fame by captivating the imagination.'

Hence he always kept before the mind of his hearers the necessity of aiming at the 'great style.'

'This great ideal perfection and beauty are not to be sought in the heavens but upon the earth. They are about us and upon every side of us. But the power of discovering what is deformed in nature, or, in other words, what is particular and uncommon, can be acquired only by experience; and the whole beauty and grandeur of the art consists, in my opinion, in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities, and details of every kind.'

How far, then, has the tradition established by the first President of the Royal Academy been preserved by the modern representatives of his art? But before we attempt to answer this question, we ought to make certain deductions from his theory that have been rendered necessary by time and circumstance. Painting, he thought, should speak an universal language, and, in so far as it expresses itself by means of form and colour, it is plain that this art has a more extended sphere than poetry, the limits of which are defined by the diversities of human speech. But this common language could only remain intelligible so long as it expressed common thought and sentiment, a truth which Sir Joshua very clearly understood.

'Strictly speaking,' says he, 'no subject can be of universal, hardly can it be of general, concern; but there are events and characters so popularly known in those countries where our art is in request, that they may be considered as sufficiently general for all our purposes. Such are the great events of Greek and Roman fable and history, which early education and the usual course of reading have made familiar and interesting to all Europe, without being degraded by the vulgarity of ordinary life in any country. Such too are the capital subjects of Scripture history, which, besides their general notoriety, become venerable by their connection with our religion.'

While a system of European authority prevailed, which prescribed the limits of religious faith and secular education, it was possible to treat the subjects named by Sir Joshua in the universal style he desired. Scholarship widely diffused under the protection of princes and nobles familiarized the people with the stories of heathen mythology. The authoritative doctrine of the Catholic Church, and the continuous development of Italian art, gave a traditional character to religious painting throughout Europe, and only allowed the subject under treatment to be characterized by such variety as appeared



peared in the national tendencies of the Florentine and Roman schools on the one side, and by the Venetian and Flemish on the other. But ever since the triumph of the French Revolution, the tradition of the classical Renaissance has been on the decline, nor can it any longer be said, that 'the great events of Greek and Roman fable and history have been made familiar and interesting to all Europe by the usual course of reading.' So too the authority of the Catholic tradition in painting was mortally wounded by the great disruption of Christendom at the Reformation.

The framework of Europe has in fact changed; and the medieval ideal of universal empire in Church and State has been replaced by the doctrines of nationality and the balance of power. Still it may be thought that the art of painting has received compensation for the decline of authority by the increase of liberty, and that what it has lost in grandeur and sublimity it may have gained in originality and character. If it no longer speaks intelligibly an universal language, it may speak with more force the language of nations and individuals. Sir Joshua himself, while subordinating what he calls the 'characteristical' style to the 'great' style, fully recognises the claims of the former to be a genuine province of painting.

'There is another style,' he says, 'which, though inferior to the former, has still great merit, because it shows that those who cultivated it were men of lively and vigorous imagination. This, which may be called the original or characteristical style, being less referred to any true archetype existing either in general or particular nature, must be supported by the painter's consistency in the principles which he has assumed, and in the union and harmony of his whole design. The excellency of every style, but of the subordinate styles more especially, will very much depend on preserving that union and harmony between all the component parts, that they may appear to hang well together, as if the whole proceeded from one mind.'

Such were the styles of Hogarth, Gainsborough, Wilkie, and Turner, which truly reflect the English character and constitution. For, with all their force and originality, they still show a general way of looking at things and a willing obedience to the unwritten law of experience and tradition. But can it be said that the traditions of the 'characteristic' English style still prevail? Let us endeavour to determine this by a few recollections of the last Academy.

To represent *action* in some form or another is the aim of every great painter. In landscape for example; how full of action is the painting of Turner, who may be truly said to have invented the 'great style' in this branch of the art. The diffused  
light

light and the far distances of his pictures blend in extraordinary sympathy with the human associations of the scenes represented. His 'Rise' and 'Decline of Carthage,' and his 'Fighting Téméraire,' though the representation of human life in them is entirely subordinate, have all the feeling of a great tragic poet; they seize the unseen truth or 'character' of the subject,—

'The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the poet's dream.'

But Turner's influence is apparently on the wane. Undoubtedly the most popular landscape in the last Academy was Mr. Brett's, 'Cornish Lions.' A dazzling blue sea shone beneath a cloudless blue sky, in a sunlight so brilliant that each cranny and indentation in the cliffs was visible. Every particular in the actual landscape was exhibited; yet the general effect of the picture appeared to us to be that of suspended life. There was no central idea of action to blend the various parts into a harmonious whole; nevertheless the very particularity of the imitation secured far more favour from the public than the generalization of Mr. Vicat Cole, whose 'Showery Day' seemed to us to have admirably caught the 'character' of that soft shining atmosphere which gives their chief beauty to so many spring days in England.

Another picture in which action was sacrificed to imitation was Mr. Frith's 'Road to Ruin.' The idea of this work was evidently suggested by Hogarth, but had the crowds who filed in front of the picture proceeded afterwards to compare their impressions of it with Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode,' they would have seen that between the method of the master and the disciple there was absolutely nothing in common. Hogarth's style is full of the 'sæva indignatio' of the satirist; every incident and detail conspires to point the general moral; the action of the drama grows naturally out of its original source; the very lines of the various countenances seem to indicate the painter's abhorrence of the vices which he makes them reflect. Hogarth would have done justice to Mr. Frith's subject. There is scarcely a corner of English society that has not been contaminated by the universal passion for gambling. What scope for invention, what revelations of manners, are possible to a painter in an age which has seen the fortunes of historic houses wasted on a race-course, and has listened to the tales of public credulity related by a Benson! But Mr. Frith is no satirist. The moral of his picture was indeed strong enough for a transpontine theatre, but the story in which the moral was conveyed

conveyed was an ingenuous fable. If we are to believe him, it is customary for commonplace young gentlemen, who play cards at the University, eventually to shoot themselves in a garret from extremity of want; and this, even though they may have been originally possessed of large estates, and presumably of good connections. The public which besieged Mr. Frith's picture must have been perfectly well aware that this is *not* the road to ruin in our days; they must have perceived, if they had reflected, that the various compartments of the picture had no other connection with the apparent subject, or with each other, than a common frame; but so enchanted were they with the undeniable skill of the painter in reproducing commonplace objects with which they were familiar, that they remained insensible to his deflections from truth and nature.

Mr. Herkomer, another representative painter, is not, like Mr. Frith, a stranger to poetry. In his 'Evening in the Westminster Workhouse,' it appeared to us there were many fine strokes of imagination, and those who studied that picture will not easily forget the poetical manner in which light and shadow were made to accentuate the characteristics of old age, in the figures obscurely seen cowering in the firelight, or advancing feebly with a staff from the far-end of the room. But how came a painter of such capacity to try and interest the spectator in his group of old women, in the forepart of a long bare room, drinking tea, reading, and cutting out linen? It is not that common subjects are incapable of beautiful treatment; Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler' and 'Blind Man's Buff' are standing instances to the contrary; but in these pictures the painter has commenced his work with a central idea, which gives life and balance to the whole composition. The action of the picture, in the one case, starts from the sweep of the fiddler's bow, and the spectator seems to hear the sound, and to understand the various passions which this excites in each particular member of the audience. So, in 'Blind Man's Buff,' the action is grouped round the cautious, groping figure of the blind man, and nothing can be more beautiful than the balance which the painter has obtained out of the varied attitudes of coquetry and mock-terror which the situation has produced in the rustic groups. Mr. Herkomer, on the other hand, had apparently chosen his subject, not so much because he was humanly interested in it, as because it enabled him to make an exhibition of his rare mastery over light and colour.

Composition, imagination, and invention, at all events, it may be said, were manifest in the work of Mr. Long; and in the graceful attitudes of the figures, the expressive humour of the faces,

faces, and the life-like clinging of the cat-model, the idea of action was more visible in the 'Making of the Gods,' than in any other picture in the Academy. We had but one ground of quarrel with Mr. Long. Why were not all this grace, humour, and vitality, devoted to the representation of some living interest, instead of being employed in realizing the idea of an obsolete superstition? So, too, a touch of regret mingled with our amusement at the admirably comic 'Convocation' of Mr. Marks, to think that such dramatic power should not find expression in the representation of human action.

Putting aside, however, a few exceptional pictures of a similar character to those we have just mentioned, it may be said that the prevailing note in the work of the Academy was Domesticity. Few of the exhibitors let their imagination travel far from home; the majority remained content with the careful imitation of familiar objects. Very different in character is that curious phase of modern art which represents the revolt of a certain section of society from the modes of thought prevalent among the middle classes. Those, who last summer visited the Grosvenor Gallery, found themselves in a region from which the vulgar and the familiar were fastidiously banished. If they had been offended in the Academy with the somewhat slavish imitation of particulars, they might here solace themselves with pure abstraction; if, in Burlington House, they had breathed with some difficulty the conventional atmosphere of modern society, here at least they might retire into the middle ages; they might listen to the pastoral pipe of the Renaissance, roam among rocks and mountains that appeared to have strayed out of the pictures of Benozzo Gozzoli, or ransack their memories before the faces of knights and angels, whose acquaintance they fancied they had made long ago on some canvas of Giorgione or Sandro Botticelli. Surely here, if anywhere, was to be found that artistic generalization, that imaginative energy, which Sir Joshua Reynolds declared to be the characteristic of the 'great style.' Alas, no! The representative painters of the Grosvenor Gallery had even less conception of action than the painters of the Academy. For if the latter restricted themselves to imitation, at least they imitated actual life, but the former merely imitated certain peculiarities in the *style* of the old masters. Mr. Burne Jones is the chief master of this school. His picture entitled 'Laus Veneris' represented a number of ladies sitting in the foreground gorgeously attired, and in the background some knights in white armour, looking in at a window as they rode by. The women in the chief group were doing—nothing. They had even stopped singing the praises of  
Venus,



Venus, which it appears was their sole resource for passing the time. They had all one type of face, one morbid kind of complexion, one monotonous expression, which culminated in the figure of the Queen, who, with her seat thrust back from the rest, her crown on her knees, and her feet far extended in front of her, seemed to have resigned herself to the dominion of Ennui. A similar somnolent languor pervaded Mr. Jones's 'Chant d'Amour'; indeed so potent was its influence, that a Cupid, who had been apparently borrowed from Botticelli for the purpose of blowing the bellows of an organ—which for some reason the female musician has chosen to play on the top of a wall—had actually fallen asleep at his work. In like manner the abstractions of Day and Night and the Four Seasons indicated not the action of light and darkness, nor the variety of generation and production, but the perpetual presence in the painter's mind of thoughts on revolution and decay.

The tendencies which we have noticed in our painting are equally observable in our drama. Had Mr. Gladstone lived in the reign of Elizabeth, he would no doubt have swelled the outcry of the critics against Marlowe's 'Tamburlane the Great.' And if he had wanted a text from which to inveigh against the materialistic spirit which inspired the voyages of Raleigh, he might have found it in the dying speech of the great Scythian shepherd, where he bids his son follow his conquests on the map:—

'Look here, my boys; see, what a world of ground  
Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line  
Unto the rising of this earthly globe,  
Whereas the sun declining from our sight  
Begins the day with our antipodes!  
And shall I die with this unconquered?  
Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,  
Inestimable drugs, and precious stones,  
More worth than Asia and the world beside;  
And from the antarctic pole eastward behold  
As much more land which never was descried,  
Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright  
As all the lamps that beautify the sky—  
And shall I die and this unconquered?  
Here, lovely boys; what death forbids my life,  
That let your lives command in spite of death?

But Mr. Gladstone may take comfort if he turns to the Victorian stage, and reflects that the public, of whose aggressive spirit he is so much afraid, have for thirteen hundred successive nights been following with rapt attention the fortunes of two young men, whom true love has induced to throw up all the advantages of  
wealth,

wealth, and to work for their living in a garret. From 'Tamburlane' to 'Our Boys' is a long journey, but the artistic stages on the way are as clearly marked as those of our political constitution. The spirit of the drama under Elizabeth was at once monarchical and national, for the cause of the throne was completely identified with that of the people. During the civil wars dramatic representation was naturally suspended. After the Restoration it took from the Court a tone that was entirely opposed to the national character. When taste had been purified and regulated by the great critics of the early part of the eighteenth century, the stage reflected for a long period the more temperate manners of the aristocracy. The Reform Bill again initiated a fresh epoch; the aristocracy after that date gradually ceased to visit the theatre; and the course of the drama has, up to the present day, been almost completely controlled by the taste of the middle classes.

At each of these stages we may observe a restriction of the national idea of action. Founded as the Elizabethan drama was on purely national principles, it was natural that its poetical tradition should have been lost during the period when the nation was divided against itself. The spirit of the old tragedians never really reappears after the Restoration. But comedy survived, and—as every comedy turns more or less upon a love-plot—flourished in a society which still retained traces of chivalrous gallantry and an aristocratic freedom of manners. Again, however, the genius of the old comedy receded before the advance of the middle classes. Bred as these classes had been on Puritanic principles, which had for a long time condemned all kinds of dramatic representation, it was not to be expected that they should be tolerant of the somewhat easy morals which had hitherto regulated the comic stage. They were moreover far more austere and serious in their general views of life than the aristocracy, and before the age of their political supremacy had now and then uttered a note of tragic earnestness, which sounded strangely amid the gay vivacity and good breeding of the fashionable dramatists of the eighteenth century. As early as 1732 George Lillo, a tradesman, surprised the town by his tragedy, 'The True Story of George Barnwell.' 'On its being announced for publication,' says Mrs. Inchbald in a preface to the play, 'the well-known title made a very unfavourable impression on the refined part of the town, and they condemned the presumption of the author in hoping to make them sympathize in the sorrows of any beneath the rank of an emperor, king, or statesman.' Nevertheless 'George Barnwell' made an impression. 'The play was performed twenty nights successively on its first appearance,

appearance, nor did it lose its attraction in the winter season, being frequently acted to crowded houses, and warmly patronized by merchants and other opulent citizens.

All this is highly significant as an anticipation of the change hereafter to be effected in dramatic taste. It shows us that the society of that period was still familiar with the conceptions of extended action which had prevailed in the poetical drama, and that it was shocked at the idea of domestic tragedy. The play itself reveals, on the other hand, the unimaginative realistic quality of middle-class taste, in its idea of action strong but harsh, and strictly limited to the range of a narrow experience. Its moral tone, impressive from a genuine earnestness, is yet slightly ridiculous; for though, in conformity with its domestic character, the tragedy is written in prose, the desire of the author to be lofty and eloquent has made him put into the mouths of the meanest persons interjections and inversions which are proper only to poetry.

Kept within due limits, the Puritanic element in the English nation exercised a salutary influence on the stage. Many excellent comedies were produced during the eighteenth century, but in none of them is there a trace of the licentiousness which disfigured the work of the dramatists after the Restoration. At the same time, the moralizing class of dramas, like 'The Gamester' and 'The Road to Ruin,' which followed in the steps of 'George Barnwell,' caught a certain style and vivacity from the aristocratic tone of society. But when, after the first Reform Bill, the middle-class element prevailed over the aristocratic, life and action began to languish on the stage. The descendants of the old Puritans brought with them to the theatre strong domestic feelings, but a limited experience and a narrow imagination. The influence of their taste soon became apparent. In the first place, the poetic drama languished, and then died. In the second place, the tastes and sentiments of that part of the audience which the dramatist felt himself chiefly obliged to court, being very restricted in their range, he was forced to borrow many of his situations from abroad. The comedies of the last century are evidently of native origin; but we suppose we are within the mark in saying that at least two-thirds of the plays produced in this generation are taken from the French. As the character and traditions of the two nations are totally different, it is evident that no truly representative dramatic situation can be transplanted from the one to the other without losing all its life and spirit. We remember a year or two ago witnessing a play called 'Peril,' which had been adapted from a French original, turning of course on certain ill-adjusted

adjusted relations of the marriage state. In Paris such a drama would have been written, acted, and criticized, by men to the manner born, and would doubtless have succeeded accordingly. In England it produced indeed a comic effect, but not of the kind intended by the writer; the comedy consisted in the ineffectual struggle of the author with materials which he could not master, the embarrassment of the actors in assuming characters with which they failed to sympathize, and the uneasiness of the audience at finding themselves interested in a situation which they were bound to disapprove.

Of the dramatists of this generation who have relied on their native powers of invention, the two most thoroughly representative are the late Mr. Robertson and Mr. Byron. Mr. Robertson succeeded chiefly because he had, in the first place, a really remarkable skill in constructing his plays, so as to bring out the qualities of each actor in the excellent company which interpreted his conceptions; and, in the second place, a considerable power of minutely imitating the chit-chat which in the average society of the day passes for repartee. But the action of his dramas was feeble, and such point as his dialogue possessed would be missed by any but the most intelligent actors. Mr. Byron, in every way a writer of greater power and vitality, is as abrupt in his departure from the course of nature, as Mr. Robertson was minute in his superficial imitation of it. He has been accused of negligence in the construction of his plots, which are certainly—as in the case of his latest play, ‘Conscience Money’—marked by the most violent improbability. But what wonder if, in the restricted limits to which the taste of his audience confines him, the vivacity of the dramatist create a world of his own? Shrewd simpletons, noble ticket-of-leave men, magnanimous drunkards, all sorts of characters that are hybrid, paradoxical, and incongruous, abound in the class of drama of which we have taken Mr. Byron as the representative writer. They do so, we think, not because the dramatist believes them to be like nature, but because they provide a kind of entertainment acceptable to the public, which, so long as its sense of virtue and of external reality is satisfied, is quite content to ignore daring violations of truth and probability.

Meantime the most particular attention is given to produce illusion by cheating the senses of the spectators. Real cabs, live horses, and exact imitations of railway trains, have within recent memory been exhibited on the stage. The scenery of a play contributes largely to the chances of its success. As for the dialogue, the polished and balanced style, which was the best legacy of the Caroline dramatists, has been long discarded as  
being



being too much above the language of real life. It has been replaced by a jerky, interjectional manner, in which repartee plays a much smaller part than puns, grimaces, and confidential comments to the audience. For instance, in Mr. Byron's last play, one of the characters remarked of another, to the intense delight of the house, 'Looks as if he had gone in for total abstinence and come out again;' an observation the humour and imagery of which depend entirely on the use of a 'slang' expression.

We have drawn our conclusions almost exclusively from an examination of modern comedy, because we are here on ground which enables us to compare our dramatists' ideas of action with those of their ancestors. But our general observations may be extended to the fashionable school of burlesque, which is founded on the mere mockery of poetical motives, and will include the semi-burlesque works of the very ingenious author of 'Pygmalion and Galatea' and 'The Wicked World,' whose genuine powers of invention are cramped by the sinister influence of a somewhat ostentatious cynicism.\*

We turn to the third division of our subject. The history of British fiction is not difficult to trace. Dating practically from the reign of George II., it supplied, in that comparatively settled stage of society, a want which, in earlier times, had been satisfied by the different species of narrative poetry. It branches into two distinct streams. One school, deriving its origin from Cervantes and Le Sage, found its materials in the representation of current manners. The penetration of Fielding and the animal spirits of Smollett seized with ready sympathy on the rough types of original character which stood out in vivid contrast with the regular framework of the society about them. But 'society' itself had other longings, which could not be appeased with this homely fare. It still retained the memories and traditions of its ancient chivalry, and when Horace Walpole designed his 'Castle of Otranto,' his description of his purpose showed that he very correctly appreciated the condition of the public taste—

'The tale,' he says, 'was an attempt to blend the two kinds of romance, the ancient and the modern. In the former all was imagination and improbability; in the latter, nature is always intended to be, and sometimes has been, copied with success. Invention has not been wanting; but the great resources of fancy have been dammed

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\* We wish to make a strong exception to this criticism in favour of 'H.M.S. Pinafore,' which, in its genial humour and gay melody, approaches, in our opinion, more nearly to the English spirit of the eighteenth century operetta, than any burlesque that has been produced within recent memory.

up by a strict adherence to common life. But if, in the latter species, Nature has cramped imagination, she did but take her revenge, having been totally excluded from old romances. The actions, sentiments, conversation, of the heroes and heroines of ancient days, were as unnatural as the machines employed to put them in motion.'

It must be owned, however, that the manner in which Walpole and his successor, Mrs. Radcliffe, put their principles into execution did not indicate a very high order of invention. Nothing can be more childish than the machinery of Alfonso's helmet in 'The Castle of Otranto.' Mrs. Radcliffe's use of apparently supernatural phenomena was more effective, but she seems to have been haunted by a spirit of rationalism which always drove her to a natural explanation of her own mysteries, and she has been not unjustly accused of having cheated the imagination, like Gray's Gothic mansion, 'with passages that lead to nothing.'

The problem that had puzzled these authors was solved to perfection by Sir Walter Scott. Boldly discarding the supernatural machinery of the old romances, he showed that a practically boundless field was open to the imagination in the domain of history. In that noble series of tales, comprising all the most truly characteristic of his works, 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' 'The Antiquary,' 'Rob Roy,' 'Old Mortality,' 'The Heart of Midlothian,' 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' the reader is carried away into a state of society completely different from his immediate surroundings. But so ardent was Scott's imagination, so wide his experience, so deep his sympathy, that all the details of this ideal life seem as natural as the incidents of 'Tom Jones' or 'Roderick Random.' And even in those stories where the time of the action is more remote, such as 'Ivanhoe,' 'Quentin Durward,' 'Kenilworth,' and 'The Talisman,' the writer has so identified himself with the period which he is describing, that the human interest of the narrative entirely destroys the interval between the past and present. To crown all, the style has an air of natural good breeding, which, always avoiding stiffness, yet never descending to vulgarity, carries along the imagination while it satisfies the judgment. Could we suppose ourselves condemned to solitary confinement, and our supply of books restricted to the works of a single writer, who would not choose for his companion 'the author of "Waverley"''?

Meantime the novel of manners received a new development. As society, under the influence of settled opinion, grew always more regular and refined, the local humours and customs, of which Fielding and Smollett had made so much use, gradually

disappeared, and the interest of tales of modern life began to turn rather on the representation of character than of incident. The nicety and quickness of perception required for such a state of things gave new opportunities to female genius, and were admirably exhibited in the works of Madame D'Arblay, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austen. All these writers, but particularly the last, showed extraordinary power in constructing plots out of the little intricacies of everyday life, without any sacrifice of dignity or refinement.

With Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen the art of novel writing in England reached its meridian. In making this statement, we assume that the chief excellence of this art lies in the construction of the story, since it is by this that the highest development is given to action and character. It seems, perhaps, venturesome to speak of decline in a generation which has produced a Thackeray and a Dickens. But in Thackeray the genius of the moralist predominated over that of the story-teller. He shows us society always from one aspect; his novels have little action; and the reader is ever conscious of the presence of the novelist acting as showman to the characters he introduces. Dickens, on the other hand, was the first to import the element of romance into descriptions of real life. With the instinct of genius, he perceived that the only method by which he could produce the effects he required was *exaggeration*; and accordingly, without hesitation, he pushed all the principles of imaginative action to excess. Dramatic portrait-painting in his hands became caricature; pathos was converted into sentimentalism; romance extended into melodrama. All these extremes were in some extraordinary manner blended by the force of original genius, so that, to apply the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds, his stories 'preserved that union and harmony between all the component parts by which they appeared to hang well together, as if the whole proceeded from one mind.' But the very greatness of the achievement was mischievous, from the encouragement it gave to what was in itself a corrupting principle of taste; and the style of our novelists has, since Dickens's time, descended to a sensibly lower level of breeding.

A rapid comparison between the method of the representative novelists of our own time and those of the early part of the century, will show how materially social ideas of action have altered in the interval. Miss Austen in one class shall pair with George Eliot; in another Sir Walter Scott with Mr. Charles Reade. We take it that among novels describing social manners, 'Emma,' in point of construction, stands with-  
out

out a rival. The story relates the fortunes of a match-making heroine in a quiet country town. A more restricted subject or sphere cannot be imagined, yet so admirably are the involvements of the situation contrived, that the interest of the reader never flags. Many and various persons support the action; all of them present types of character with which we are familiar; but from the excellent humour, delicacy, and completeness with which they are drawn, they seem better representatives of the type than any we have observed ourselves. The dialogue is shrewd, natural, and well-bred. The whole of this well-proportioned story is comprised within four hundred pages. Contrast with it one of George Eliot's later novels, '*Daniel Deronda*,' for instance. We say 'later novels,' for George Eliot's earlier works have a character of their own, which would render a comparison with Miss Austen quite inappropriate. There the former was on her own ground; she was writing about scenes and characters with which she had an instinctive sympathy; and her representations, in '*Adam Bede*' and '*Silas Marner*,' of the poetry and humour of English country life, have in their kind no equal. But in '*Middlemarch*' and '*Daniel Deronda*' she unconsciously provokes recollections of her predecessor, which are not altogether to the advantage of the taste of our own times. '*Daniel Deronda*' deals with the same average good society as '*Emma*,' a society whose principles, sentiments, and manners, have been fixed by a more or less regular standard derived from the traditions of many generations. In the place, however, of the peaceful external atmosphere which must necessarily pervade an old society like this, the novel takes us into a world of mystery, philosophy, emotion, and crime. The story is rather ambitiously divided into eight books, each containing something like two hundred pages. It has two perfectly distinct plots, which scarcely anywhere touch each other, and never blend. The amount of action in each of these plots is infinitesimally small; the actors in the drama are commonplace. How, then, is the tale extended to such enormous length? By the analysis of consciousness. The reader is, so to speak, taken up by the author to a high mountain of metaphysics, from which he is bidden to look down on the petty drama beneath. At this elevation he sees, or is supposed to see, things in their true proportions; the place which the actors occupy in the order of the universe; the manner in which their actions are controlled by destiny; the *thoughts* that are passing in the minds of the suffering creatures exhibited to him. Painful, ugly, and revolting the exhibition is; but George Eliot tells her readers why they ought to submit to it:—



'Could there be a slenderer, more insignificant thread in human history than this *consciousness* of a girl, busy with her small inferences of the way in which she could make her life pleasant? . . . What in the midst of that mighty drama are girls and their blind visions? They are the Yea or Nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affections.'

So it may be; and, could angels tell us stories, they might tell them in this fashion. But no man knows with certainty any other consciousness than his own; and 'Daniel Deronda,' so evidently the work of a powerful and ingenious mind, shows, in our judgment very conclusively, what an incalculable mistake in art is made by those novelists who sacrifice action to analysis, and manners to metaphysics.

Now let us take Mr. Charles Reade and Sir Walter Scott. A few years ago Mr. Reade produced a novel called 'The Wandering Heir,' which he described as 'a matter-of-fact romance.' Soon after its appearance, he was accused by a critic of having plagiarized a portion of his dialogue from Swift's 'Journal of a Modern Lady.' Mr. Reade replied in a letter to 'Once a Week,' and has thought it worth while to preserve a record of the fray in a kind of pamphlet prefixed to 'The Wandering Heir,' under the title of 'Trade Malice.' This is extremely entertaining in itself, for Mr. Reade never writes better than when he is angry; but it is specially valuable for our present purpose, as showing the principles on which he composes his 'romances of fact.'

"'The Wandering Heir,'" he writes, 'owes nothing to any preceding figment, and so there is no plagiarism in it. But it is written upon the method I have never disowned, and never shall; have always proclaimed, and always shall. On that method—viz., the interweaving of imaginary circumstances with facts gathered impartially from experience, hearsay, and printed records—my most approved works, "It is Never too Late to Mend," "Hard Cash," "The Cloister and the Hearth," have been written, and that openly. My preface to "Hard Cash" contains these words:—"Hard Cash," like "The Cloister and the Hearth," is a matter-of-fact romance; that is, a fiction built on truths, and these truths have been gathered, by long, severe, systematic labour, from a multitude of volumes, pamphlets, journals, reports, blue-books, manuscript narratives, letters, and living people whom I have sought out, examined, and cross-examined, to get at the truth on each main topic I have tried to handle.'"

And he afterwards defines the scientific truth at which he aims in his historical novels in the following terms:—

'When

*'When fiction aspires to deal with the past, to raise the dead from their graves, and make them live, and move, and dress, and act, and speak, and feel again in a strong domestic story, then must ripe learning and keen invention meet.'*

Now Sir Walter Scott has, fortunately, left on record in his 'Dedicatory Epistle' to 'Ivanhoe' the principles which he observed in composing that work, and we cannot resist extracting these at length, to show how exactly they invert the principles of Mr. Reade, and how closely they correspond with Sir Joshua Reynolds's doctrines on painting. Speaking of the large liberty of imagination which the historical novelist may exercise, he says:—

*'It follows, therefore, that of the materials which an author has to use in a romance or fictitious composition, such as I have ventured to attempt, he will find that a great proportion, both of language and manners, is as proper to the present time as to those in which he has laid his time of action. The freedom of choice which this allows him is therefore much greater, and the difficulty of his task much more diminished, than at first appears. To take an illustration from a sister art, the antiquarian details may be said to represent the peculiar features of a landscape under delineation of the pencil. His feudal tower must arise in due majesty; the figures which he introduces must have the costume and character of their age; the piece must represent the peculiar features of the scene which he has chosen for his subject, with all its appropriate elevation of rock, or descent of cataract. His general colouring, too, must be copied from nature: the sky must be clouded or serene according to climate, and the general tints must be those which prevail in a natural landscape. So far the painter is bound down by the rules of his art to a precise imitation of the features of nature; but it is not required that he should descend to copy all her more minute features, or represent with absolute exactness the very herbs, flowers, and trees, with which the spot is decorated. These, as well as all the more minute points of light and shadow, are attributes proper to scenery in general, natural to each situation, and subject to the artist's disposal as his taste or pleasure may dictate.'*

And again:—

*'I neither can nor do pretend to the observation of complete accuracy, even in matters of outward costume, much less in the more important points of language and manners. . . . It is necessary, for exciting interest of any kind, that the subject assumed should be, as it were, translated into the manners as well as the language of the age we live in.'*

How, then, shall we decide this nice question as to the true principles of the art of romance-writing? To us it appears that  
'romance'

'romance' and 'matter of fact' are contradictory terms. A romance is a tale in which the reader expects a narrative of action as marvellous and exciting as is consistent with reason and probability. A certain amount of matter of fact is necessary in such tales, to produce in the mind an *illusion* of reality. But the more details of actual reality are introduced, and the nearer the narrative approaches to history, the further it will recede from romance. There is not the faintest attempt in 'Ivanhoe' 'to raise the dead from their graves, in Mr. Reade's sense.' We do not suppose that one in a thousand of the readers, who have been transported in that delightful story to an ideal world, ever inquired how far its details corresponded with the 'matter of fact' of history. On the other hand, though Mr. Reade has filled his 'Wandering Heir' with 'facts gathered impartially from experience, hearsay, and printed records,' there is no real 'interweaving' of these with the 'imaginary circumstances' of the tale. 'Matters of fact' about the period in which the action is laid abroad in the story; but they are all inserted for the sake of archæology, they in no way illustrate the 'romance,' which centres itself exclusively in the very pretty and pleasing love episode of the hero and heroine.

As Mr. Reade aims at being matter of fact in romance, so he is equally intent on being romantic in matters of fact. But here, again, his efforts are marred by the unfortunate prepossessions and prejudices with which experience fills the minds of his audience. Situations like the Tichborne case, which are metaphorically called romantic, as being unusual and surprising, no doubt occur in real life; but when their details come to be examined, the course of the incidents and the motives of the actors are generally found to be simple and vulgar enough. This, of course, is not the case in Mr. Reade's 'matter of fact' romances. In these the most thrilling events follow each other with marvellous rapidity. The situations which he conceives are heroic, and his heroes are equal to their situations. But for all this Mr. Reade will scarcely be able to persuade the public that matters of fact are really romantic. Neither his genuine powers of observation and pathos, nor the tremendous imprecations he hurls against every one who questions the propriety of his artistic method, nor the very entertaining result which is produced in his novels by the combination of all these conditions, can ever carry us into a world where we are not conscious of the presence of Mr. Charles Reade. Romance, as we know it from Scott, is an external and ideal region. The writers and readers who would enter that region must, like the great Magician, first learn to forget themselves.

And

And now to apply the conclusions at which we have arrived. A dispute has arisen as to the true character of the English people. Mr. Gladstone has imparted to the world his own conception of that character. The assumption on which his argument proceeds is, that the Tories are making England false to her mission by flattering her dominant passion for extended empire. That this really is her dominant passion, he does not attempt to prove by any evidence beyond his simple assertion : 'The sentiment of empire may be called innate in every Briton. It is part of our patrimony, born with our birth ; dying only with our death ; incorporating itself in the first elements of our knowledge, and interwoven with all our habits of mental action upon public affairs.' If this be so, it is morally certain that this master tendency will display itself in our Art, and we have accordingly sought for traces of its influence in our painting, our drama, and our fiction. The leading imaginative characteristics of a people, prompted by their genius in the manner supposed by Mr. Gladstone, are obvious. Coarse and vulgar as the instinct of material aggrandizement may be, it at least requires to be nourished on ideas of vehement action and extended imagination. We should expect in our painters the vigorous movement of Rubens, or the brutal force of Caravaggio ; in our dramatists, the splendid extravagance of Marlowe ; in our novelists, the romantic conceptions, though not the tasteful execution, of Scott. With the idea, too, of empire are inseparably associated ideas of central authority, such as those which are expressed with so much majesty in the *Æneid*. But what have we found, in fact, to be the characteristic features of modern English Art ? Domesticity, as shown in the almost exclusive devotion of our painting to *genre* subjects, in the prosaic tone of our drama, and in the narrow range of our fiction. Absence of invention, manifested in the eagerness with which the professors of the fine arts appeal rather to the senses of the public than to its nobler and more imaginative instincts. Introspection, as seen in the general contempt for authority, and in the determination of the artist to attract attention, not by his superior treatment of great subjects, but by the individuality and even eccentricity of his style.

Developed in the extreme forms to which we are accustomed, these characteristics of our taste are the result, no doubt, of a master passion, but not of the one which Mr. Gladstone describes. They are, as we hold, incompatible with the passion for aggrandizement, arising out of the consciousness of empire ; but they may be readily explained by the passion for individual liberty, originating in the consciousness of self. The spirit of self-consciousness is naturally allied to liberty ; it is inseparable  
from



from self-government. Shakespeare's expression of England proving 'true to herself,' is a self-conscious one. But there is a distinction to be observed between that idea of self which is drawn from the large source of country and religion, and that which is derived solely from the individual mind. Art of an unimaginative, imitative order is the reflection of that narrower sort of self-consciousness which is restricted to immediate personal experience. The artist, perhaps, represents what is at the moment exactly before his senses, without attempting to dispose his materials by the central force of imagination. In that case he becomes a mere copyist of particular nature. Or he may advance a step in imagination, and seize on a particular idea, which he afterwards constantly imitates. He then becomes a mannerist. In either case his art, in so far as it separates itself from the continuity of practice and the authority of tradition, may be said to be the extreme extension of individual liberty. But in respect of its real range of achievement, it is best described in the words of Reynolds, which we have quoted before: 'He who resolves never to ransack any mind but his own will be soon reduced from mere barrenness to the poorest imitation; he will be obliged to imitate himself, and to repeat what he has often before repeated.' The same limitation will, of course, be observable in the taste of those who come to the consideration of any work of art with no larger experience than their own; they will either desire an exact reproduction of what they know through their senses, and will reward the artist according to the photographic accuracy of his imitation; or they will yield up their own imaginative prepossessions, and be content to look at nature precisely as the artist bids them.

If our assumption, that the passing moods, as well as the abiding character of a nation, are reflected in its taste be true, we ought to be able to discover some phenomena in current politics corresponding with that temper of the imagination in which we have found our contemporary art to be conceived. Somewhere or other, whether in the predominance of a principle, or of a class, there should be an impulse in the direction of individual liberty, threatening to swallow up every other element in the Constitution. And this impulse undoubtedly exists. As we have shown, the prevailing tendencies in our art and letters, which we have noticed, began after the first Reform Bill, and, from that date to 1867, the ruling influences of the nation proceeded almost entirely from the middle classes. The watchword of these classes has always been Liberty. Throughout our history they have performed the most valuable services to the state in preserving the balance of the Constitution. It was in great part  
through

through their courageous resolution that religious independence was secured at the Reformation. The staunch support which they gave to the cause of civil liberty carried the nation through the long struggle which ended with the settlement of 1688. As the chief counterpoise to the powers lodged in the monarchical part of the Constitution, their influence has always been beneficially exercised. But it has been far otherwise when events have elevated them into the preponderating power of the State. When the Monarchy fell in the Civil Wars, the middle and dissenting classes usurped for a moment the direction of affairs. What happened? Those who had shown themselves so well qualified to defend the principle of liberty, were found to be utterly devoid of the instinct of government. They produced Fifth-monarchy men, Levellers, Antinomians, in abundance, but not a single Parliament which could fuse into a new harmony the dissolving elements of the Constitution. A great man repressed for a while their anarchical aspirations, but on his death all things returned once more to chaos, till public opinion restored the legitimate Monarchy.

Again, what happened after the first Reform Bill? Long experience of liberty, and the spread of education, had entitled the nation to demand direct representation in Parliament, and the prophecies of those who foretold that the first fruits of Reform would be the immediate destruction of existing institutions were signally falsified. Nevertheless, it cannot escape notice, that the great and predominant aim of all the legislation, which followed the first Reform Bill, was rather to complete the emancipation of the individual, than to reconstruct the idea of the State. The abolition of the Test Acts; Catholic Emancipation; the admission of the Jews to Parliament; the Repeal of the Corn Laws, Navigation Laws, and Paper Duty; the Disestablishment of the Irish Church; the University Tests Act; these measures have all largely increased the liberty of the individual, but they have at the same time destroyed much of that corporate life, in which—if we may use the phrase—the personality of the State found, rightly or wrongly, a mode of expression. Nor have the ideals which have been abolished been replaced by any just equivalents. The middle classes excel in the virtue of domesticity and the arts of commerce. But these, though they are the foundation of liberty, are not the end of national life. The unswerving aim of Liberalism, however, has been to identify the life of England with the homely and commercial character of the middle classes, as if they alone were the makers and maintainers of the English Constitution. The Englishman's house has always been his castle. Liberal policy

policy would make his counting-house into his Church, his parish into his country, and himself into the world. The basis of England's power is her commerce; Liberalism accordingly seeks to restrict the national action to buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, and encourages among every class of the people one dominant passion—Money-making.

All this we believe to be contrary to the true spirit of the English Constitution, which, like the genuine art described by Reynolds, seems to involve 'an assemblage of contrary qualities, mixed in such proportions that no one part is found to counteract the other.' It is, indeed, not surprising that the long period of Liberal supremacy should have produced a fixed belief in the mind of Liberal leaders that Liberalism, or the middle class self, and England, are identical terms, nor that, like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe they should accordingly indulge in grotesque caricatures of their rivals' policy. Mr. Gladstone is not likely to change his opinion, that his own ideal has an equivalent in the law of things. But the country perceived that when the principle of liberty in his hands ceased to be one of negation and destruction, when it endeavoured to shape itself into a constructive form, it ceased to be liberty in the English sense of the word. Liberty then appeared in the shape of Mr. Bruce's Licensing Bill; in the disregard of law in the Collier and Ewelme Rectory appointments; and in the use of the Royal Prerogative to accomplish the personal will of the First Minister of the Crown, at the expense of the rights of one branch of the Legislature.

And not only did liberty suffer in the hands of those who pretended to be its foremost champions, but almost every principle of life in the nation was dwarfed and enfeebled by their policy. The character of the people of England is not solely commercial; it is monarchical, aristocratic, warlike, and religious. How many of its inborn energies then must be suppressed by the despotism of a single principle of action; how inevitable it is that these energies, driven in upon themselves, should cease to co-operate towards the harmonious development of the nation! The aristocracy has its wealth and position ready made; the exclusive national worship of money narrows to ungenerous limits its opportunities of political action. The Church listens to the words of her Founder, 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon;' she sees the heart of the nation apparently devoted to the service of Mammon; it is scarcely wonderful then, if one powerful party within her pale should, with a deplorable recklessness, cry for separation from the State. Art finds in the prevailing atmosphere of trade little that is pleasing to the imagination;

imagination; the foolish cry, 'Art for Art's sake' is consequently heard. The poet turns his eyes inward and begins to analyse the workings of his own mind; the painter seeks for liberty in a purely artificial revival of antique forms. The professor of taste or 'Culture' will have nothing whatever to do with the vulgarity of current politics. 'My ardent young Liberal friends,' he says, 'keep aloof from the arena of politics at present, and promote within yourselves an inward working.' Foreign policy becomes an obsolete phrase. England is congratulated on her insularity, and is exhorted to exhibit herself to the backsliding nations of the Continent, from the secure vantage-ground of her enormous business profits, as a sublime, if isolated, spectacle of self-conscious morality.

Again, the immoderate extension of the idea of individual liberty has weakened the old English love of national independence. Mr. Gladstone's belief in a new law of nations 'recognising independence, frowning upon aggression, favouring the pacific and not the bloody settlement of disputes, and aiming at permanent not temporary adjustments,' is founded on the Revolutionary dream of the perfectibility of man, and of the moral 'solidarity' produced by the progress of democracy. But it is opposed alike to our experience of our own nature and to the teaching of history. It is true, as Burke says, that England is one member of a community of nations bound together by moral sentiments, rising originally out of a common political and religious system. Great efforts have been made by men of the highest genius to bring this European community under 'a tribunal of paramount authority.' Charlemagne, who was able to legislate throughout his empire 'for the correction of abuses, the reformation of manners, the economy of his farms, the care of his poultry, and even the sale of his eggs';\* Gregory VII., who sought to make all the kingdoms of Europe fiefs of the Church; both claimed to be the arbiters of the West; and had their pretensions been founded on reason they might fairly have hoped to realize them, at a time when mankind were united by common law, common language, and common religion. They failed; the spirit of local liberty was too strong for them; the boundaries of nature, the ambition of kings, the diversities of national language, and the genius of national art, all fostered the instincts of Gothic independence as opposed to the ideal of imperial centralization. What probability is there, now that the passion of the European nations for independence has been so clearly proved by history; when reli-

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\* Gibbon, 'Roman Empire,' chapter xlix.



gion itself has become a cause of division between these nations, and their various characters are so sharply defined in their laws, arts, languages, and literatures; that they will ever submit their liberties to the judgment of a tribunal, so rash, wavering, and destructive as democratic opinion? There is but one system by which in these days the sense of European kinship and of national independence can be preserved, and that, as Burke justly observes, is the Balance of Power.

To maintain public law, the sole bulwark of national independence, has ever been the leading motive of genuine English statesmen. Advantageously placed by nature, and strong in the genius of her people, England has been for centuries the chief barrier against aggression. And if this love of independence has characterized the nation in the past, it is doubly and trebly necessary that it should do so in the present:—

‘Hoc opus, hoc studium, parvi properemus et ampli,  
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.’

Not only have the institutions of English freedom been established all over the globe; not only is England the pledged champion of the smaller free societies of Europe, but the forces of aggression against which she has to contend are infinitely stronger than in earlier times. We have seen the great representative of Absolute Force in Europe deliberately violate the public law, while what is ironically called the European Areopagus, including ourselves, who by our honour, our interests, our traditions, were bound to resist the aggression, sat indifferently looking on.

It is, indeed, high time that England should resume her ‘responsibilities.’ But in the view of Mr. Gladstone, and, so far as we can gather from the speeches and writings of the recess, of Liberals generally, England’s responsibilities are even now more than she can bear. ‘The truth is,’ they say, ‘that, turn where we will, we are met on every side with proofs that the cares and the calls of the British Empire are already beyond the strength of those who govern it.’ Mr. Gladstone looks forward with serene composure to the day when commercial supremacy shall pass from England to America. Mr. Lowe thinks it a grave misfortune that we ever acquired possession of India, and accuses the Ministry of leading the country astray from the true paths of ‘happiness,’ which would appear to lie in money-making and engineering. We must—such can be the only inference—retrench our expenses, contract our frontiers, and leave the field to some hardier and younger race. What would Demosthenes have said to such despondency as this? ‘I do not wonder,’ he would

would have said, 'that the Russians, who are ever on the alert, get the better of you who sit still and delay; I say, I do not wonder at this at all. On the contrary, the wonder would have been if we, who had left undone everything which men in our position ought to have done, had obtained the advantage over those who had done everything that they ought. What I do wonder at is this—that you, men of England, who once maintained the struggle with Napoleon on behalf of European law, who abstained, in spite of your many opportunities, from all private aggrandizement, who sacrificed your properties and risked your persons that Europe might have justice, now shrink from service and hesitate to tax yourselves when your own empire is in peril; and, after preserving the liberties of other countries, collectively and individually, sit down quietly to the loss of your own.'\* The man who did not despair of making Athens, with all her scattered maritime empire, the centre of a Grecian confederacy against the common foe, would never have admitted that the chief danger to the wealthiest country in the world lay in her physical incapacity to protect her extended possessions against foreign attacks. He would have seen that our peril was, as it had been with his own countrymen, a domestic one; that if it ever arose, it would be in the shape of a disinclination, on the part of the people, to make sustained efforts; in a readiness to disbelieve in all dangers not immediately present; in the failure to bear without murmuring burdens undertaken for the sake of ideal objects; above all, in the perverted ingenuity of party spirit, rancorously persisting in ascribing every act of political opponents to base and ignoble motives.

We are happy to think that it is not the Tory party, the party that upholds constitutional authority, which has given utterance to despairing sentiments, or which has shrunk from incurring 'responsibility.' It was by daring to undertake responsibility that Englishmen created their empire. England understands the saying 'Noblesse oblige;' and the word which she sets highest in her vocabulary is Duty. From the day when Clive at Chandernagore said, 'We cannot stop here,' to the day when the hero of Lucknow bade his friends inscribe over his grave: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty,' there has never been a great public servant of this country who has feared to undertake the responsibility his position required of him. The Government, in acting on their own responsibility, have acted constitutionally, and their action will not be misinterpreted by the nation. The English people understand that the

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\* Paraphrased from Demosthenes, *Olynth.* B. 25.

Ministry, so far from starting a novel policy of their own, have been rather endeavouring, as Lord Salisbury puts it, to gather up the threads of English tradition which Liberal policy had so rudely broken. They see that the Tories maintain the authority of the Sovereign, not in her mere personal capacity, but as the representative of the majesty of England. The imperial instinct the Government have encouraged is not the inflated self-esteem by which, according to Mr. Lowe, every Englishman comes to imagine himself an Alexander or a Sesostris, but the legitimate pride the Englishman feels in the inheritance transmitted to him by the valour of Clive and Wellington, by the statesmanship of Chatham and Hastings. And the empire they are resolved to defend is not, as Mr. Gladstone pretends, a disjointed property of leagues and acres, but a vast moral and political system, involving the highest interests of mankind, the Empire of Constitutional Liberty.

In conclusion, we turn once more from politics to taste. If, as we hold, the recent action of the Government amounts to a reassertion of the true life and character of England, and if the policy thus inaugurated is to be permanent, then we shall see a reflection of this spirit in our art. As the passion for liberty has prevailed in society over respect for authority, so in art the rage for analysis has weakened the spirit of action. The union of art and society, which in the days of Reynolds, and even in those of Scott, was so close, has been completely severed. At a time when the fate of his country is in the balance, the English poet is found dreaming of earthly paradises, and the English painter is delineating the incidents of the modern nursery, or the manners of medieval music parties. Nor can it be said that, in society, the generous feeling of equality between those who provide imaginative pleasure and those who pay for it, so prevalent in the early part of this century, still exists. What, however, if the ancient love return, the artist relinquishing his preference for cliques and coteries, society discarding its vulgar belief in the inferiority of art to the money by which art is rewarded, and both recognising that their highest interests lie in preserving and reflecting the historic spirit of their national constitution?

Writing in opposition to the tide of individualism, which was then at its height, we said in 1873, 'Nothing is so likely to recruit the exhausted powers of our poets as admission of fresh air from the outer world.'\* At that date the insularity of our foreign policy, and the apparently boundless prospects of our

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\* State of English Poetry. 'Quarterly Review,' July, 1873.

trade, seemed to have deadened the instincts of the people to the sense of national honour. But a change has come; we are once again in communion with the world; and it only remains to be seen whether the rising representatives of our art and literature will reflect the feeling of the nation in their ideal region, by restoring the old traditions of English taste.

Two events of the greatest interest in connection with our subject have lately occurred. The first is the institution of the Society for the Elevation of the Stage, mentioned by the Bishop of Manchester at the Church Congress in Sheffield. We observed that the Bishop, in his speech on the occasion, very characteristically appealed to the middle classes as the people from whom the elevating impulse was to proceed, and that the course which he advised them to adopt was a policy of abstention. Whenever they disapproved of a play on the score of morality, they were to mark their disapprobation by staying away; then the managers would find that immoral exhibitions did not *pay*. We venture to prophesy that no reform will ever be effected by this negative policy, or by making money in any shape the standard of art. As far as the influence of public taste is brought to bear upon the character of the drama, we want an active intervention of that which is best in all classes, the refinement of the upper classes, the sound morality of the middle classes, the energy of the lower classes. But the reform must be initiated on the stage itself. Managers, authors, and actors, like ministries, must have courage, and believe that their audiences do themselves injustice in their present standard of taste. It will not do merely to revive the plays of Shakspeare on the stage, though that in itself is much; we need dramatists who will write in the spirit of Shakspeare, plays imbued with the genius of true action, historic or poetic, comedies at once healthy and well-bred, melodramas (for after all a good melodrama is not to be despised) which have nothing to do with the order of modern life.

The other event to which we allude is the election of a new President to the chair once occupied by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The choice of the Academicians is in every way worthy of the institution they represent. Sir Frederick Leighton at least cannot be said to have lowered the dignity of his art by any ignoble concessions to what is false and vulgar in contemporary taste. With a true admiration for the old masters, an exquisite sense of ideal beauty, and perfect technical accomplishment, all his pictures exhibit unmistakably a love of painting for its own sake. May we not venture to hope that, sharing so largely as he does in the gifts of the most illustrious of his predecessors, the painter of the 'Procession in honour of Cimabue's Madonna,' will,



will, under a new sense of responsibility, impress, both by precept and example, on the students of the Royal Academy, the greatness of that old and noble *English* spirit which lives in the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds? We cannot claim Mr. Ruskin as an authority in our favour; but it is a pleasure to us to quote his true and eloquent observations on the influence of national spirit on art:—

‘It is a fact more universally acknowledged than enforced or acted upon, that all great painters, of whatever school, have been great only in their rendering of what they had seen and felt in their early childhood; and that the greatest among them have been most frank in acknowledging their inability to treat anything successfully but that with which they had been familiar. The “*Madonna*” of Raffaele was born on the Urbino Mountains, Ghirlandajo’s is a Florentine, Bellini’s a Venetian; there is not the slightest effort, on the part of any one of these great men, to paint her as a Jewess.”

Apply this principle to all the branches of English art and imaginative literature; let it be extended to what is historic and fundamental in English society; let it be interpreted by what is classic in the practice of English painters, poets, dramatists, and novelists; by the disciplined freedom of Reynolds, and Wilkie, and Turner; by the monarchical liberty of Shakespeare; by the republican orderliness of Milton; by the chivalrous common sense of Scott;—let this be done, and we shall acquire a basis of authority, by starting from which the artist may become a law to himself. Voluntary his obedience will be, but it will be at the same time unqualified. Yet his application of established principles will by no means lead him to the mere reproduction of ancient forms. Wide regions of imagination are still open for his invention to explore. He has the history of this country to raise his ideas of action; the fresh life of the colonies to furnish him with variety; the annals of India to inspire him with romance. In his endeavour to re-establish the broken links of national tradition, he may move at first with something of stiffness, but he can encourage himself by reflecting on the success that attended the generous aims of the school of the Carracci, who revived painting in Italy at a time when all the true principles of composition seemed to have been forgotten. If the English artist continue to work in a similar temper, his task will become lighter with familiarity; congenial subjects will occur to him; his style will insensibly adapt itself to the circumstances of his age; and he will find that, by following the spirit of the English Constitution, he has touched the heart of the English people.

ART. IV.—1. *The Life of Bismarck, Private and Political: with Descriptive Notices of his Ancestry.* By J. E. L. Hesekiel. Translated and Edited &c., by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F.S.A., &c. London, 1870.

2. *Prince Bismarck's Letters, to his Wife, his Sister, and others, from 1844 to 1870.* Translated from the German by Fitzh. Maxse. London, 1878.

3. *Deux Chanceliers, le Prince Gortchakoff et le Prince de Bismarck.* Par M. Julian Klaczko, ancien Député au Parlement de Vienna. Paris, 1876.

4. *Graf Bismarck und seine Leute während des Kriegs mit Frankreich.* ('Count Bismarck and His People during the War with France.') Von D. Moritz Busch. Zwei Bände. Zweite unveränderte Auflage. Leipzig, 1878.

**S**PECULATING in 1870 whether Prussia would eventually be merged in Germany, M. Renan exclaimed: 'I know not, for M. de Bismarck hitherto has not submitted himself, and perhaps never will submit himself, to analysis.' Prince Bismarck had been tolerably frank before 1870; and at all events he has since submitted himself to analysis as completely as is well possible for any living statesman. We allude not merely to the compromising publication of Dr. Busch, although its indiscretion does not affect its authenticity, and we incline to think that, so far as it goes, the general impression left by it is correct. There have been interviewing correspondents and trusted biographers. The Prince's familiar letters, as well as his private conversation, have been freely laid before the world. He has been photographed in all attitudes, and stenographed in all moods of mind. We have been unreservedly made acquainted with the strange medley of principle and prejudice, faith and superstition, sternness and volatility, strength and weakness, of which his character is made up; and altogether there are now ample materials for deciding, at least approximatively, in what class of statesmen he is to be placed: whether amongst the bold and fortunate, or the really great. Has his success been owing to sagacity, forethought, grasp and comprehensiveness of view, the instinctive promptings of political genius, the grand qualities which naturally control events and dominate mankind; or to self-reliance bordering on audacity, an iron will, a set purpose, an inexhaustible fertility of resource, an unscrupulous resort to means, and a never-failing readiness to stake all on the hazard of the die?

The problem is well worth solving; and it cannot be solved without reverting to his birth, education, and early life, which,  
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more than is commonly the case with men of his intellectual calibre, marked out and influenced his career.

To begin with his birth—the most distinctive features of his character, his chivalrous devotion to his sovereign as a feudal chief or liege lord, his belief in the right divine of kings, his aristocratic tendencies, were inborn and inherited. They came to him as the lineal descendant of a family whose nobility or gentility may be estimated from the fact, that no flaw could be discovered in his pedigree till it was carried back to the fourteenth century, when Rulo Bismarck was member, and frequently *prevot*, of the guild of master tailors at the small borough of Stendal. In vain was it plausibly alleged that a noble might have been member of the guild without exercising the craft: that Rulo might have been a master-tailor, as Dante, his contemporary, was an apothecary: the Liberal Opposition could not resist the temptation of levelling at their arch-enemy the same sneer to which Goethe (three of whose progenitors were tailors) was exposed; and it was maliciously suggested that Rulo 'might contemplate from heaven with pride and satisfaction the splendid imperial mantle that his descendant has managed to cut for King William out of the cloth of Europe.'

His mother was the daughter of Privy-Councillor Menken, of a family non-noble, although distinguished in literature and the public service. He was born at Schönhausen, on the 1st of April, 1815. His parents were accustomed to pass the winter months at Berlin, and it was there that he received his first schooling and his first college education, which was completed at Göttingen.\* The tradition of both universities is that he was more distinguished as a Bursche, that is, as a rioting, rollicking kind of fellow, than by his proficiency in the studies of the place. He there acquired or perfected the power of swallowing any given amount of beer or fermented liquor with comparative impunity, and his duels were numerous. His first, at Berlin, was with a Jew student, named Wolf, whose spectacles he cut off, himself receiving a wound in the leg. He fought twenty-eight at Göttingen, and was only wounded once,—by the fracture of his adversary's sword, leaving a scar still visible in the cheek. The author of the 'Life,' a highly favourable biographer, although admitting that even Savigny could not tempt him to attend more than two lectures on Jurisprudence,

\* 'He said he was placed from his sixth to his twelfth year in the Plamann Institute, in which the Spartan regime was rigidly enforced. He never got enough to eat, never once ate his fill, except when he was asked out. They had always "elastic" meat, not absolutely hard, but impenetrable to the teeth: and carrots mixed with potatoes, he ate with a relish.'—*Busch*.

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asserts that he passed his examination with credit at the appointed time, 'with the aid of his own industry, his great gifts, and a clever *memoria technica*;' but M. Klaczko raises a doubt whether he ever passed this examination (the indispensable qualification for office) at any time.

'Grave question! which was long debated in Germany and of which a weapon has been made during twenty years against the party man, the Deputy, the Ambassador, the President of the Council. Remarkable fact! which well characterises the formalist spirit of the nation! M. de Bismarck had already defied all Europe and dismembered the Danish monarchy when, in the opposition journals of Germany, were flung from time to time, like reserved crackers, malicious allusions to this problematical examination! It is only since the epoch of Sadowa that they have definitively ceased: Sadowa cleared away a great many other and more important irregularities.'

Goethe's Doctor's degree was similarly contested, till the cavil was extinguished in his fame. On leaving the University, whether he passed the requisite examination or not, Bismarck entered the Civil Service as Auscultator or Referendary to one of the minor Courts of Justice at Berlin, where, as usual, he left his mark for originality or oddity:—

'The following anecdote we know to be genuine. The Auscultator was taking the protocol of a true Berliner, who finally so tried the patience of Bismarck by his impudence, that he jumped up and exclaimed, "Sir, behave better, or I'll have you kicked out!" The magistrate present patted the zealous official in a friendly way upon the shoulder, and said quietly, "Herr Auscultator, the kicking out is my business." They proceeded in taking evidence, but very soon Bismarck again sprang to his feet, thundering out, "Sir, behave yourself better, or the magistrate shall kick you out!" The face of the Court may be imagined.' \*

In 1836 he was transferred to the Crown Office at Aix-la-Chapelle, and later on we find him in the same capacity at Potsdam. He tried the army, but for a long time did not rise higher than Lieutenant of the Landwehr. He figures as Major at Sadowa, after which he was promoted *per saltum* to the rank of General. His temporary withdrawal from the Civil Service may have been mainly owing to the duty imposed upon him and his brother, through the father's maladministration, of undertaking the management of the family estates. The care of two of these devolved upon him, and he devoted himself in

\* 'The Life,' p. 104. This is a valuable book, despite of its faulty composition and its exaggerated tone of eulogy, on account of the author's peculiar sources of information. We are indebted to it for much that is not to be found elsewhere. The 'Letters,' which now form a separate publication, first appeared in it.



right earnestness to agricultural pursuits till he had set matters right; but the return of prosperity was the signal for a relapse into eccentricities, which he indulged to such an extent as to acquire the nickname of 'Der Tolle (mad) Bismarck.' The hospitality of the manor-house of Kniehoff rivalled that of an Irish Castle Rack-rent when a party was invited to drink out a hogshead of claret; and its evil reputation and its orgies bore some resemblance to those of Medenham Abbey in the days of the Hellfire Club and Wilkes. At the same time he had the credit of reading much, and he was known to receive frequent parcels of books, historical, theological, and philosophical. He is said to have made a deep study of Spinoza. He visited France and England, having previously acquired a competent knowledge of the language of both countries; and from a restless desire of change, or longing for a fixed occupation of any sort, he got re-appointed to his old position of referendary at Potsdam. Conceiving himself slighted in society by the President, he quietly requested him to remember that, beyond the precincts of the Court, Herr von Bismarck was as good as Herr Anybody Else. The same functionary having kept him playing antechamber for an hour after he had sent in his name, was thus addressed: 'I came to request a short leave of absence, but, having passed the last hour in reflection, I now demand leave to resign.' He then paid his father a visit at Schönhausen, with a half-formed resolution to remain there and become Landrath in the original seat of his race. On his return to Kniehoff, he is isolated on a narrow strip of land by the overflow of a river, and with a touch of irony at the slender limits of his domain he writes:—

'About one o'clock one of my waggons was carried away by the flood, and in my little river, the Hampel, I am proud to say a man driving a pitch-cart was carried away and drowned.'

Swift expresses a similar feeling of mock exultation when a man narrowly escaped drowning in his river at Laracor. Bismarck's father died in 1845, and being now (February 1846) fixed at Schönhausen, he writes:—

'They are going to make me captain of the dykes here, and I am pretty certain of being returned to the Saxon Diet (of course not the Dresden one). My acceptance of the first post would be decisive as regards my future residence here. There is no salary attached, but the conduct of the business of this office is of material importance for the welfare of Schönhausen and other property, as it is dependent upon such conduct as to whether we are on certain occasions to be under water again or not. On the other hand, my friend . . .  
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is always at me, as he wishes to send me to East Prussia as His Majesty's Commissioner of Works there.

'Bernhard, against my expectation, urges me strongly to go to East Prussia. I should like to know what he is aiming at. He pretends that my bent and capabilities point to entering the service of the State, and that sooner or later I shall do so.'

Besides being made Dyke Captain, he was named Knight Deputy in the Saxon Provincial Diet at Merseburg, which gave him a seat in the United Diet; and he attended the first meeting in 1847. There were times when he seriously meditated going to seek his fortune in India. Marriage was frequently in his thoughts, and in February 1846, referring to his land-bailiff, he writes:—

'The ideal of his dreams, instigated thereto by her parents, has lately thrown him over, and married a wheelwright: just my case, barring the wheelwright, who is still creaking about in the future. I must, however, marry; the d— take me! I see it again too clearly now that father has left me, and the damp mild weather exercises a melancholy, love-longing influence over me. It is no use my struggling, I shall have to marry . . . : everybody wills it so, and nothing seems more natural, as we are both of us left behind.

'She makes no impression upon me, it is true, but this is the case with all of them. Ah! if one could only change one's inclinations with one's linen—however seldom such an event might occur!'

On the 28th of July, 1847, he was married to Johanna, the only daughter of Herr von Putkammer, a neighbouring landed proprietor, who, subsequently recurring to the day when she avowed her attachment to mad Bismarck, declared: 'It seemed as if I had been felled with an axe.' The marriage was in all respects a happy one. They had three children, a daughter and two sons, born respectively in 1848, 1849, and 1852. His first appearance in the Diet (between the betrothal and the marriage) was on the 17th of May, 1847. He joined the Extreme Right or Conservative party, and broke ground at once in a style that fixed attention:—

'Wherefore, you ask? I can but aid your guess,  
Man has no majesty like earnestness.'

He was not, and never became, an orator, although latterly he has shown some skill as a debater. His strength lay in the depth of his convictions, which he expressed or blurted out in vehement unmeasured language, devoid of rhetorical grace or polish, but occasionally warmed and animated by burning words, condensed thoughts, and striking images, which came flashing through his tangled periods like lightning through clouds.

Thus,

Thus, contemptuously dismissing the notion that the principles of revolution and counter-revolution could be disposed of or settled by parliamentary debate, he said: 'The decision can come only from God, the God of battles, when he shall let fall from his hand the iron dice of destiny.'

In Weber's opera, '*Der Freischütz*,' Max borrows a cartridge from Robert, the evil genius, and with it brings down an eagle. He asks for more of the same cartridges, and is told that the bullets are enchanted and can only be had by selling himself to the infernal spirits, by the sacrifice of his soul. Max draws back, and then Robert, with a sneer, informs him that it is useless to hesitate, that the compact is made, and that he is already engaged by the cartridge which he has used: 'Did you fancy, then, that this eagle was a gratuitous gift?' Nothing could be happier than Bismarck's application of this scene when, adjuring the Prussian Chamber in 1849 not to accept for the King the imperial crown offered by the Frankfort Parliament, he exclaimed: 'It is Radicalism which brings this donation to the King. Sooner or later this same Radicalism will draw itself up to its full height before him, will demand its reward, and, pointing to the eagle on this now imperial flag, will say to him, "Did you fancy, then, that this eagle was a gratuitous gift?"'

The most telling retort to his adversaries, and the most inspiring assurance to his supporters, were condensed in the application of a memorable event in history. When the Emperor Henry the Fourth crossed the Alps to make his submission to Gregory the Seventh, the Pope kept him waiting three winter days with bare head and naked feet in an outer court of the Castle of Canossa. Referring to this in the height of his conflict with Rome, Bismarck pointedly exclaimed: 'Be sure of one thing, gentlemen, we shall not go to Canossa.'\*

His maiden speech, May 17, 1847, was in answer to an orator who had attributed the rising of Germany against the Napoleonic yoke to a longing for free government:—

'I am compelled,' he said, 'to contradict what is stated from this tribune, as well as what is so loudly and so frequently asserted outside this hall, in reference to the necessity for a constitution, as if the movements of our nation in 1813 should be ascribed to other causes and motives than those of the tyranny exercised by the foreigner in our land.'

Here he was assailed with hisses, cries, and other marks of disapprobation. Finding it impossible to obtain a hearing, he

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\* '*Deux Chanceliers*,' p. 58.

quietly drew a newspaper from his pocket—the ‘*Spenerische Zeitung*,’ adds the biographer, who delights in particularity—and read or appeared to read it in an easy, unconcerned attitude, till order was restored. He then resumed:—

‘In my opinion it is doing sorry service to the national honour to conclude that ill-treatment and humiliation suffered by Prussia at the hands of a [foreign rule would not be enough to rouse Prussian blood, and cause all other feelings to be absorbed by the hatred of foreigners.]’

He was followed by some elderly Liberals, who suggested that he was too young to know what he was talking about, and declared that their motives in taking the field in 1813 had been misunderstood. He then reascended the tribune and, amidst renewed clamour, replied coldly and sarcastically:—

‘It is certainly undeniable that I can hardly be said to have lived in those days, and I am truly sorry not to have been permitted to take part in that movement: my regret for this is certainly diminished by the explanations I have received just now upon the movement of that epoch. I always thought the servitude against which the sword was then used was a foreign servitude; I now learn that it lay at home. For this correction I am not by any means grateful!’

His political faith was sharply defined in a parallel between the state of things which led respectively to the English revolution of 1688 and the Prussian Constitution of 1847.

‘The English people was then in a different position from that of the Prussian people now; a century of revolution and civil war had invested it with the right to dispose of a crown, and bind up with it conditions accepted by William of Orange. On the other hand, the Prussian sovereigns were in possession of a crown, not by grace of the people, but by God’s grace; an actually unconditional crown, some of the rights of which they voluntarily conceded to the people—an example rare in history.’

In strict keeping with his doctrine of divine right was the theory of the Christian basis of the State, by which he justified his resistance to the emancipation of the Jews. He remained unshaken throughout the stormy period brought about by the French Revolution of 1848, protesting that, if he accepted the programme of progress, it was only because he was powerless to do otherwise, because an ultra-Liberal ministry was better than no government at all:—

‘The past is buried and I mourn it with greater pain than many among you, because no human power can awaken it *when the Crown itself has scattered ashes upon the coffin.*’

He had a marked distrust of the Frankfort Parliament, and  
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an aversion for everything emanating from it, especially the project of fusion which was to merge Prussian individuality in one all-embracing Fatherland. His denunciation of the tricolour contrasts strikingly with Lamartine's famous boast that it had made the tour of Europe on the car of Victory:—

‘The army has no enthusiasm for the tricolour; in it, as in the rest of the people, will be found no longing for national regeneration. The name of Prussia is all-sufficient for it. These hosts follow the banner of black and white, and not the tricolour: under the black and white they joyfully die for their country. . . . We are Prussians, and Prussians we desire to remain. I know that in these words I utter the creed of the Prussian army, the creed of the majority of my fellow-countrymen, and I hope to God that we shall continue Prussians, when this bit of paper is forgotten like the withered leaf of autumn!’

It was the maxim of Frederic the Great that the sky did not rest more firmly on the shoulders of Atlas than the Prussian State on the Prussian army, and it would seem to have been the especial and well-understood vocation of Bismarck to verify this maxim to the letter. The old-fashioned Royalists were seldom well-read in history. A French Legitimist, duke and peer, was complimented on having spoken like Demosthenes. ‘I don’t know much about that,’ was the reply, ‘but Demosthenes was not more attached to his King than I am.’ One of Bismarck’s most vehement supporters was the Adjutant-General von Rauch, who, when Radowitz, the leader of the Liberal-Conservatives, conjured the King, like Cæsar, to cross the Rubicon, replied, with a twang of the Berlin dialect: ‘I do not know that fellow Cæsar, nor that fellow the Rubicon, but the man cannot be a true Prussian who counsels his Majesty thus.’ Radowitz was by birth a Westphalian; but he was virtually Prime Minister of Prussia when he brought forward the new constitution in 1849, and when, anticipating Bismarck, he was eager to bring the long pending rivalry between Prussia and Austria to the arbitrament of arms in 1850.

In the autumn of that year, the people of Hesse Cassel had risen as one man against their government, and expelled the minister, the chief source of their discontent. Austria sided with the oppressor, Prussia with the oppressed. Constitutionalism and Absolutism were on the point of coming to a fair stand-up fight, when Constitutionalism lost heart and the Hessians were compelled to take back their detested Hassenpflug. Manteuffel was President of the Council whilst this affair was brewing; but Radowitz, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, stood towards his chief much in the same relation in which Pitt stood towards the Duke of Newcastle during the

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**Seven Years' War.** The menacing attitude of Russia in the background had something to do with the collapse; but Radowitz told the writer that all he needed was the moral support of England, which Lord Palmerston, contrary to his alleged policy, refused. Wanting this, the war policy was overruled, and Manteuffel, after proposing an amicable interview with the Austrian Minister (Prince Schwarzenberg) at Oderberg on the frontier, took the humiliating step of telegraphing to say that, in obedience to the positive orders of his sovereign, he would come to Olmütz, an Austrian town, to await the reply.

The terms of the arrangement (November 29, 1850) were mortifying in the extreme to Prussia, and raised such a storm of indignation against Manteuffel, that he declared he would rather encounter pointed bullets than pointed speeches—*lieber Spitzkugeln als Spitze-reden*. A leading member of the Chamber was enthusiastically applauded when he concluded a violent philippic with 'Down with the Minister.' Bismarck alone came to the rescue, and boldly maintained that, having got into a wrong groove, the minister had acted wisely in getting out of it in the only available way. His hatred of liberalism appears to have got the better of both his loyalty and patriotism; for, careless or forgetful of the predominance he had asserted for Prussia and her King by right divine, he maintained that no German federation was possible without Austria, that Austria was a German power in all the force of the term, and that Prussia ought to subordinate herself to Austria, in order to combat the threatening democracy in concert.

'Most assuredly,' remarks M. Klaczko, 'whilst commemorating this sitting of the Chamber one may, to speak with Montesquieu, give ourselves the spectacle of the astonishing vicissitudes of history; but the irony of fate begins to assume truly fantastic proportions when we reflect that it was precisely this speech of the 3rd of December, 1850, which decided the vocation of M. de Bismarck, and opened to him the career of foreign affairs. Forced to consent to the restoration of the Bund, and resigned to the preponderance of the empire of the Hapsburgs, the Prussian Government thought it could not give better pledges of its dispositions than by naming as its plenipotentiary at the Germanic Confederation the fiery orator whose devotion to the cause of the Hapsburgs was able to stand the test of the humiliation at Olmütz; and it was as the most decided partisan of Austria that the future victor of Sadova made his entry on the arena of diplomacy.' \*

It would seem that the offer of this appointment was made with the view of conciliating him, without much expectation of

\* 'Deux Chanceliers,' p. 81.

his closing with it. On his intimating his willingness to accept it, the president referred him to the King, to whom he said at once:—‘If your Majesty is desirous of trying the experiment, I am ready to fulfil your wishes.’ On the King’s drawing his attention to the significance and responsibilities of the post, he replied, ‘Your Majesty can surely try me; if I prove a failure, I can be recalled in six months, or even sooner.’ In May 1851, he was named First Secretary of the Embassy to the Diet, with the title of privy-councillor. He did not become envoy and plenipotentiary till the August following. Although he arrived the professed partisan of Austria, the independent position he took up is shown by the now familiar anecdote of his requesting a light (to light his cigar) from the Austrian envoy, who had hitherto smoked in solitary dignity in the Bund.

It was not in form only that he asserted his equality. He was not long in discovering the error into which he had been hurried by his dread or hatred of democracy. Austria had a secure majority in the Diet; and it required unceasing vigilance, combined with energy, to prevent Prussia from being completely overshadowed; the more especially that the tone and attitude of the Government were long perceptibly modified by recollections of Olmütz. His diplomatic was strengthened by his social position. He occupied a handsome house: entertained largely: and (what was unusual in official circles) received authors, artists, and musicians, as well as nobles. To show his attachment to the army, he always appeared in public in his Landwehr or militia uniform, with (at first) a solitary decoration on his breast, a medal corresponding with our Humane Society medal, won by saving his soldier-servant from drowning at great personal risk. To the supercilious diplomatist who asked him what it was and how he got it, he replied: ‘Why, for once I took it into my head to save a man’s life.’

His Frankfort mission, although he pronounced it ‘terribly dull,’ was full of movement, occupation and excitement. But when he had fairly arrived at the conclusion that little or nothing was to be done with the Bund, he contracted a dislike approaching to contempt for diplomacy, at all events such diplomacy as he found there, and longed for a more congenial field of action. His state of mind is strikingly portrayed in his letters, which leave what we believe to be a more faithful as well as more favourable impression of him than his table-talk as reported by Dr. Busch. They are, moreover, quite as fresh, frank and outspoken, and still more remarkable for force of expression, piquancy, and point. In a letter to his wife he says:—

‘We

'We all play at believing that each of us is crammed full of ideas and plans if he would only speak, and we are every one of us perfectly well aware that all of us together are not a hair better as to knowledge of what will become of Germany than Gossamer Summer. No one, not even the most malicious democrat, can form a conception of the charlatanism and self-importance of our assembled diplomacy.'

Passages abound in which the romantic and sentimental elements of his character combine or contrast with the religious feeling which he again and again tells us is its foundation and its strength.

'Saturday afternoon I drove out with Rochow and Lynar to Rüdesheim; there I took a boat, rowed out upon the Rhine, and swam in the moonlight, with nothing but nose and eyes out of the water, as far as the Mäusethurm near Bingen, where the bad bishop came to his end. It gives one a peculiar dreamy sensation to float thus on a quiet warm night in the water, gently carried down by the current, looking above on the heavens studded with the moon and stars, and on each side the banks and wooded hill-tops and the battlements of the old castles bathed in the moonlight, whilst nothing falls on one's ear but the gentle splashing of one's own movements. I should like to swim like this every evening. I drank some very fair wine afterwards, and then sat a long time with Lynar smoking on the balcony—the Rhine below us. My little New Testament and the star-studded heavens brought us on the subject of religion, and I argued long against the Rousseau-like sophism of his ideas, without, however, achieving more than to reduce him to silence.'

He is sent on an important mission to Vienna, and there are few better things in descriptive letter-writing than the hasty sketches, interspersed with touches of humour, which he dashes off upon the way. He visits Holland in 1853, and sends his sister graphic accounts of what he saw in town and country, including a sea-piece on board a Dutch sloop and an animated parallel between Venice and Rotterdam. He was in Paris in 1853, and again in 1857, when he had the first of those conferences with the French emperor which led to such momentous consequences in the end. He was so frequently summoned to attend the cabinet or court that he was computed to have travelled 2600 miles (German) between Berlin and Frankfort in one year.

The tone of the letters is hardly reconcilable with the statement in the 'Life,' that he wished to remain at Frankfort, and that he personally complained to the Prince of the transference to St. Petersburg. The truth is, his known hostility to Austria, with whom Prussia was not yet prepared to break, rendered his presence as Prussian ambassador in the Bund extremely inconvenient at this particular conjuncture,—the eve of the Italian war of 1859; and the state of opinion at Berlin was not ripe for the reception



reception of his policy. He was therefore (to use his own expression) *mis à la glace*—laid up in ice—in Russia. He arrived there on the 29th of March, 1859, and on the 12th of May following he addressed to M. de Schleinitz the remarkable confidential despatch in which he fully develops his view of the relations between Prussia and Austria, and indicates the policy by which alone the resulting problem could be solved.

‘I see in our relation with the Bund an error of Prussia’s which, sooner or later, we shall have to repair “ferro et igni,” unless we take advantage betimes of a favourable season to employ a healing remedy against it.’

This is the first occurrence of the phrase, ‘sword and fire,’ which subsequently became so celebrated.

It is the moral and purpose of M. Klaczko’s book, ingeniously and artistically evolved and worked out, that the destiny of Europe has been decided by her two Chancellors: that by express or tacit understanding they have lent each other a helping hand upon all trying emergencies: that Prince Gortchakoff answered for the neutrality or inaction of France during the Austrian war of 1866: that Prince Bismarck repaid the obligation by keeping Austria aloof during the Turkish war which closed with the treaty of Berlin; and that it is by the connivance of these two that all the convulsions of Europe during the last twenty years have been brought about.

This community of feeling and interest, which began at Frankfort, was cemented at St. Petersburg, where Bismarck sedulously laid himself out to conciliate not merely the Russian Chancellor but Russian public opinion, such as it was, by adopting Russian habits and pursuits.

‘Never,’ says M. Klaczko, ‘had a foreign ambassador on the banks of the Neva shown such devotion as the knight of La Marche for the polar star nor pushed so far the passion for the local colouring. He pushed it to the point of domesticating several bear cubs, which (like the foxes at Kniephof) were admitted during dinner to the dining-room, to afford an agreeable distraction to the guests, lick the hand of the master, and pinch the calves of the servants.’

He had a long and severe illness soon after his arrival, but when he was sufficiently recovered, he was a regular attendant at the bear or wolf hunts, arriving amongst the first at the rendezvous or ‘meet’ in a sledge, attired in the Russian sporting costume, and surprising the boldest and most practised sportsmen by his coolness and his skill. He took a Russian professor into his house and learnt enough of the language to give orders to the servants, and on one occasion to delight  
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the Czar by some appropriate phrases in the language of Pouchkine.

‘I shall wrap myself up in my bearskin,’ he writes, Sept. 24, 1859, ‘and let myself be snowed up, and see what is left of me and mine next May when it thaws. If that won’t do, I shall go to earth and have done with politics, like Geschperl in the fourth tableau.’

The prospect had not improved in his eyes when the May thaw came. Prussia was still pursuing what he thought a truckling policy, following in the wake of Austria instead of taking an independent line and striking for her proper place in Germany. The accounts which reached him of the meeting at Töplitz in August between the Prince and the Emperor were far from reassuring. ‘We have been finely led by the nose at Töplitz by Vienna; geniality sold for nothing, not even for a mess of pottage,’ is the report of one whom he describes as a well-informed but rather Bonapartist correspondent. ‘God grant he is mistaken,’ is his comment.

Three months later, after the conquest of Naples, the Cabinet of Berlin addressed a strong remonstrance to that of Sardinia, to the effect that it is only by the legal course of reform and by respecting existing rights that a regular government is allowed to realize the legitimate wishes of nations, and concluding with this sentence: ‘Called to pronounce on the acts and principles of the Sardinian Government, we cannot do otherwise than deeply deplore them, and we believe ourselves to be fulfilling a rigorous duty in expressing in the most explicit and most formal manner our disapprobation both of those principles and of the application that it has been thought fit to make of them.’ When this despatch was read by the Prussian envoy at Turin to Cavour, he listened to it in silence, and, after expressing his deep regret at the displeasure of the government of Berlin, added that he derived consolation from the thought that the time would come when Prussia would feel grateful to Piedmont for the example it had set. That time was approaching rapidly.

On the 3rd of February, 1860, Bismarck writes :

‘. . . . I still hear with pleasure and a touch of home-sickness every piece of news about Frankfort affairs and persons, and when reading the papers I am often seized by the impulse to hurry into the sittings, eager for the fray. The move with the war-organisation was excellent; forward in the same style; out openly and boldly with our claims—they are too well justified not to win an eventual although perhaps dilatory recognition.’

On the 8th of November, 1858, the present King, then Regent, in an allocution to his Cabinet had declared that it was the predestined

tined duty or vocation of Prussia to make moral conquests in Germany, and M. Klaczko combats the notion that her military successes have been owing to a long meditated scheme or half a century of preparation. The adoption of the needle-gun in 1847 was an isolated step, and when the mobilization of the army was rendered necessary by the Italian complications of 1859, its organization was discovered to be faulty in the extreme. It was to the reforms then instituted that Bismarck alluded when he said that the move with the war-organization was excellent. 'I am sorry for the Austrian soldiers,' is his remark after Solferino. 'How must they be led that they get beaten every time?' And again on the 24th, 'It is a lesson for the ministry, which they in their obstinacy will not take to heart. France less than Austria should I fear for the moment if we had to take up war.' Examples abound of great men, on the eve of great events, a prey to despondency and unconscious of the brilliant career in store for them. Bismarck is one.

'Petersburg, March 26, 1861.

'For the rest, I have reconciled myself with the life here, do not find the winter at all as bad as I thought, and ask no change in my position, till, if it is God's will, I retire to Schönhausen or Reinfeld, to set the carpenter at my coffin without unnecessary haste. The ambition to be minister quits a man nowadays for manifold reasons, which are not all suited for written communication. In Paris or London I should exist less comfortably than here, and not have more to say upon matters; and a change of abode is halfway in dying.'

During the entire period of his Russian embassy, events had been leading up to the consummation which, despite of his real or affected indifference, was seldom alien from his wishes or absent from his thoughts. In November 1858, the Emperor Napoleon had commissioned the Marquis Pepoli to represent strongly to the Prince-Regent of Prussia all the advantages he would find in a rupture with Austria. 'In Germany, Austria represents the past, Prussia the future: by chaining herself to Austria, Prussia condemns herself to immobility; she cannot rest in it; she is called to a higher fortune; she must fulfil in Germany the great destinies which await her, and which Germany expects from her.' In October 1861, the Regent, now King, paid a visit to the French Emperor at Compiègne, a most significant event, and returned imbued with a policy which Bismarck, with whom it had in a great measure originated, was obviously the man to carry out. But, as an intermediate step, before placing him at the head of affairs or because the royal intentions were still wavering, he was named ambassador at Paris.

'In

'Paris, June 1, 1862.

'In eight or ten days I shall probably receive a telegraphic summons to Berlin, and then it is all over with music and dancing. If my opponents only knew what a boon they would confer on me personally by their victory, and how sincerely I wish them it, — would then do his best out of malice to get me to Berlin. You cannot have a greater disinclination to the Wilhelmstrasse than myself, and if I am not convinced that it *must be*, I don't go. To leave the King in the lurch under pretext of illness, I hold to be cowardice and disloyalty.'

He speaks of a visit to Fontainebleau, and of the Empress as 'prettier than ever, and always very amiable and gay'; but there is no mention of any personal communication with the Emperor, either in the 'Letters' or the 'Life.' M. Klaczko says they met more than once, and that, while all the world were lost in wonder at the newly-discovered profundity of the Emperor, Bismarck did not hesitate to pronounce him '*une grande incapacité méconnue*.' At this time, as at all others, the Chancellor-expectant made no secret of his ultimate designs, acting throughout on the theory that, even when it is an object to keep things doubtful or dark, there is no blind like truth, nothing so sure to throw dust in the eyes of professional diplomats, most of whom are too clever by half.

France, he openly declared, would have no reason to take umbrage at the aggrandizement of Prussia, who would become only more valuable as an ally when she had absorbed a minor State or two. 'She has, in fact, an unhappy, impossible configuration: she wants belly on the side of Cassel and Nassau; her shoulder is out of joint on the side of Hanover; she is *en air*, and this painful situation condemns her to follow implicitly the policy of Vienna and St. Petersburg, to revolve unceasingly in the orbit of the Holy Alliance.' Enlarged, rounded, unrestrained, she would naturally co-operate with France. If it be objected that the balance of power would be disturbed by the proposed annexations, what is to prevent France from being aggrandized, from being rounded in her turn? 'Why should she not take Belgium, and there stifle a nest of demagogues? The Cabinet of Berlin would offer no opposition: *sum cuique* is the ancient and venerable device of the Prussian monarchy.'\* It may have been the device of the Prussian monarchy since the seizure of Silesia by Frederic the Great, but it is at variance with the still more ancient and venerable device and doctrine of *meum* and *tuum*, and no

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\* 'Deux Chancelliers,' p. 158.



common audacity was required to propound it as a principle of action, before the public mind of Europe was prepared for it by such events as the appropriation of the Duchies by Prussia or the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France. All this, we are assured, was said with liveliness, with animation, with humour, accompanied by many a malicious remark on men and things: 'on this Chamber of Lords at Berlin, for example, composed of respectable *perruques*, and the Chamber of Deputies, equally composed of *perruques*, but not respectable; and an august personage, the most respectable, the most *perruqué* of all.'

During the two months, June and July, 1862, passed in Paris, he made much the same impression as during his three years at St. Petersburg. His social success was marked: all agreed in full acknowledgment of the *homme d'esprit*, but the grave people, the people in place, the party leaders, shook their heads, and could not make up their minds to accept him as the *homme sérieux*. This was just what he wanted. His schemes became known, and what was startling in them was smoothed away by familiarity without his being made responsible for them in their embryo state: so that, when the time for action came, he might carry them out with all the honour of forethought or drop them as well understood pleasantries.

Thiers did not see further below the surface than the rest. One evening in June 1862, when the *salon* of the Place St. Georges was closed to all but a select and congenial circle, the host and the company were startled by the announcement of the Prussian ambassador, who, at the first opportune opening in the conversation, developed the policy he intended to pursue in case his august master should ever call him to the helm. Instead of inspiring confidence, his simulated indiscretion (as they thought it) was regarded as 'a sort of ironical defiance addressed to their good faith.' When Thiers returned the visit, Bismarck, with an air of gushing cordiality, addressed him: 'Don't deny it, you are sulking (*vous boudez*) with your friends and your books.' 'When one has opinions,' replied Thiers, 'one must respect them.' 'You are right,' rejoined Bismarck; 'one must have ideas, but one must carry them out by power. Come, I will make it up for you with the Emperor: be Minister, and we two between us will remake the map of Europe.' Thiers turned the conversation, declining the offer and the idea by a wave of the hand, and speedily took his leave. Their next meeting was at Versailles, during the siege of Paris.\*

\* Thiers himself is the authority for these details, which he narrated to the late Bishop of Orleans. See '*Récits de l'Invasion*,' by M. A. Boucher.

On the 25th of July, 1862, Bismarck left Paris for the south of France. He was kept in uncertainty for six weeks ; and it was from the Pyrenees, about the middle of September, that he was summoned by telegraph to Berlin. On his homeward journey he stops just long enough at Paris to take a hasty leave of his friends with a characteristic apophthegm : ' Liberalism is but childishness, which is easily brought to reason ; but revolution is a force, and one must know how to utilize it.'

On his arrival at Berlin, he found Liberalism something more than childishness or child's play. It was in the flush of triumph, having just returned an increased majority to the Electoral Chamber, and the general belief was that he was summoned for the express purpose of repeating the feat of Polignac, of resorting to the extreme measure of a *coup d'état*. The split between the Government and the Second Chamber turned mainly on the war budget :—

'The nation at large sided with their representatives. The love of peace was absolute. There was a complete absence of ambition : people were entirely resigned to the political situation which they occupied ; and on the other hand no one was willing to admit that so peaceable a kingdom could be threatened by its neighbours. In such a state of things, all augmentation of the army, entailing an increase of military and financial burdens, was regarded by the country as an inconceivable caprice of their rulers.' \*

From this estimate of the popular feeling, adopted by M. Klaczko and confirmed by contemporaries, it will appear that Bismarck's position closely resembled that of Strafford, whose distinctive policy, embodied in the single word Thorough, he openly professed. The Prussian Chamber, however, had not, he contended, like the English House of Commons, the exclusive right to vote supplies or impose taxes. 'The Prussian budget is fixed annually by a law, which requires the assent of the two Chambers and the Crown. Of their concurrent rights, each is unlimited in theory, and one is as strong as the other. In the case of their disagreement, the Constitution contains no disposition to decide which of them must give way.' This is equally true of the English Constitution ; but constitutional ways were new to Prussia, and the deputies were more puzzled than revolted when he told them that, with the dignity of the Crown and the welfare of the nation at stake, it was no infringement of their privileges to levy the required imposts without their consent. On the 29th of September 1862, he withdrew the budget of 1863, and said :—

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\* Constantine Rösser, 'Graf Bismarck und die Deutsche Nation,' Berlin, 1871. Vol. 147.—No. 293. K

'It is owing to the great obstinacy of individuals that it is difficult to govern with the Constitution in Prussia. A constitutional crisis is no disgrace: it is an honour. *We are, perhaps, too cultured to endorse a Constitution.* . . . Germany does not contemplate the liberality of Prussia, but her power. Prussia must hold her power together for the favourable opportunity which has already been sometimes neglected. The frontiers of Prussia are not favourable to a good State Constitution. *The great questions of the day are not to be decided by speeches and majorities—this has been the error of 1848 and 1849—but by iron and blood!*'

We quote from the 'Life.' The strongest expressions do not occur in the meagre report in the collected edition of the speeches; but in the January following, on being twitted with having said that Might makes Right, he explained that he had recommended a compromise to avoid conflicts, 'because these conflicts are questions of power, and, the life of the State not being able to endure times of stoppage, he who finds himself in possession of power feels himself under the necessity of using it.\*' There can be little doubt that the words were actually used; for it is stated, although rather clumsily, in the 'Life' 'that the opposition understood this frank language so little, that there was nothing more than plenty of jesting about the iron and blood policy, without end.' That he contemplated a resort to force as a probable contingency, and the fate of Strafford as a possible result, is clear from involuntary exclamations which, according to the same authority, he let drop to friends: 'Death on the scaffold, under certain circumstances, is as honourable as death on the battle-field. . . . I can imagine worse modes of death than the axe.'

He was named Minister of State and President of the Cabinet *ad interim* on the 22nd of September, 1862: President of the Cabinet and Minister for Foreign Affairs on the 8th of October following. On the 13th the Session of the Diet was closed, and soon afterwards he left Berlin for Paris, to make his formal adieux at the Tuileries; a significant step under the circumstances, as showing the importance he attached to a complete understanding with the Emperor. Referring to this period, he said at Versailles, as reported by Dr. Busch:

'When I became minister, I had a conversation with him (the Emperor) in Paris. He then expressed an opinion that it would not last long: there would be an insurrection in Berlin and revolution throughout the land, and on a *plébiscite* the King would have all against him. I told him the people with us erected no barricades:

\* Speech, Jan. 27, 1863. The collected edition begins with the Sitting of Sept. 29, 1862, and is not continued after 1872.

only the kings in Prussia made revolutions. If the King only held out four or five years against the tension which certainly existed at present, let the dissatisfaction of the public be as unpleasant and inconvenient as it might, he will have won the game. If he did not get tired and leave me in the lurch, I should not fall. And if an appeal was now made to the people and their votes taken, he had already nine chances to ten in his favour. The Emperor then said of me: He is not *un homme sérieux*; of which I naturally did not remind him at the weaver's at Donchery (after Sedan).'

The result does justice to his sagacity. After the failure of two dissolutions the deputies were sent about their business, and the administration proceeded as if the budget and the army-organization had regularly passed into law.

The author of 'Count Bismarck' states that insult was added to injury: that Bismarck and von Roon (the Minister for War) had fits of audacious cynicism.

'One day, a speaker having raised great complaints against the ministers, and Herr Virchow having desired that they should attend the sittings, in order that they might be able to answer, Count Bismarck coolly stepped forth from an adjoining room, and stated in a contemptuous way, that it would be superfluous to recommence the discussion, inasmuch as what was going on amongst the gentlemen could be heard well enough in the room where he had been. Another time, in a public meeting of the House, he told the deputies to their face, "If we think it necessary to make war, we shall do so, with or without your consent."'

Ordinances, rivalling the famous July ordinances in severity, were issued against the press. Liberty of speech in the Chambers was suppressed. Judges and functionaries who were not found pliant were replaced by a younger and less scrupulous class sufficiently numerous to be designated as the aspirers (*die Streber*). The system partook of both Strafford and Polignac. 'One such open violation of the Constitution as was then perpetrated,' remarks a temperate writer, 'would have been enough to kindle a revolution in a less cold-blooded people.' But the Prussians endured all; there were no insurrections, no barricades; and Bismarck was left free to pursue the foreign policy which was all along the paramount object he had in view.

This was not, as has been surmised, adopted to direct attention from his home policy. He had thoroughly at heart the aggrandizement of Prussia: he preferred greatness to freedom; and he fully believed that the means justified the end. His first step was to force on a definite arrangement with Austria; in other words, to decide which was to take the lead in the affairs of Germany. Coming to the point at once, as his manner was,



two months after his accession to the Presidency he told Count Karolyi, the Austrian ambassador at Berlin, that the relations between the two Powers could not continue as they were; that they must be changed for the better or the worse. Explanations ensued, and the upshot may be collected from Count Karolyi's report to his government (February 18, 1863), in which he says: 'Finally, Bismarck placed before us in so many words the alternative of withdrawing from Germany and transporting our centre of gravity to Ofen, or of seeing Prussia in the ranks of our enemies on the occasion of the first European war.' The least Prussia would accept was equality and the substitution of a real German Parliament for the Bund. These terms were refused by Austria; and Prussia, threatened by the Confederation, was beginning to talk of a *casus belli*, when a temporary diversion was unexpectedly caused by the death of Frederic VII., King of Denmark, on the 14th of November, 1863. This gave a new turn to the long pending affair of the Duchies, to which the Duke of Augustenburg now laid claim; it being already a question whether they were an appanage of the Danish Crown, or *de jure* independent members of the Confederation.

'The episode of the Schleswig-Holstein war, looked at as a whole, so completely exhibits the character of a dramatic intrigue—the cleverest and most successful ever seen on the political stage—that friends and enemies have long agreed in regarding it as Bismarck's masterpiece. If it be true that the series of incidents which followed in succession after the sudden death of the King of Denmark up to the Bohemian campaign were the result of a preconceived plan, it must be admitted that Machiavelism, in its boldest flights, has never produced anything parallel to it.

'To have found Austria on the high road to popularity, supported by the German princes with complete devotion, firmly ensconced in the Diet at which she presided; to have found Austria the representative of legitimacy, the ancient friend and ally of the Great European Powers, and at the end of two years to have isolated her from everybody; to have lowered her in the eyes of the masses, to have brought her into deadly antagonism with the princes and the Bund; to have made her disown the principle of legitimacy and federal authority, and led her into a course directly opposed, not only to France and England, but also to her own former policy—to have thus taken her in tow, and led her on from one folly to another, in order finally to turn against her and ride over her when she was robbed of all internal support, and had no longer friends, allies, system, nor aim; to have done all this, must certainly be reckoned the highest perfection of that art of duping, which was formerly held to be the quintessence of diplomatic skill.\*

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\* 'Count Bismarck: A Political Biography,' chap. v.

This is far from being an overcharged picture, and the simplicity of the steps taken by Bismarck is no less remarkable than their audacity. The Diet had caused the Duchies to be occupied by a Federal force consisting of Saxons and Hanoverians; Prussia sent a force to join in the occupation; whereupon Austria, to ensure a share in the good or profitable work, did the same. In this state of things Bismarck proposed to Count Rechberg (the Austrian minister) to lay aside rivalry and settle the matter between them in their individual capacity of first-rate Powers. Count Rechberg agreed, and, prompted by Bismarck, proposed to the Diet that the Duke of Augustenburg should be ordered to quit the Duchies, and that all demonstrations in his favour in the Confederated States should be suppressed. The Diet refused. Then followed a joint demand from Austria and Prussia that the Diet should authorize their exclusive occupation. This, too, as Bismarck had calculated, was refused (January 1864); and, dispensing with further ceremony, they marched in.

It was not without warnings or misgivings that the Austrian statesmen fell into the trap. 'That Bismarck is dragging us by the halter,' was the cry at Vienna; and the Emperor Joseph, when some one was depreciating Bismarck in his presence, is reported to have exclaimed, 'Ah! if I had but him.' It would seem also that the population, whose vital interests were at stake, did not regard the Prussians as their well-wishers or give Bismarck credit for exalted motives; for the following squib was widely circulated:—

'Es giebt nur eine Kaiserstadt, und es heisst Wien;  
Es giebt nur eine Räubernest, und das ist Berlin.'

('There is only one imperial city, and it is called Vienna;  
There is only one robbers' nest, and that is Berlin.')

We read in 'Jonathan Wild,' that after Bagshot in concert with Wild had robbed the Count, 'they went together to the tavern, where Mr. Bagshot (generously, as he thought) offered to share the booty, and having divided the money into two unequal heaps, and added a golden snuff-box to the lesser heap, he desired Mr. Wild to take his choice. Mr. Wild immediately conveyed the larger share of the ready into his pocket, according to an excellent maxim of his: "First secure what share you can, before you wrangle for the rest." And then, turning to his companion, he asked him, with a stern countenance, "whether he

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\* The 'Life,' p. 351, note by Translator, who suggests that the squib may have come from the enemy's (the Austrian) camp.

intended to keep all that sum to himself?" Prince Bismarck was unconsciously taking Jonathan Wild for his prototype, when, having made Austria his catspaw in occupying the Duchies, he suddenly turned round upon her, claimed, and eventually appropriated both. In the midst of the complication (May 16th, 1864) he wrote in a private letter to a friend:—

'You see from this how I look at the matter according to human lights. For the rest, the feeling of gratitude to God for his support hitherto, raises in me the confidence that the Lord knows how to turn even our faults to our advantage; this I learn daily to my salutary humbling.

'Finally, I may observe that annexation is not the chief and necessary aim of my efforts, although it may be their most pleasant result.'

The merit of the acquisition, as the triumph of unprincipled adroitness under difficulties, is enhanced when we bear in mind that, besides other obligations, he had the Treaty of London (1852) recognising the dynastic rights of the King of Denmark, to get over, as well as his own speeches in the Prussian Chamber in 1849, when he 'deplored that the Prussian troops had gone to uphold revolution in Sleswig against the legitimate sovereign of this country, the King of Denmark, and did not hesitate to declare that the war provoked in the Duchies of the Elbe was an enterprise eminently iniquitous, frivolous, disastrous, and revolutionary.'\*

In a chapter entitled 'Vistule! et Elbe,' M. Klaczko represents Bismarck as uncertain, on his first accession to power, in what direction he had best look for an extension of territory, and coolly considering which of the European Powers might be kept quiet whilst he was carrying out his projects, or be coaxed or bribed into co-operating with him. 'It is long,' he said to a friend, 'since England has entered into my calculations, and do you know since when I no longer take her into the reckoning? Since the day when, of her own free will, she renounced the Ionian Isles. A Power which ceases to take, and begins to restore, is a used up Power (*puissance finie*).' His main reliance was on Russia, and he turned the Polish insurrection of 1863 to account as cleverly and unscrupulously as the imbroglío of the Duchies. When England, France, and Austria were addressing remonstrances of the most irritating nature to Russia and incidentally encouraging the Poles to their ruin, he was pressing a military convention (offensive and defensive) on the Czar, setting himself steadily against the other great Powers, defying Prussian

\* 'Deux Chanceliers,' p. 76.

opinion as manifested by the press, and telling his Liberal assailants in the Chambers that they were altogether in the dark. 'Placed before the chess-board of diplomacy, the profane spectator believes the game decided by each new piece that he sees moved, and he may even fall into the illusion that the player changes his object.'

The player of the game before them never changed his main object, Prussian aggrandizement; but it would have required no ordinary degree of perspicacity to divine his peculiar method of pursuing it at this time. His notion was that the Russian army unaided would not be able to suppress the insurrection; and about the middle of February 1863, he unbosomed himself at a Court ball to the Vice-President of the Prussian Chamber, M. Behrend: 'This question (he said) may be resolved in two ways: either we must promptly stifle the insurrection in concert with Russia and come before the Western Powers with an accomplished fact, or we might leave the situation to spread and become aggravated, wait till the Russians are driven out of Poland or reduced to invoke assistance, and then proceed boldly to occupy the kingdom for Prussia. At the end of three years, all there would be Germanized.' 'But this is only ball talk (*propos de bal*),' exclaimed the astonished Vice-president. 'No,' was the reply; 'I am speaking seriously of serious things. The Russians are tired of Poland: the Emperor Alexander himself said as much to me at St. Petersburg.'

That he was mistaken as to the main point, the power of the Russians to suppress the insurrection, was speedily made clear; and it is difficult to believe that the Czar ever thought of relaxing his hold on Poland from any doubt on this subject, when we find the Grand Duke Constantine, referring (February 1863) to the offer of the military convention, expressing his surprise at such a proposition, and ironically remarking that the Prussian Government was making the devil much blacker than he was in reality. It may be taken for granted that this embryo design on Poland never assumed shape enough to create a disagreeable sensation at St. Petersburg, for the friendly relations between the two Chancellors were confirmed rather than weakened by what took place in 1863; and Bismarck's mode of dealing with Austria was in no slight degree owing to the consciousness that he had Russia at his back. Preparatory to the final breach, he had made sure of other effective aid. It was on his return from Biarritz in 1865, after seeing to what extent the Italian proclivities of the French Emperor were likely to operate on the situation, that Bismarck said to the Chevalier Nigra: 'If Italy did  
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did not exist, we should be obliged to invent it.' He showed his sense of its value by signing the offensive and defensive alliance of April 1866.

Mérimée was fond of reverting to the scenes on the beach of Biarritz, when Napoleon III., leaning on his arm, was listening with a mixture of seriousness and amused incredulity to the projects of the German Chancellor, and how on one occasion his imperial friend murmured in his ear, '*Il est fou.*' General Govone states that Benedetti, in speaking of Bismarck, described him as a maniac, adding, by way of giving weight to his estimate, that he had been following him for fifteen years. It never crossed the mind of the Emperor or the diplomatist, that what they had been listening to as the dreams of a madman were the matured schemes of a statesman, which they were unwittingly aiding him to carry out. They were in the condition of the instrument-maker, of whom Barrington, the famous pickpocket, ordered an instrument of so rare a construction that he was induced to ask for what purpose it was to be employed. 'For picking pockets,' was the cool reply; and after his customer had left the shop he discovered that it had been successfully employed upon his own.

A hero of the comic drama tells his valet that a fib is too good a thing to be thrown away. Prince Bismarck seems to be of the same opinion: his favourite mode of deception is to tell the truth; but when truth will not serve the purpose, he does not stand upon trifles. On the eve of the declaration of war of 1866, Count Karolyi, on the part of Austria, summoned him to declare categorically if he thought of tearing up the treaty of Gastein. 'No,' was the reply, 'I have no such thought; but should I answer you otherwise if I had?' He had fully resolved to tear up the treaty.

After the two Powers, *à la* Bagshot and Jonathan, had agreed to share the Duchies to which neither had the shadow of a right, Bismarck addressed (July 11, 1865) a haughty, menacing despatch to the Vienna Cabinet, proposing to become the purchaser of their share of the plunder, which he had made up his mind to monopolize by fair means or foul. This revived and aggravated the feeling of mutual exasperation, as he no doubt anticipated; for four days afterwards (July 15) he told the Duc de Grammont, the French ambassador to the Austrian Court, whom he met at Carlsbad, that he deemed the war inevitable, that it had become a necessity, and that he ardently wished for it. He used the same language to the Bavarian Premier, adding that Austria could not last a campaign, that  
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one blow, one grand battle on the side of Silesia, would suffice to bring the House of Hapsburg to his feet.\* But at the critical moment the King shrank from taking the initiative in what was pretty generally considered as a fratricidal war, and the Treaty of Gastein was signed (Aug. 14, 1865), by which the compact to divide the spoil was renewed, the duchy of Lauenburg being transferred to Prussia for a stipulated sum. On the completion of this arrangement Bismarck was made a Count.†

In the midst of the grave occupations of Gastein he allowed himself to be photographed in what M. Klaczko terms a roman-*esque* attitude with Signora Lucca, the prima donna of Berlin. This scandalized the serious public, with whom he had always endeavoured to stand well, and a religious friend, M. André de Roman, thought proper to address to him an epistle, in which, after dwelling on the unbecoming levity of the association with the 'Bathsheba of the opera,' he took him severely to task for defying to mortal combat—he, prime minister,—the celebrated physician and deputy, Dr. Virchow. This, it was impressed upon him, was not the conduct of a true Christian; and it was suggested that his old friends, remarking his systematic non-attendance at divine service, were beginning to be disturbed about the condition of his soul. His reply, which, like everything else from his lips or pen, soon found its way to publicity, began thus:—

\* Berlin, December 26, 1865.

'DEAR ANDRÉ,—Although my time is very much taken up, I cannot refrain from replying to an interpellation made by an honest heart in the name of Christ. I am very sorry if I offend believing Christians, but I am certain that this is unavoidable for one in my vocation. . . . What man breathes who in such a position must not give offence justly or unjustly? I will even admit more, for your expression as to concealment is not accurate. I would to God that, besides what is known to the world, I had not other sins upon my soul, for which I can only hope for forgiveness in a confidence upon the blood of Christ. As a statesman I am not sufficiently disinterested, in my own mind I am rather cowardly, and that because it is not easy always to get that clearness on the question coming before me, which grows upon the soil of divine confidence.'

This is Cromwell all over. In regard to the duel, he resorts to the same sort of justification as a famous contemporary whom no one will accuse of hypocrisy although occasionally prone, in obedience to what he deemed duty, to be guided more by expediency than by principle. The Duke of Wellington, in a

\* 'Deux Chancelliers,' p. 242, confirmed by A. Schmidt and others, but flatly contradicted by Heseckiel in 'The Life.'

† He was made Prince, March 21st, 1871.

letter to the Duke of Buckingham, justified his duel with Lord Winchilsea on the ground of its necessity to enable him to carry Catholic Emancipation.\* It was from a mixed motive of policy and faith that Bismarck challenged the doctor :—

‘As to the Virchow business, I am beyond the years in which any one takes counsel in such matters from flesh and blood. If I set my life on any matter, I do it in the same faith in which I have, by long and severe strife, but in honest and humble prayer to God, strengthened myself, and in which no human words, even if spoken by a friend in the Lord and a servant of the Church, can alter me.’

With regard to the other charges he (in the language of special pleading) confesses and avoids :—

‘As to attendance at church, it is untrue that I never visit the house of God. For seven months I have been either absent or ill; who therefore can have observed me? I admit freely that it might take place more frequently, but it is not owing so much to want of time, as from a care of my health, especially in winter; and to those who feel themselves justified to be my judges in this I will render an account—they will believe, even without medical details.

‘As to the Lucca photograph, you would probably be less severe in your censure, if you knew to what accident it owes its existence. The present Frau von Radden (Mdlle. Lucca), although a singer, is a lady of whom, as much as myself, there has never been any reason to say at any time such unpermitted things. Notwithstanding this, I should, had I in a quiet moment thought of the offence which this joke has given to many and faithful friends, have withdrawn myself from the field of the glass pointed at us. You perceive from the detailed manner in which I reply to you, that I regard your letter as well-intentioned, and by no means place myself above the judgment of those with whom I share a common faith. But from your friendship and your own Christian feeling, I anticipate that you will recommend to my judges prudence and clemency in similar matters for the future—of this we all stand in need.

‘If among the multitude of sinners who are in need of the glory of God, I hope that His grace will not deprive me of the staff of humble faith which I endeavour to find out of my path. This confidence shall neither find me deaf to censorious words of friendly reproof, nor angry with loveless and proud criticism.

‘In haste, yours,

‘BISMARCK.’

Having thus eased his conscience and made good his position as a Christian, he proceeded, in similar reliance on divine help,

\* ‘The truth is, that the duel with Lord Winchilsea was as much a part of the Roman Catholic question, and it was as necessary to undertake it and carry it to the extremity to which I did carry it, as it was to do everything else which I did do to attain the object which I had in view.’—(*Despatches, Correspondence, &c.*, vol. v. p. 585.)

to consider how the recent treaty of Gastein could be set aside, and the blood and iron, fire and sword, policy be put in action. Where there is a will there is a way; and he found no difficulty in picking a fresh quarrel with Austria, nor, though clearly the aggressor, in putting her more than once technically and logically in the wrong. Thus when England, Russia, and France proposed a conference of the Five Great Powers, he accepted it, knowing full well that Austria would refuse, except on wholly inadmissible conditions, namely, that no territorial changes should be discussed. When Austria proposed to leave the revived dispute touching the Duchies to the Bund, he declined; offering at the same time to be bound by a free German Parliament, to be elected by universal suffrage. The first call to arms came from the Bund, when (June 12, 1866), at the instigation of Austria, it ordered federal execution against Prussia. Prussia responded, June 15, by declaring war against Hanover, Saxony, and the Electorate of Hesse, the three States which had assumed a hostile attitude to support the Bund. The war manifesto of Austria was on the 17th, that of Prussia on the 18th, that of Italy (against Austria and Bavaria) on the 20th.

Early in June, M. Vilbert, the correspondent of a French journal, the 'Siècle,' was, much to his surprise, admitted to an interview with the great man who was described to him as quite inaccessible, and, as was doubtless anticipated, he immediately published the conversation; which he began by requesting the Chancellor to explain the flagrant contradiction between his home and his foreign policy. He was calling, he was reminded, for a national Parliament to regenerate Germany, whilst he was treating the representative Chamber of Berlin as Louis XIV. treated the French Parliament when he entered it whip in hand.

'*A la bonne heure*, you go at once to the root of things,' replied M. de Bismarck. 'In France, I know, I am as unpopular as in Germany. Everywhere I am considered responsible for a state of things that I have not created, but which has been forced upon me, as upon every one else. I am the scapegoat of public opinion; but that does not much trouble me. I pursue the course which I believe to be beneficial to my country, and to Germany, with a perfectly easy conscience. As to the means, I have used those which were within my reach in default of better.'

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'Sixteen years ago, I was living as a country gentleman, when the King appointed me the envoy of Prussia at the Frankfort Diet. I had been brought up to admire, I might almost say to worship, Austrian policy. Much time however, was not needed to dispel my youthful illusions with regard to Austria, and I became her declared opponent. The humiliation of my country; Germany sacrificed to the



the interests of a foreign nation; a crafty and perfidious line of policy;—these were not things calculated to give me satisfaction. I did not know that the future would call upon me to take any important part in public events, but from that period I conceived the idea, which at the present day I am still working out—the idea of withdrawing Germany from Austrian pressure; at any rate that part of Germany whose tone of thought, religion, manners, and interests, identify her destinies with those of Prussia—I speak of Northern Germany. In the plan which I brought forward, there has been no question of overthrowing thrones, of taking a duchy from one ruler, or some petty domain from another. The King, moreover, would lend no hand to such schemes. And then there are all the interests of relationships, cousinships, a host of antagonistic influences, against which I have had to sustain a daily and hourly warfare.

‘But neither all this, nor the opposition which I have had to struggle against in Prussia, could prevent my devoting myself, heart and soul, to the idea of a Northern Germany, constituted in her logical and natural form under the ægis of Prussia. To attain this end, I would brave all dangers, exile—the scaffold itself. *I said to the Crown Prince, whose education and natural tendencies incline him rather to the side of parliamentary government: What matter if they hang me, provided the rope by which I am hung bind this new Germany firmly to your throne?*’

He was so far right, that parliamentary government in Prussia was then incompatible with the greatness he meditated for her, since the army would have been kept upon a peace footing befitting a second-rate State, had he attended to the national will as expressed by the representative Chamber after repeated appeals to the constituency. Although there was a party that began to talk of a United Germany with a Prussian point, the war was unpopular. On arriving at Berlin in the spring of 1866, General Govone writes, ‘Not only the higher classes but the middle are contrary or little favourable to the war. This aversion is seen in the popular journals: there exists no hatred to Austria. What is more, although the Chamber has no great prestige or great popularity, the debates still create adversaries to Count Bismarck.’ A month before the war began the General writes again: ‘Unhappily the public mind in Prussia is not sensibly awakened even in face of a situation so decisive, so vital for the country.’ The principal towns, Cologne, Magdeburg, Stettin, Minden, &c., sent up addresses to the King in favour of peace and against the ‘fatal’ policy of the Cabinet. Most assuredly if things had gone ill, Bismarck would not have been thanked by his countrymen, as Varro was thanked after the defeat of Cannæ, for not despairing of the republic—‘quod de republicâ non desperasset.’

The

The army formed no exception. 'From all we have heard said by the officers,' writes General Govone, April 2, 1866, 'the army is not enthusiastic for the war against Austria: there is rather sympathy in its ranks with the Austrian army. I know well that, when once the war is declared, the army would be electrified and do its duty bravely, but it is neither a stimulant nor a support for the policy which Count Bismarck wishes to carry out.' Admirably organized, complete, and readily available as an instrument as that army turned out to be, it inspired no alarm, hardly respect, in those who were so soon to quail before it. Referring to the battle of Sadowa in the Legislative Assembly, M. Rouher described it as 'an event that Austria, that France, that the soldier, that the simple citizen, had all considered as improbable, for it was, as it were, a universal presumption that Austria must be victorious and that Prussia must pay, and pay dearly, the price of its imprudence.' It was taught in the French military schools that the Prussian army, owing to the short service, was little better than a militia, whilst Austria had an army which placed her in the highest rank, second only to France as a military power.\*

'Rien si bête comme un vieux militaire,' was a saying of Count Nesselrode; the sarcasm acquired point from the failure of experienced military men to discern the merit of the Prussian system, or the quality of the Prussian soldier, till they were placed beyond dispute by repeated trials in the field. It was not till after the Franco-German war that old officers who had seen service could be got to admit that education, intelligence, mind, might more than compensate for smartness and mechanical precision of movement. Prior to the war of 1866, Lord Clyde and General Forey were commissioned by their respective Governments to attend one of the grand Prussian reviews, and, after a critical inspection of the troops of all arms, were hospitably entertained by the Staff. As they left the dinner together, General Forey threw his arm over Lord Clyde's shoulder and exclaimed, 'Eh bien, mon ami, si jamais nous rencontrons ces messieurs sur le champ de bataille, ils seront joliment rossés.' Lord Clyde told the story as agreeing with his French colleague; and what seemed to have impressed both of them was the inequality of the step, the comparative irregularity of the line, and the incongruity of men wearing spectacles, with a

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\* A full and accurate account of the organization and strength of the Prussian army at the commencement of the war of 1866, is given in 'The Seven Weeks' War: its Antecedents and its Incidents.'—By Captain Henry Hozier, who was with the army during the whole of the campaign. This book is, in all respects, a very valuable contribution to military history.

decided

decided civilian look, in the ranks. Although the English and French military *attachés* at Berlin (General Walker and M. de Clermont Tonnerre) made timely reports of the adoption and efficiency of the needle-gun—which had been proved in the war with Denmark—little or no account was made of it in calculating the chances of the campaign; a want of foresight which would seem inexplicable did we not remember how perseveringly the Iron Duke clung to Brown Bess.\* Moltke was yet unknown to fame as a tactician, and carried no weight as an authority. The indirect encouragement given by the French Emperor was of evil presage, as, like a gambler in the funds watching the turn of events, he was known to be speculating on a fall. Bismarck, therefore, had everybody and (to all outward appearances) everything against him, except a section of the Cabinet and the King, who kept vacillating till the very moment when he made the plunge. All were propelled, were hurried on, in their own despite, against their convictions, their predilections, or their fears, by the iron will, the fixed unbending resolution, of one man.

On the very day when he crossed the Rubicon, when the die was cast (June 15th), he was overheard murmuring: 'The Almighty God is capricious.' When the Rubicon had been crossed, June 30th, as he was leaving Berlin for the campaign, he said, 'I will return by Vienna or by Munich, or I will charge with the last squadron, with that which does not return.' He is accused of darkly hinting at the use he might make of his revolver in case of a catastrophe. Coupling this with his letter from the battle-field (July 2nd) to his wife, begging her to send him a novel, we are reminded of Frederic the Great, whom Macaulay describes as riding about with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other. There was a quarter of an hour on the 3rd of July, the day of Sadowa, when Bismarck's thoughts may well have reverted to the caprice of destiny. The position of Prince Frederic Charles closely resembled that of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo; with this difference, that the duke could wait the attack, which Prince Frederic Charles was obliged to precipitate lest the

\* M. de Laveleye, in '*La Prusse et l'Autriche depuis Sadowa*,' contends that the success of the Prussians was mainly owing to moral causes, and that the school-master had more to do with the victory at Sadowa than the needle-gun. Since the introduction of arms of precision, very much depends upon the intelligence of the soldier, and discipline will always be best maintained in an army in which it is strengthened by self-respect. The essential principle of the Prussian system is conscription without substitutes. It was originally set on foot, in the days of Scharnhorst and Stein, to evade the restriction imposed by Napoleon after Jena on the numbers of the standing army of Prussia.

Austrian army should evade the combined movement of the Prussian armies by falling back behind the Elbe. With the view of occupying the Austrians till the Crown Prince came up, he made the required dispositions for an advance at midnight on the 2nd.

'At the same time he sent Lieutenant von Normand with a letter to the Crown Prince, asking him to push forward in the morning with one corps and attack the right flank of the Austrians, whilst he himself engaged them in front. There was some fear that the Austrian cavalry patrols would intercept the aide-de-camp, but he succeeded in avoiding them, and got safely to the Crown Prince's quarters at one o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, and rejoined Prince Frederic Charles at four to report the success of his mission, and to bring to the leader of the first army an assurance of the co-operation of the second. Had this aide-de-camp been taken prisoner or killed on his way to Milletin, his loss would have probably influenced the whole campaign, for on that letter depended in a great measure the issue of the battle.'<sup>\*</sup>

The Crown Prince, having received a subsequent order to that effect from the King, advanced with his entire force. The battle was begun by Prince Frederic Charles about eight, but, owing to the superior numbers of the enemy, after various alternations of fortune, he was brought to a check about three, and the cavalry was actually formed to protect a retreat, when the Crown Prince, by a dashing attack which carried the key of the Austrian position, decided the day. He had made himself felt as early as half-past twelve on the Austrian flank, but distance and the nature of the ground had kept his friends in suspense. The King and Bismarck were with Prince Frederic Charles:

'Noon arrived, but no decisive news from the Crown Prince. The battle went burning on, and many a brave heart feared at that time for beloved Prussia. Dark were the looks in the neighbourhood of the King; old Roon, and Moltke of the bright face, sat there like two statues of bronze. It was whispered that the Prince would have to loose his Brandenburgers—his own beloved third corps, whom he had till now held in reserve, his stormers of Düppel—against the foe, which meant that he would have to set his last hazard on the die to gain the victory.

'Suddenly Bismarck lowered the glass through which he had been observing the country in the direction from which the Crown Prince was approaching, and drew the attention of his neighbours to certain

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<sup>\*</sup> Hozier, 'The Seven Weeks' War.' The battle was called the battle of Sadowa on its first announcement in the 'Times.' It was formally christened the battle of Königgrätz by Royal order; although Königgrätz was not the actual scene of conflict. The supposed reason for the change was that the operations of the Crown Prince's army did not extend to Sadowa.



lines in the far distance. All telescopes were pointed thitherward, but the lines were pronounced ploughed fields. There was a deep silence, and then the Minister-President lowered his glass again and said decidedly, "Those are not plough furrows; the spaces are not equal; they are marching lines!" Bismarck had been the first to discover the advance of the second army. In a little while the adjutants and intelligence flew about in every direction—the Crown Prince and victory were at hand.\*

In a letter to his wife, July 9th, Bismarck says that the King exposed himself very much, and that it was a very good thing he was with him, for all warnings on the part of others were of no avail. On the 11th he writes:—

'At Königgrätz I rode the large chestnut; thirteen hours in the saddle without a feed. He held out well, was not startled either by the firing or by corpses; ate corn-ears and plum-tree leaves with gusto at the most serious moments, and went on swimmingly to the end, when I seemed more tired than the horse.† My first bed for the night was on the pavement of Horic, without straw and with the aid of a carriage-cushion. Everywhere crowds of wounded; the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg discovered me, and then shared his room with me, R., and two aides-de-camp, which was very welcome to me on account of the rain. With regard to the King and shells, I have already written to you. The generals all had the superstition that they, as soldiers, ought not to speak to the King of danger, and sent me, who am also a major, each time to him. In cocking the revolver, the hammer hid the line of sight, and the notch on the top of the hammer was not in an exact line with sight and bead. Tell that to T.'

The difficulties in store for him in the diplomatic campaign, close at hand, are indicated in the letter of the 9th.

'Matters are going well with us; if we are not immoderate in our demands, and do not imagine that we have conquered the world, we shall acquire a peace which will be worth the trouble. But we are just as quickly intoxicated as discouraged, and I have the ungrateful task of pouring water in the foaming wine, and to make them see that we are not living alone in Europe, but with three neighbours still.'

One of these neighbours, Russia, gave no trouble. The most pertinacious and exacting in the first instance was France. The French Emperor had reckoned on the speedy defeat of Prussia or a long war which would exhaust both combatants, and enable

\* The 'Life,' p. 402.

† At Waterloo the Duke's chestnut horse, 'Copenhagen,' carried him the whole day, and kicked out in play when the Duke dismounted at past ten.—*Life*, by Gleig.

him to intervene, like Neptune with the *Quos ego*. Even as things stood, he began by blustering, and talked of sending an army of observation to the Rhine frontier; but the army was not forthcoming, and all he could venture was to instruct his ambassador, Benedetti, to see that the equilibrium of Europe and the interests of France received due attention in the Preliminaries about to be signed at Nicholsburg. The ambassador was mystified and tricked, as it was his fate to be more than once, by the grand master of diplomacy whom he had taken for a maniac. He was told, or led to believe, that when Prussia had settled with Austria and become predominant in Germany, there was nothing to prevent Prussia and France from rectifying their frontier and arranging the map of Europe as they thought fit. France might take Belgium, and, as for the Rhine, although King William would hardly be brought to part with territory, something might be found to serve as a compensation in the Palatinate. Lulled by vague hopes and half-promises, M. Benedetti offered no effective opposition to the settlement, by which Austria was virtually excluded from Germany, and Prussia established in the long coveted position of its head, with the complete control of its military force.

Whilst the war was proceeding, a dissolution of the electoral Chamber of Prussia had taken place, and the new one met on the 5th of August. Relying on his recent triumphs and services, Bismarck applied for and obtained an indemnity for all past transgressions of the Constitution. The Chamber also voted an extraordinary credit for the army and navy, with dotations for the Chancellor, the Minister of War, and three generals. The Northern Bund, or Confederation, was constituted on the basis of universal suffrage, and Bismarck, being named Bund-Chancellor, assumed the presidency.

The Treaty of Peace (based on the Preliminaries) was as much matter for a European Conference as the Treaty of San Stefano. But the selfish, grasping, and paltry course of proceeding which Napoleon III. pursued on the grand occasion presented by the war, provoked the comparison of him to one who should profit by an eruption of Vesuvius to roast an egg. It was contemptuously stigmatized by Bismarck as *une politique de pourboire*: the smallest donations thankfully accepted: any territorial acquisition, however slight, in any quarter, rather than undergo the ridicule (which he had to undergo) of coming out of the affair empty-handed. There can be little doubt that the loss of personal prestige, the wound given to national vanity by the temporary eclipse of France, and the necessity of repairing the check, were the main motives of the policy which

cost him his throne. His first attempt to better his position made it worse. When he entered into a bargain with the King of Holland for the purchase of Luxemburg, then in the military occupation of Prussia, he must have known that Prussia would object. But when Bismarck threatened to make the prosecution of the scheme a *casus belli*, it was discovered that the French army, not yet supplied with breechloaders and in other respects incomplete, was not in a state to encounter the Prussians flushed with victory, and there seemed no alternative but to give in and abandon the scheme, when the crowning humiliation was averted by Lord Derby (then Foreign Secretary), at whose suggestion Luxemburg was declared a neutral state under the protection of the great Powers. This subject came under discussion at Versailles, October 14th, 1870.

'He (Bismarck) was silent a while. Then he said, "I remember, 1867, when I was in Paris, thinking how would things have gone if we had come to blows for Luxemburg: whether I should then have been in Paris or the French in Berlin. I believe I did right to dissuade war at that time. We were far from being as strong as we are now."'

He here goes into details to show that equally effective aid could not have been given by the Hanoverians, Hessians, and others.

'And then,' he continued, 'the right was not on our side. I have never openly owned as much, but I may say so here. After the dissolution of the German Bund the Grand Duke had become sovereign, and could do what he would. That he wished to part with his land for money was mean, but he could part with it.'

Moltke was of a different opinion, maintaining that the Prussians might have marched on Paris in 1867 as they did in 1870.

'During the dinner (October 14) the chief, after a minute's reflection, remarked, laughing, "I have a pet plan in connection with the conclusion of peace. It is to constitute an international tribunal to decide who have brought about the war—journalists, deputies, senators, ministers." Abeken added that Thiers should have a place amongst them, and a prominent one, on account of his Chauvinist "History of the Consulate and the Empire." "The Emperor, too, for he is not so innocent as he would fain appear," continued the Minister. "My notion was to have judges from each of the Great Powers, from America, England, Russia, &c., and we would be the complainants. The English and Russians, however, will not act; and so the tribunal might be formed out of the nations who have suffered most from the war, out of the French and German."'

Any impartial tribunal, anticipating the verdict of posterity,  
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must decide that the French were mainly, if not exclusively, to blame. Three months before the commencement of the war we saw it coming and (in this Journal) indicated the cause. 'Personal government,' we wrote, 'rudely shaken by the Mexican expedition, received its death-blow at Sadowa, which threw Magenta and Solferino into the shade. France is kept awake by thinking of the trophies of Prussia, and cannot rest under the thought that she is no longer confessedly the first military nation in the world. If the Continent is to be again turned into one huge battle-field, it will be to satisfy this fantastic point of honour.\* And so it fell out. The candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne was a mere pretext. The King of Prussia said from the first that it was no concern of his, and on the Prince's withdrawal the difference, such as it was, was virtually at an end. This was Bismarck's view, who, having come to Berlin from Varzin, his country seat, about the 11th of July, in consequence of the incident, was on the point of returning, when news arrived that he must prepare immediately for war. Benedetti, under distinct instructions from the Tuileries, had asked the King in a personal interview for an engagement that the candidature should not be revived. The King refused, and, on the ambassador's pressing for another interview to repeat the demand, sent him a polite message by an aide-de-camp declining to renew the subject. They subsequently parted at the railway station with the ordinary forms of courtesy.

This transaction was represented to the French as an insult to their ambassador, and to the Prussians as an insult to their King. How far the German Chancellor was a party to the misrepresentation may be questioned. We have heard that he was not entirely guiltless of the telegram that so excited the French; and it would have been too much to expect from him that he should disabuse the Prussians, considering that a war with France, a war of unprovoked aggression on her part, was the thing of all others which he needed to complete the unification of the Fatherland and put the cope-stone to his schemes. This time all Germany, North and South, responded cordially to his call: and, thanks to the admirable combinations of the War Department, the German armies were everywhere beforehand, in superior numbers and with superior equipments, to the French, who had several days the start of them.†

M. Abeken

\* The 'Quarterly Review' for April 1870. Art. Lanfrey's 'Napoleon.'

† 'Mobilizing an army means placing it in a condition, as regards equipment, means of transport, commissariat &c., to begin a campaign. The German army



M. Abeken was unjust to Thiers, who was too good an administrator not to know that the French army was unprepared, and he vehemently protested, amidst clamorous interruptions, against the war. The Emperor, too, had misgivings. 'I have at least one advantage over my conqueror,' was the remark of the Emperor Francis to Talleyrand during the negotiations of Presburg after Austerlitz: 'I can re-enter my capital after so great a disaster, whilst it would be difficult for your master, with all his genius, to do the same in a similar situation.' When, shortly after Sadowa, Benedetti grew too importunate, Bismarck told him: 'Very well, then, we shall have war. But let your imperial master observe that such a war might, in certain eventualities, become a war *à coups de révolution*, and that, in the presence of revolutionary dangers, the German dynasties would give proof of being more solidly established than that of Napoleon.' Some reflections of this kind may have occurred to the future occupant of Wilhelmshöhe and Chislehurst, when he checked the boyish exultation of his son by reminding him with a melancholy smile of the proverbial uncertainty of the game in which he was about to stake his throne. But in an evil hour he suffered his better judgment to be overpowered by those about him, whose fatuity would be unaccountable, did we not make allowance for the hourly growing necessity of doing something to conciliate the army and gratify the craving susceptibility of the people.

'I do not see a Europe (*je ne vois pas d'Europe*)' was the exclamation of Count Beust in 1870, when he saw Germany left free to crush her foe. Here, again, we discern the hand of the master, the prevision of the statesman. Austria was kept quiet by Russia, as agreed between the two Chancellors: any lurking inclination of the Southern States towards France was suppressed by rapidity of movement:\* a pending compact was abandoned by Italy after Würth: and the contemplated annexation of Belgium, which had been adroitly held out as a bait to Benedetti, had chilled the sympathy of England till it was partially re-kindled by the extremities to which her old rival and recent ally was reduced.

Prince Bismarck was in close attendance on the King from

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was mobilized in less than ten days, the order not having been issued till the 16th of July. From a peace establishment of about 12,000 officers, 285,000 men, and 73,000 horses, it was raised to 22,000 officers, 732,000 men, and 193,000 horses.—*The Franco-German War; to the Catastrophe of Sedan*, by Colonel A. Borbstaedt and Major F. Dwyer, London, 1873.

\* On the 14th of July, the evening before the declaration of war, the Bavarian Minister in London was talking in a tone that implied no doubt of his country taking part with France.

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the commencement to the conclusion of the Franco-German war, and during this period we have an ample record of his sayings and doings by Dr. Busch, who, in the capacity of journalist *attaché*, was in constant and confidential communication with him. The abundant and well-chosen extracts in the 'Times' relieve us from the necessity of quoting largely from this gentleman's diary, but we shall refer to it for some personal peculiarities and opinions which are required to complete the character of his chief. Some of these do not tend to elevate it, but, on the other hand, the frank avowal of them argues a rare degree of conscious rectitude, and in making up the final account of his merits and demerits too much stress cannot be laid on the searching nature of the ordeal he has undergone. How few could afford to be thus pursued into the little corners of their lives, 'all their faults observed, set in a note-book'.\*

The most remarkable thing about him is his Christianity, and his mode of reconciling it with his ambition and his policy:—

'How men without belief in a revealed religion, in God who wills what is good, in a higher judge and a futuro life, can live together in a well-ordered way, do their duty, and leave every one his own, I do not understand. If I did not rely on my God, I most assuredly should place no reliance on the lords of the earth. I should have wherewithal to live and be distinguished enough. . . . Why should I exert myself and work indefatigably in this world, exposing myself to embarrassment and vexation, if I had not the feeling that I was bound to do my duty for the sake of God?'

Does he really deceive himself into thinking that power has

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\* The delicate and highly responsible duty assumed by Dr. Busch has induced us to collect a few particulars of his career. A candidate of theology at Leipzig in 1848, he took part in the revolution of that year, and then left Germany for the United States, where he learnt English and wrote for American papers. He returned about 1855 to Leipzig, where he was assistant editor of the 'Grenzboten,' with Gustave Freitag. About 1866 or 1867 he was appointed 'Pressreferent' in the Berlin Foreign Office. A 'Pressreferent' is a clerk in the 'Pressbureaux' of the German Government, whose duty it is to write anonymous but inspired articles in the newspapers for the Foreign Secretary, which the papers are obliged to publish, whether they like them or not. As 'Pressreferent,' he was on Prince Bismarck's Staff during the war, and, as appears from an entry in his Diary, his chief knew that he was keeping one. After the war was over, the Prince pensioned him off, and he returned to Leipzig, where he became editor of a Hanoverian paper, which he soon gave up. He continued to be employed occasionally. His pension is said to be two thousand thalers, or 300*l.*, a large pension in Germany. Just before the publication of the book he spent some weeks in Berlin, and the *on dit* is, that the proof sheets were submitted to the Prince, who struck out some of the most compromising personalities; which have been carefully preserved by Dr. Busch. The *on dit* also runs that the Prince regards the publication as an enhancement of his celebrity and is by no means displeased by it, although his family are. The second edition, it should be observed, is described as 'unaltered' in the title-page.

no charms for him, that he has no enjoyment in his proud position, except as the conscious instrument of God? Does he, in point of fact, rely on the lords of the earth, or put his trust in princes, which a scriptural text warns him he should not? Indications are not wanting that he has an ingrained contempt for them :

‘If,’ he continued, ‘I did not believe in a divine order which had predestined this German nation to something good and great, I should give up the diplomatic calling at once, or never have undertaken the trade. Orders and titles have no charms for me. The firmness which I have shown during ten years in combating all possible absurdities, I derive from my fixed belief. Take away this belief, and you take away my Fatherland. If I were not a strict believing Christian, if I had not the miraculous basis of religion, you would never have lived to see such a Bund-Chancellor. Find me a successor with the same basis, and I resign upon the spot. But I live amongst heathens.’

We do not accuse Prince Bismarck of hypocrisy: we do not question the earnestness of his faith; neither do we question that of Cromwell and his saints, who similarly, after seeking the Lord, declared themselves specially chosen to work out the designs of Providence and justify the ways of God to men. But it is a startling phenomenon, if anything could be startling where modes of faith are concerned, to find a man who has systematically made truth and justice subservient to expediency, who has led his sovereign through blood and slaughter to an imperial throne, contending that it is exclusively and emphatically because he is a strict Christian that he has done this. The overthrow of the Second Empire, corrupt and cankered to the core, may possibly be cited in proof of the alleged mission, but is it from purely Christian motives, for the advancement of peace amongst nations and good-will amongst men, that he has annexed Alsace and Lorraine?

Our wonder at what strikes us as a contradiction or incompatibility in such a mind is materially abated by learning to what an extent it is subjected to superstitious fancies and prejudices:—

‘Fears of the brave and follies of the wise.’

He has a dread of unlucky days. He thinks nothing will prosper that is undertaken on a Friday, or on the anniversary of Hochkirch or Jena. Alluding to the year of his own death, he said, ‘I know it: it is a mystic number.’ Hair (he pronounced) should be cut and trees clipt when the moon is on the increase. He will not sit down to a dinner of thirteen.

Absolutism

Absolutism is his beau-ideal of a government. 'When there is not some of it, all gets into confusion; one is for one thing and another for another, and it is an eternal fluctuation, an eternal stop.' In matters of policy he wisely thinks it equally unadvisable to anticipate the future or be fettered by the past. He told Lord Odo Russell that he was no friend to political conjecture, and preferred to make action dependent upon circumstances. He told M. Jules Favre that consistency frequently launches its devotees into obstinacy. 'I have been taught by experience, and never hesitate to sacrifice personal feeling to the requirements of the hour. *La patrie veut être servie et pas dominée.*' M. Jules Favre replied, with a bow: '*C'est bien juste, M. le Comte: c'est profond.*'

M. Jules Favre did not assent quite so readily when, on his complaining that within three days he should, in all probability, be declared a traitor, the Prince told him: 'Then provoke an insurrection whilst you have still an army to stifle it.' In narrating this incident, Bismarck said: 'He gazed on me with a shocked and terrified look, as if he were about to exclaim, "How bloodthirsty you are!"' In reference to the arbitrary powers with which the Chancellor has got himself invested to put down Socialism, a well-informed writer remarks: 'If he has made a larger use of them than was expected, it is supposed he either really believes in a grave international conspiracy to threaten Sovereigns and society, or that he is desirous of provoking an *émeute* while the army can yet be relied upon to do its duty and put it down.\*

Speaking of the cruel manner in which the French carried on the war, he said: 'Take off the white skin from such a Gaul, and you have a Turco before you.' He was probably thinking of the maxim of Napoleon: 'Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar underneath.'

The Germans complained that many French officers had broken their parole, General Ducrot being one. Bismarck said they ought all to be hanged in their red trousers, with one leg labelled '*parjure*' and the other '*infâme*.'

He was for giving no quarter to the *francs-tireurs*, remarking that the corresponding class in Germany were never spared by the French. He thought that the passengers in a captured balloon should be hanged off-hand as spies, without court-martial or trial of any kind. He thought the delay of the bombardment of Paris bad policy and false humanity; and when M. Jules Favre complained that the Germans fired upon the sick and

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\* The 'Times,' Dec. 26, 1878.



blind in the hospitals, he retorted with a kind of grim humour that the French did worse; they fired upon Germans who were sound and well. One reason for his wish to accelerate matters was the fear of neutral intervention. The Parisians, he said, fancied that the bombardment was prohibited from London, St. Petersburg, and Vienna; whilst the neutrals on their part believed that it could not be done. Speaking of his own probable rise had he regularly followed the profession of arms, he says: 'If I had been officer—and I wish I had been—I should now have an army, and we should not be at a standstill before Paris.' On another occasion, he intimates, how much better he could have managed matters had he been sovereign. He complained that he was not consulted by the commanders, nor even kept duly informed of the movement of the troops. He thought lightly of their generalship, especially at Gravelotte, where they took the bull by the horns and attacked a strong position in front, instead of waiting for the turning movement. This criticism is admitted to be sound.

He undervalued eloquence, and boasted of having suppressed speechifying in the Bund. He could not suppress it at the Conference of Berlin; but he restricted it: he had resolved that, the Treaty—*valeat quantum*—should be made within a given period, and it was made.

Talking of drinking, he said that the time had been when wine had no effect upon him. 'When I reflect how much I have done in that way. The strongest wines, particularly Burgundy.' At one time his favourite beverage was a compound of porter and champagne. He was also fond of good eating, and lays down that, if any good work was to be got out of him, he must be well fed. 'I can conclude no regular peace if I am not regularly supplied with meat and drink.'

Then, the conversation turning on cards, he said he had formerly been much given to them: for example, he had once played twenty consecutive rubbers at whist, occupying full seven hours. It did not interest him unless the play was high. He was so good a shot (he says) with the pistol, that he has hit sheets of paper at a hundred paces distance, and shot off the heads of the ducks on the pond. This recalls Shakspeare's Douglas:—

'Prince Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

'Falstaff. You have hit it.

'Prince Henry. So did he never the sparrow.'

He criticizes 'William Tell' and prefers Russian to Greek. But the conversations turn on ordinary topics and occurrences,  
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to the almost complete exclusion of literature, science, and philosophy. He mentioned a mode in which money might be made by a minister on the exchange, but said that his son should never say of his father that he had been enriched in this or any similar way. 'I was better off before I was Bund-Chancellor—better than now. They have ruined me by the dotation. I have been ever since an embarrassed man. Formerly I lived like a simple country gentleman; now, when in a measure I belong to the peerage, the claims increase, and the lands bring no equivalent.' Discussing the contingency of his resignation, his suite were agreed that, if he once resigned, he would not be persuaded to resume power: that he was never so happy as when engaged in agricultural pursuits; and the Princess is quoted as having told one of them that a root of mangel-wurzel interested her husband more than all their politics put together.

Bearing in mind who has supplied the traits and helped to lay on the colours, we might almost say that we have Prince Bismarck painted by himself—painted, as Cromwell insisted on being painted, without flattery, with the warts. Looking at that commanding presence, at those strongly-marked, stern, masculine features, Napoleon I. might well have said of him what he said of Goethe: 'This is a man!' There he stands, the idol of hero-worship, the beau-ideal of volition, the genuine representative of muscular Christianity, of force. Since it is conventionally settled that greatness is independent of commonplace morality, of the ordinary rules of right and wrong, there is no denying him to be great; for he has done great things in a grand manner; and the world, at all events the European world, would have been widely different had he never appeared upon the stage. But has he made it better or wiser? Must his fame, his claim to the gratitude of his country, rest on the insulated fact that he has evolved a united Germany out of a heterogeneous mass of conflicting elements? Has it been, will it be, his lot—

'To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land  
And read his history in a nation's eyes?'

The land he rules over is anything but smiling. The eyes of a large part of the nation are averted from him. The milliards of the indemnity have not fructified in Germany nor impoverished France.

'You have vanquished your enemy in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace.' This is precisely where Prince Bismarck would signally fail if he tried. He makes light of Thiers; but if their positions had been reversed,  
would

would or could he, in the same space of time, have restored a country wasted by invasion, agitated by intestine troubles, to an equal state of confidence and prosperity? He is pre-eminent in diplomacy. No one has a chance against him at the game where kingdoms are at stake. He seems to read the thoughts, to divine the motives, to anticipate the moves of his adversaries—to play their cards as well as his own. His strength lies in his foreign policy, which is expansive, aggressive, progressive. His domestic policy is all in the contracted, repressive, reactionary line. He has the air of being cramped in it. Yet he is always high-handed and peremptory. He has no notion of a compromise. He must have his own way, and his own way of having it. He cuts his Gordian knots instead of untying them. He is always throwing his sword, like Brennus, into the scale. He declared that he would risk another Thirty Years' War, rather than submit to the pretensions of the Vatican; and he has dealt with Ultramontaniam, which might have been kept within due limits by a milder mode of treatment, as if he thought that it could be trodden out like the cattle-plague.

When Lord Palmerston was asked whether he would revert to Protection, he significantly replied that the Exe could not be made to flow back to its source. Prince Bismarck's reply to a similar question would be that the Rhine could and should flow back. If his recent letter on taxation is to be accepted as the measure of his financial knowledge and capacity for civil affairs, Heaven help the land whose best interests are in his keeping—whose trade, commerce, industry, and internal legislation are guided by him. His distinctive qualities are rather those of a conqueror, a great captain, than of a great lawgiver or great administrator. He has the *coup d'œil*, the eagle eye, the rapid decision, of a Marlborough, a Condé, a Napoleon, or a Wellington. He would be an impossible minister in a constitutional government. Under the restraints of a popular assembly he would be like Gulliver, kept down by a multiplicity of threads. Looking round for parallels, we do not turn to statesmen (like Stein or Peel) steadily laying the foundations of national greatness and wealth, but to Richelieu consolidating the French monarchy by the scaffold and the axe, or to Chatham in whom (to borrow the words of Grattan) 'there was something that could establish or overwhelm empire and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.'

Prince Bismarck has much in common with Cavour, but Cavour was an enlightened lover of liberty, and the regeneration of Italy was a nobler, if not more difficult, work than the aggrandizement of Prussia, or the unity of Germany: which yet  
remains

remains to be harmoniously fused, and has hitherto gained little by being (as Bishop Dupanloup said of it) turned into a huge barrack, besides glory and the proud consciousness of strength. If Prince Bismarck is right, all the moralists and philanthropists, all who have put their trust in truth and justice, in progress and rational freedom, in peaceful industry and productive labour, are wrong. It would be a satire on our common nature, a humiliating confession of our being unimprovable, to suppose that his system, a system based on force, on never-ceasing war and absolutism, could last; but it may endure his time: he may go on throwing sixes with the iron dice of destiny; and the dazzling brilliancy of his career may continue to cast its blots into the shade until, haply and happily, mankind shall be agreed upon some sounder and less demoralizing criterion of greatness than success.

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- ART. V.—1. *Annual Reports of Committee of Council on Education.* 1871–2 to 1877–8.  
2. *Annual Reports of Committee of Council on Education in Scotland.* 1872–3 to 1877–8.  
3. *Report of Proceedings of School Board for London, as given in the 'School Board Chronicle.'*  
4. *Reports of Annual Conferences of Head Masters; also Annual Report of National Union of Elementary Teachers.* 1878.

WE propose to deal, in the present article, with some of the most prominent aspects of the Education question, as suggested and illustrated by the documents named above. There are more than one of these which must strike, very forcibly, others besides ourselves, both with the amazing rapidity of our recent progress, and with the necessity of taking to heart some ominous warnings to be gathered from what we have lately heard. In two discussions which took place last Session on the subject, one as preliminary to going into Committee, and the other when the Education Estimates were under consideration, words of warning were uttered, not by one, but by several members. The member for Cardigan, sitting on the Liberal side of the House, expressed, in somewhat homely terms, the growing feeling of irritation out of doors, which our everyday experience proves to be widespread and real. Even Mr. Forster was forced to own a certain sympathy with this commonplace feeling, that distrusts over-education on its own merits. But it was in a graver mood that he spoke the following words,  
and



and it is of much moment to hear one who, more than any other, has shaped our recent educational legislation so expressing himself:—

‘For the first time since he had brought forward those estimates himself, or had heard them brought forward, he was inclined to give a little warning about expense. When they had reached more than 15s. a-head, it seemed to him that they had got as high as they had wanted to get, and he believed as high as would be really useful for educational purposes.’

Some statistics of this increased expenditure, as well as of the results obtained from it, we shall bring forward presently. But it does not require an acquaintance with Blue-books to know the almost feverish activity that has prevailed on the subject of education during recent years. Since the present decade began, Parliament has passed no less than three Education Acts for England alone, besides those that deal with the re-arrangement of Educational Endowments. In addition to this it has, by another Act, established a School Board in every parish throughout Scotland; while another Scotch Education Act, passed last Session, has increased the powers of these Boards, and given them a control over children even beyond school hours, and within their homes. Henceforth, in Glasgow and Edinburgh, we shall render ourselves liable to fine and imprisonment if we buy a newspaper or a match from an urchin under fourteen, after sunset. By the Mines Act of 1872, and by the Factories Act of 1874, educational qualifications were required as a preliminary even to partial employment: and the past Session has seen a consolidation of the Factory legislation, in a new Act, which renders even more stringent the conditions of employment, and proportionately narrows parental liberty. As a whole, the Act will doubtless be most beneficial. As a masterpiece of consolidating legislation, it reflects the highest credit on Mr. Cross, and fitly closes the long chapter of the Acts which, mainly through the agency of the Conservative party, have put an end to the slavery that had established itself at our doors. But we doubt whether, after all, health and strength are not at least equally to be demanded, as a preliminary to factory employment, with any educational standard, and whether it would not have been better to call in the surgeon rather than the schoolmaster to give the required certificate. Some of the provisions of the Act, as, for instance, that which gives power to an inspector to enter any private dwelling-house where work may be carried on, seem to have reached the utmost limit to which legislative meddlesomeness can be allowed to go. In six years a totally new principle in our political and social organization,  
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that of compulsory education, has been introduced and has spread over at least two-thirds of England, and over the whole of Scotland. We have, indeed, submitted ourselves to a system which, sensibly administered, may produce nothing but good, but which requires only a slight strain on the part of those to whom its administration is intrusted, in order to become an intolerable incubus.

And this energy on the part of the State shows only a small part of the prevailing ardour. In all directions, amongst all classes, amidst all the conflicting claims on our attention, education seems to keep its hold over us most completely. A new, and (we are bound to say) a most undesirable addition has been made to our language, in order to describe the devotees of the new movement. They are 'Educationists:' and the complimentary phrases, 'distinguished educationists,' 'advanced educationists,' and the like, have altogether pushed aside the simple phrase, 'a good teacher,' with which our fathers were contented. Perhaps the last has rather too much of a degraded limitation to the practical, and too little savour of the loftier scientific aspects of the question, to suit the taste of the day.

In the midst of so much general ardour, it is an ungrateful task to call a halt, and ask, if not for moderation, at least for a consideration of the goal towards which we are moving. We would not be understood to decry the good which recent efforts have produced. The nation has taken up a task too long neglected, and it is nothing more than what we might expect, that a little exaggeration should be seen in the first ardour of the work. Both legislative action and individual effort have produced valuable results, but it is easy to see how both may be carried too far, and how the multitude of spontaneous and individual theories contain not a little that is strained and ridiculous. It is not with the action of the State that we desire principally to deal. We acknowledge with gratitude its benefits, and we shall only endeavour incidentally to show how these benefits require to be protected from the exaggeration and absurdity of volunteer 'educationists.' But, on the other hand, we shall have to deal in plain terms with some current fallacies, with some pet theories, with some overstrained and absurd tendencies on the part of local authorities, which, if not checked now, must soon lead to a reaction much stronger than we should like to see.

We may be suspected of cynicism if we point out, what is nevertheless our firm conviction, that all the ardour is not purely educational. The everlasting battle of the sects has been re-kindled over our educational legislation, and the vehemence of the  
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the political Dissenter has swelled the noise of the educational theorist. Each sect and each political clique has striven to outdo the other, and to cap the plans of their opponents by some strategy still more freshly drawn from the armoury of the theorists. And so the advocate of some advanced educational doctrine has found himself now and then raised to unwonted prominence by being chosen as the representative of some contending interest. We all know the Dissenting academy whose severely scientific system looks with scorn on the antiquated classicism of the neighbouring Church school. Perhaps we are not quite wrong in thinking that the same feelings prevail in wider arenas, and that the vehement upholders of educational theories have sometimes had not the children only, but also the polling-booths, in their eye.

But be this as it may, we have no desire to renew the battle. We wish, on the contrary, to touch on some aspects both of the education question itself, and of its relations to the taxpayer, which in the heat of that battle have been almost neglected. We fear that we are only expressing what is in the minds of many when we set forth certain current misconceptions, and point out certain threatened dangers, connected with the present educational position; and it is well that our advanced educationists should be warned in time.

First, then, with respect to the schools themselves and the kind of education that is given in them. That, in technical language, is broadly divided into Elementary or Primary, and Secondary or Higher education. We are afraid there are serious flaws in both; and points in which theory and exaggeration have been allowed to prevail over common sense. The secondary schools do not, of course, belong so directly to the question of public education, as they are as yet under no common supervision or central control; but a discussion of the question would be incomplete if we did not deal with some errors which appear to be rife at the present day on the subject of the intermediate education in which the bulk of the middle and upper classes is interested.

So far as this part of education is concerned, the chief danger seems to be a tendency to give undue prominence to the subjects taught, rather than to the mental and moral training which is given by the process. There has been a battle between one subject and another, whose conflicting claims to cover a greater portion of the curriculum are hotly fought for, and in the struggle, what should be the main end of this higher education has been lost sight of. The contending claims reach a settlement, in which but little attention is paid to the real interests of the scholars.

**scholars.** Science, in half-a-dozen branches, divides with ancient and modern languages the meagre attention which is, after all, what the average healthy boy or girl of even the better-to-do classes can be expected to give to all together. We take leave to doubt the advantage of our new methods, and to question whether it is better for our sons to have a compact modicum of miscellaneous knowledge as their *viaticum* to start in life, rather than a training such as our fathers enjoyed, in which method was thought of more than matter. But, at all events, a dozen years, which is the average limit of education in the middle and upper classes, though fully sufficient for a good training, is but a short time in which to settle the dispute between conflicting theories as to the best subjects of education. Our sons, in starting on their school career, are amazingly like the creatures that we, and our fathers, and our grandfathers, were before them—with fair faculties, that is to say, open to judicious training, but with no very clear idea as to the relative importance of various kinds of knowledge. In the multitudinous fare set before them, they are only too likely to lose the benefit of all. Any one subject, by itself, if judiciously taught, would probably be just as good a training to the mind as another; the whole together, only burden and jade the faculties. If the two were equally good as a training, we might teach our schoolboys the literature of Central Africa as well as that of Greece; but it would be a grievous mistake to teach both; and, as the text books are more convenient, we may as well choose that of Greece.

All this will be stigmatized as reactionary by our new educational reformers. The object now is, not to train, but to store the mind, and that just at the period when the mind is fit for training, but utterly refuses to be stored. For ourselves, we would give very little for the actual amount that a boy may be made to learn at school. What he has to acquire there is, the training of the faculties, the habit of attention, those germs of common sense that may—no doubt at a very distant day—develop into the real thing. If the reverse process is pursued, if you cram a boy's mind with undigested information, if you seek to provide him with the key to half-a-dozen sciences, to give him a confused notion of half-a-dozen languages, the result will be as disastrous in his mental as it would be in his physical experience. A precocious boy, that is, an unhealthy boy, will be encouraged in his precocious and unhealthy tendency. He may develop a surprising retentiveness of memory, and may repeat a high order of parrot-like ability. But can any one, in his sane moments, believe that this is a healthy and sound development, and one which deserves encouragement? Let us quote  
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some words written nearly two centuries ago, but whose wisdom our modern educational theorists would find it hard to meet :—

‘You will wonder, perhaps, that I put learning last (in Education), especially if I tell you I think it the least part. This may seem strange in the mouth of a bookish man. . . . I imagine you would think him a very foolish fellow, that should not value a virtuous, or a wise man, infinitely before a great scholar. Not but that I think learning a great help to both in well-disposed minds; but yet it must be confessed also, that in others not so disposed it helps them only to be the more foolish or worse men. When you consider of the breeding of your son . . . place him in hands where you may, as much as possible, secure his innocence, cherish and nurse up the good, and gently correct and weed out any bad habits. This is the main point.’

So wrote Locke. The burden of his complaint is not, be it remembered, against books, but against multiplicity. At the present day he would have been held prejudiced and reactionary. Throughout the whole of his treatise on Education, he reiterates the necessity of simplicity in subject; of training and method, rather than variety and amount. It is hard to imagine his feelings had he been permitted to see the pretentious curriculum of some of our boys’ and girls’ schools, and even of those under the management of school boards, and supported by the rates. Perhaps, in Butler’s words, he might profanely have feared lest—

‘Even as the fowls that live in water  
Are never wet, they do but smatter.’

We do not dwell upon the effect which this overcrowding of the curriculum may have upon physical health, because, serious as this aspect of the question is, it hardly belongs to the present subject. But we appeal to our medical men (some of whom have already felt bound to speak strongly on the subject), and to all whose experience of girls’ schools has been large. Has not this distracting multiplicity of subjects already had the effect of weakening brain and body together, and of adding to the too numerous brood of nervous maladies? How many girls are fit to undergo, without injury to their health, the labour and the excitement of an examination for the degree of the University of London? How many, who are not fit, may be induced to try?

To produce this overstrained and unhealthy tendency to press a variety of subjects into a school course, many causes have been at work. Chiefly, there has been a brood of charlatans, whose equipment for the task of teacher is little else than an acquaintance

ance with the fag-ends of popularized science. We have watched such men experimenting over a class of boys whose parents fondly imagined that their sons were securing, at an enormous expense, a sound 'modern' education; and we have pitied the victims. It is strange that, with all the elaboration of our elementary system, and with the strict inspections and guarantees of fitness to which the elementary schoolmaster is subject, the sphere of teacher in the middle and higher schools is open to any one who, with however little fitness, manages to persuade a sufficient number of patrons that he is deserving of being intrusted with one of the most responsible tasks a man can undertake. But men like this would have made little way had they not found encouragement in places of authority. For some years the late Mr. Mill inculcated as the ideal of education the unfortunate experience of his own childhood. He found many followers, who imagined that a process which had only not ruined a great genius, might stimulate into precocity the average schoolboy. Besides this, a few distinguished members of the Universities, whose own training had been purely classical, affected a graceful self-depreciation, which led to the general discussion of the theories of which they made themselves the champions. The dead languages were to be discarded for the claims of science and French and German conversation, and Mr. Lowe put himself at the head of those who were never tired of showing how great were the educational disadvantages which they themselves had overcome. In a certain speech to the Institute of Civil Engineers, some eight years ago, Mr. Lowe proved the insignificance of Greek history, from a comparison of the numbers slain at Marathon with the victims of modern warfare, and illustrated the uselessness of a training in Greek and Latin from the inconvenience to which, burdened with such a training, he found himself put in conversing with a German waiter. Others, whose dictatorial attitude on the subject of classical literature was hardly so graceful, were only too glad to find such a leader; and we have had popular scientific lecturers, and public men who had hardly proved their competence to speak on the question, repeating out of the enemy's mouth these opinions, which agreed so well with their own theories, and flattered their own self-complacency. First, then, the old classical monopoly was broken down and new claims set up in its stead. It was not difficult to prove that German was a more convenient medium of conversation on the Continent than Greek; and this utility was allowed to outweigh any advantages from the point of view of mental training which Greek might possess. Then scientific training came forward, basing its claims on the well-

sounding but unmeaning maxim, that education should consist not of words but things. This was precisely the sort of baseless antithesis which was sure of popular acceptance; and so our sons had not only to be made adequate for an encounter with a German waiter, but were to acquire what pretended to be a solid, rather than what was called a verbal, education, by dabbling in the elements of science, and learning the barbarous nomenclature of chemical compounds. Lastly came the ideal of variety, which was to meet all these conflicting claims, and to make the growing brain and undeveloped physical strength of our schoolboy into the *corpus vile*, in which the various arts and sciences were to jostle in confused experiment.

Besides the preaching of theorists, a very practical argument has told in the same direction. In our higher schools, the one motive power which has supplanted all others is that of competition. By this rewards are distributed: a career in life has to be secured; the gaining of a scholarship at eleven or twelve years of age may be the turning-point in a lifetime; and in a new and very disastrous sense 'the child' is indeed 'the father of the man.' Now by no conceivable process can mental training find its true value in a competitive examination at twelve, we might even say at eighteen, years of age. The best trained boy will often show a natural and healthy diffidence, a fear to repeat the trite maxims of his school-books, when he has only just learned to know that there is something beyond these school-books. Side by side with the attainment of information—in other words, cram—training can hold no place at all in a competitive examination. What wonder, then, that with this practical inducement, in addition to much authoritative advice, parents think it their duty to see that their boys acquire so much material in the course of their career at school, to be reproduced in competitive examinations, without caring for that mental training which can only prove itself by the slow production of a sensible man and a good citizen? What wonder that men are only now beginning to awake to the grave dangers of the system which has been established with so much pretentious promise of opening a new era in education? Some time ago, one of the foremost of those whom, for want of a better name, we must call crammers, felt himself obliged to claim, as against Clifton School, the training of a successful candidate at some Civil Service competition. The general verdict seemed to be, not that the service was unfortunate which sought recruits from the crammed rather than the educated, but only that the school was unlucky which had not altogether attained the cramming ideal. And perhaps we need not be surprised that people  
thought

thought as they did, with the new ideas to which we are now accustomed.

These new ideas have now been in vogue for some dozen years. Thanks to the conservatism of our greater public schools, they have not, in spite of much encouragement, made great progress there. But elsewhere they have been fully accepted. With what results? Is the generation which has come under the practical influence of the new system fruitful in promise? Is there really more healthy intellectual life at our Universities? Is there more of a desire for knowledge for its own sake? Amongst those who are already taking part in the business of the world, is there any evidence that what they have learned at school retains an attraction sufficient to make them carry it further in after-life? Our young men distinctly read less of what is permanently valuable in literature. There is no longer, amongst our young professional men, that taste for scholarship which, if it did nothing else, gave consistency, instead of whimsicality, to taste and judgment. Have they instead any absorbing interest in the latest developments of science? or do they show a greater earnestness or energy in work? Each one must answer this from his own experience; our own would prompt us to answer, 'No.' The tendency to value rather the acquisition of information, than the mental training derived from school life, has developed an opinionative self-sufficiency, not a real intellectual activity. We confidently appeal to the heads of state departments, whose offices have been recruited during late years from the Universities, for confirmation of these views. Are the young men who now join their staffs equal to those who did so twenty years ago, in general ability, in industry, and in that sense of duty which trains a man to devote himself, with ready zeal, to his daily work? With equal confidence we would ask the headmasters of our public schools, whether they can now reckon on a supply such as used to be forthcoming, of men who are at once accomplished scholars, faithful lieutenants, and ardent workers? By their answers must the result of our modern ideas of higher education be judged.

But it is, of course, in connection with our primary or elementary education that the immense development of educational activity is seen. To speak plainly, we are sceptical as to any real improvement in the state of secondary education, commensurate in any degree with the talk and stir which have been made about it during the last few years. But in regard to the elementary schools the improvement is beyond doubt. It is now forty years since the first public grant was made for elementary



education; and the progress, which these forty years have seen, is a matter of no common congratulation to those who have guided and shaped the interference of the State. No one can doubt that the influence has been, in the main, healthy; and that the successive steps in legislation, which have protected children from the worst hardships of factory employment, which have secured for them the opportunity of an equipment for life in a sound education, and which have supplemented the deficiencies of voluntary effort by a national system, have been steps of which the nation has a right to be proud. We do not agree with those who see in such legislation only the most prosaic element in politics. On the contrary, we find in it the slow and gradual, but now almost complete recognition of the great principles of duty that rest upon a vast community. The sense of such duty comes slowly to a nation. Other agencies, through which class was helped by class, die away. The old bonds that belong to earlier social customs, and which create an unwritten obligation from the rich to the poor, are loosened and dissolved; and only then the nation finds the duty before it, which must be accepted as national, or must be incompletely performed. The full performance of such a duty we should be the last to meet with anything approaching to a sneer.

But we have serious pitfalls to avoid, and it is in regard to these that we wish to give a word of warning. We may hope too much from what we have done; we may attempt to do too much; we may spend too much in doing it; and lastly, there are weak points in our machinery. To all of these we must look, if we are not to provoke the reaction which is the certain result of a blind pursuance of one exaggerated aim. In the first place, as to our hopes. It is not now needful to argue for the advantages of education. No man, whose opinion is worth anything, now doubts these advantages. But to look to a completed national education as the certain harbinger of a millennium of social improvement, is nothing but madness: and if we recognise this, as most people do, it would be better to avoid such language as may persuade ourselves and others that education will bring us very much nearer to such a goal. Hardly a speech is made by any of our progressive politicians, which, fairly interpreted, does not contain, more or less explicitly, such a hope. But few are bold enough to attempt to confirm these hopes by a reference to facts. It is not true that crime is diminishing. The expenditure of drink is vastly increasing. Juvenile delinquency is as great a problem as ever. The latest Report of the Inspector of Industrial Schools informs us that our Reformatories are more crowded this year than last. In that training of manners, which  
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is closely allied to morals, in the inculcation of respect for the feelings of others, our Board School system, if it is to be judged by its results, has utterly failed. No doubt in a small area, an exceptionally active School Board may for a time frighten the juvenile delinquents into school, or into other districts, or into increased shrewdness in avoiding the School-Board officer. But we have yet to see improvement on any large scale; and we have, further, to see whether repression between five and thirteen is a necessary deterrent in after-life. It is more than likely that education will act on crime much as Dr. Johnson thought it would act as a social leveller. It was suggested, Boswell tells us, that education might make the people less industrious.\* 'No, Sir,' said Johnson; 'while learning to read and write is a distinction, the few who have that distinction may be the less inclined to work; but when everybody learns to read and write, it is no longer a distinction. A man who has a laced waistcoat is too fine a man to work; but if everybody had laced waistcoats, we should have people working in laced waistcoats.' What moderated Dr. Johnson's fears may well moderate our hopes. So long as education raises a man in the social scale, it may make him less likely to resort to crime; but not so when the laced waistcoat is the property of all.

More than this, we may easily be too sanguine in our ideas as to the permanent value of the education given in the elementary schools. It is not generally known how far thoroughness in the essential elements is made to yield to more showy subjects. Of the six grades into which the Education Department classifies the elementary attainments, the four higher are passed by a grievously small percentage of scholars. Strain our efforts as we may, we can devise no way to overcome those rank overgrowths that choke many of the seeds we plant. Hereditary taints, physical weakness, ill-influences at home, the unending inborn capacity for evil, all these thwart our endeavours, and the results obtained are lamentably small compared with what they ought to be.† And they are frequently evanescent. At the evening

\* Croker's 'Boswell,' iii. 224.

† In the latest Reports of the Committee of Council we read: 'The results are not satisfactory; they show the large number of children who are not known to be attending efficient schools; the small number, even of those who attend such schools, who do so with anything approaching to regularity; the large proportion of these last who are not presented to the Inspector to give proof of the results of their instruction; and the meagre nature of the results attained by many of those who are examined.'—*Report on Education*, 1876-77.

So again, this year, after giving certain statistics, their Lordships say:—'It thus appears that whereas, out of 1,335,118 scholars examined, as many as 655,435, being over 10 years of age, ought to have been presented in Standards IV.-VI., only 264,860 were so presented, while 390,575 were presented in standards suited for children of seven, eight, and nine years of age.'—*Report*, 1877-78.

schools for lads from fourteen to eighteen, the same scholars are learning the very tasks they had laboured through, six or eight years before. Those who have watched the facts most minutely know that the supply of straw is meagre, and the tale of bricks but short!

Again, we may, as we have said, attempt too much, and the danger is nearer than many suppose. The adoption of a system of free education has been advocated only by a few in this country. We observed that Mr. Bright lately announced his conversion to the system, but even at his instigation the number of converts is not likely to be great. Yet it does not follow that we should be blind to its dangers, or forget how it would revolutionize every institution in the country. It has been distinctly propounded as an object of attainment by a political party, distinguished both for restlessness and pertinacity. Without adopting it in its entirety, we may easily be made to drift into lines which carry it out in all but name. We shall show presently how one part of our machinery has already afforded room for measures which go far in this direction. And without a free education, we may easily carry our State aid too far. We grievously mistake the temper of the House of Commons, if it is prepared deliberately to adopt the principle, that the debt of the State towards the young goes further than a fair and full development of elementary education. We have heard Mr. Bright himself enunciate this limitation, not very long ago, with the cordial approbation of the House of Commons. We are bound to secure, as far as we may, that every child can read, write and count; but we are not bound to do more, nor is the taxpayer or the ratepayer prepared for more. Parliament has not sanctioned it; and, though something of the kind has been done in Scotland, it must be remembered that the higher schools of Scotland were deliberately placed, in 1872, under the management of the School Boards, as the successors of the Town Council managers, and that the historical traditions of Scotland give higher education there a claim upon the rates. But before Parliament does sanction it for England, not only the expense, but the great evils of the system must be fully stated. In the meantime we may move so far in that direction as to be unable to retrace our steps. It will bring us face to face with difficulties of a kind hitherto hardly tried. Every penny taken out of the pocket of the ratepayer for the purposes of education above that which is elementary is a distinct inducement to him to submit his child to what he may know to be a dead mediocrity of teaching. Divergences of view are not confined to religion; and the portentous exaggeration which has been given to conscientious religious scruples should  
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not hide from us the fact, that there are other conscientious scruples of no less force. At what expense of individuality, of liberty of thought, of all that makes life worth having, shall we secure a common agreement as to the sort of literature that is to be taught to our children, as to how they are to learn to master the great truths of science, or to appreciate the lessons of history? As the iron bond is tightening over us, some may, some will, we trust, resist the encroachment on the most precious of their liberties, and know how to value the priceless boon of free thought. But how many can do so? And how strong will the tyranny of a majority be? We know how easily fanciful whims as to education have been accepted by the crowd, and we can guess what the model of a Secondary or Higher school under such direction might soon be. There would be some crumbs of science popularly expounded; a surface-knowledge of French and German, useless for practical purposes. No language which bears the epithet of 'dead' could of course claim any attention. History would consist of an undigested collection of recent occurrences, presented with the strong colour of political prejudice. The most modern handbook of the day on political economy would form part of the course; and the modesty of our youth would be cherished by a free discussion of current social problems.

We have to trust to the healthy control of a central authority and of Parliament, to prevent the most marked of the tendencies in this direction which we shall find to exist. But already the Department has to recognise, even in the elementary schools, and to give payment on account of, a number of extra or specific subjects. Under this head more than 11,000*l.* was paid last year in England, and nearly 6000*l.* in Scotland. No part of the grant requires to be more strictly kept within limits than this. Not only is it questionable how far the Parliamentary grant should pay for instruction in French, German, or Latin; but, for the sake of the pupils themselves, any excess in this direction is to be avoided. In a system of State education, the essential point is to give the rudimentary subjects. Anything beyond this is dangerous, in proportion as its direct utility to the learner is not obvious. If the parent once feels that the time of his child, which he could undoubtedly make profitable out of school, is not profitably spent in school, we shall have to contend with an increased aversion to compulsion. It is for this reason that we would urge the necessity of making these 'extra' subjects, above all, technical and industrial, if they must be maintained. A smattering of letters, scraps of French grammar, odds and ends of abstract sciences, are of little use to the class which fills  
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our elementary schools; and, instead of thanking us for them, the mechanic and the agricultural labourer of the next generation are more likely to say with the shoemaker in Martial—

‘At me literulas stulti docuere parentes.’

If the State is to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic, then let our educational rulers see that such additional work, and the expense it involves, be directly beneficial to the State, and a useful employment of their time to the pupils.

If we attempt too much, it almost necessarily follows that we shall spend too much. We speak now only of that expenditure which comes out of the pocket of the imperial taxpayer; of the burdens of the ratepayer we have more to say presently. But we have seen the impressive warning given by Mr. Forster on the former point; and a little inquiry will not tend to diminish the force of that warning. It is forty years since the first grant was made by Parliament for national education; that grant amounted to 20,000*l.*: the estimate for the current financial year is considerably more than two millions and a half. In 1870 the expenditure was 804,000*l.*; that is to say, in seven years, the rate of increase has been 167 per cent., and this enormous and rapid increase is not caused only by the increased number of children in average attendance; within the same period the increase in attendance has been only about 80 per cent., as compared with 167 per cent. of increase on expenditure from the Parliamentary grant alone. The rate of grant per scholar has increased during the same time from 10*s.* 1*d.* to 15*s.* 3*d.*, or rather more than 50 per cent. This is startling enough by itself. But it appears also that the cost of education has increased in an almost equal degree. It was calculated, a very few years ago, that the cost of elementary education was not more than 30*s.* per annum for each child. In Board Schools that cost amounts to more than 2*l.*; and of this increased cost an even smaller sum than before is drawn from what, if it can be got at all, is the most healthy source of income, the school-fees of the children. Serious as this appears, it is nothing to the burden which would have been imposed on the country, had we followed the advice of those who seemed to see no aim in all educational legislation beyond the destruction of existing agencies. To prove this, we would call attention to the following weighty extract from the speech of the Vice-President of the Council, in moving the Education Estimates on the 5th of August last. After comparing the cost of education in Voluntary and in Board schools, in certain respects, he goes on:—

‘But even this comparison did not show the real cost of School  
Boards,

Boards, for he had excluded all expenditure except that of the maintenance of the school. On page 26 of the report it would be found that the expenditure from the rates was 66 per cent. of the total expenditure of School Boards, the annual grant being 18 per cent. To put it in other words, the expenditure from the rates was 3½rds as much as the annual grant; therefore, for every 1*l.* received from grants, the School Boards spend 3*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* out of the rates. He would particularly call attention to these figures, for we were warranted in drawing a certain conclusion from them. When the Bill of 1870 was under discussion, many gentlemen on the other side were in favour of a more drastic measure for the extinction of voluntary schools, and the substitution of an uniform rate-supported school system. Supposing such a measure had passed and been successful, and that now there were no voluntary schools, they could accurately estimate the cost of the experiment. The annual grant to schools, excluding all assistance to training colleges, grants under Acts of Parliament, &c., was 1,851,796*l.* The School Board spend now three and two-third times as much from the rates as they get from the grants. If they had the whole of the grant they would be levying 6,750,000*l.* in rates alone.\* Supposing, therefore, that this enormous increase to the burdens of the poor ratepayer had been coupled with the compulsory attendance of his children at school, so that he could at once trace an arbitrary interference with his rights as a parent as the cause of his increased taxes, would not there at once have arisen a spontaneous and ubiquitous outcry, and would not a reaction against education have set in, which would have made it almost impossible for the Education Department—nay, even for Parliament—to have rigidly enforced such a measure?

We thus see the burden which may still be imposed on us if the Radical party had its own way in regard to education. More even than the burden, we dread the effect of the reaction against education which that burden might produce. But it is not only the increase in the Parliamentary grant and the more expensive machinery of School Boards which call for attention. To a certain degree this increase of expense is probably unavoidable. But it is clear that, on the part of School Boards, there has been a misconception of their functions, and a disregard, in many cases, of the first principles of economy. The members seem often to have yielded to the idea of an enhanced importance being gained by themselves from the lavishness of their expenditure. Schools have often been created in unnecessary proximity to existing ones. They have not always been as economically built as was consistent with substantial construc-

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\* Nor does even this represent the total cost. We have now only about two million children in our schools, instead of four millions, as we ought to have. The total amount of rates therefore, were all the children in Board Schools, would be about 13,000,000*l.* a year!

tion and efficiency. But, above all, the fees have in many cases been unduly lowered. Abundant and even lavish expenditure in building thoroughly good schools may be well excused, but expense incurred by an undue lowering of fees is a simple and unmitigated evil. It lowers the sense of parental responsibility; it burdens the ratepayer; it checks all voluntary effort. Without bringing any special charge, it is worth observing that the feeling has year by year gained ground that such extravagance was very visible in the action of the School Board for London. At the last election the question of economy was mixed up with the question between the religious denominations. The issue between economy—by which we mean the avoidance, not of free and ample, but of mistaken and harmful expenditure—and the reverse, has never been fairly set before the electors in London. Any sudden reaction into a niggardly stinting of funds would be a misfortune; but if it is to be avoided, the present Board must show a little more caution than they have lately done.

It is not long since the rector of St. James's showed very conclusively that the children of parents well able to afford the fee charged in voluntary schools were being attracted to Board Schools by the exacting, in the latter schools, of a merely nominal fee. The same complaint is repeated from almost every part of London; and the lowering of fees in Board Schools has taken place in spite of the remonstrances of the Department. Three years ago the rate in London was 3*d.*: now it is 6*d.*, in 1881 it will certainly be 9*d.* The ratepayer has an unquestionable right to demand that no part of a burden like this shall be spent in indiscriminate almsgiving. There is no aspect in which a policy of this kind can appear justifiable, except to one who mixes up political aims with the discharge of a public function: and it is idle to suppose that its consequence, sooner or later, will not be a distrust of School Boards as agencies of political propagandism at the ratepayers' expense. Last summer, what professed to be an inquiry was held upon certain complaints which had been brought by a clergyman in the neighbourhood against the teacher of the London-Fields Board School, and which had been forwarded by the Education Department to the London School Board. We venture to say that no man can read the account of the proceedings, as given in the Board's own minutes, published in the 'School Board Chronicle,' without coming to the conclusion that the Board has allowed its deliverance to be shaped by a strong bias in favour of the teacher; that the members have completely misunderstood their own duties in relation to the  
ratepayers;

ratepayers; and that not this teacher only, but others similarly placed, are all but expressly encouraged to go and do as he is accused of doing. The charges brought against him were as follows: that he had aimed at making his school a middle-class school instead of one for the poor; that he had admitted a better class of children from efficient schools to the detriment of the poor in the neighbourhood; that he had dismissed children for irregular attendance, and had induced children to leave another school.

It is perfectly clear that any one of these charges, if proved, rendered the dismissal of the teacher an imperative necessity. Each of them involved a charge of acting against the interests of the ratepayers, and by winking at them the Board must render itself responsible to its constituency for maladministration. Now let us see the manner in which the charges are investigated.

'We have to report,' the Committee begins, 'on the whole case that it appears to us that as to the most serious part of the charges against Mr. Gill, that he has aimed at making this school a middle-class school to the detriment of the poorer children, and that with a view to this he admits the superior children and excludes the poor, we consider it unfounded.'

We pass over the defective grammar of this deliverance, though it is somewhat noticeable in a document proceeding from such an eminent educational authority. But we should much have liked to have had a few arguments in favour of considering the charge unfounded. What does appear, leads us to a very different conclusion. The children, we are told, were '*mainly* those of poor parents.' But there was undoubtedly 'an admixture of a richer class.' The whole, it appears, had an appearance that 'suggested greater wealth,' but this was only owing to 'the school influence.' What does this mean? Does the school provide clothes as well as accomplishments?

So much for the 'most serious charge'—which is neither admitted nor repelled, but on which the deliverance virtually is, 'perhaps he didn't do it; but if he did, why not?' Next, as to the exclusion of irregular children. In respect of this, the Board calmly admit the charge. 'In his eagerness,' it appears that the teacher 'departed from the rule of the School Board' by excluding irregular children. More than this, it appears that he had a caution, and has transgressed since, but only once 'since the caution.' They are sure it 'was not in bad faith;' and so this eager and zealous teacher is patted on the back, and another caution, which he may accept or not as he pleases, is gently given to him.

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As to the last charge, that of inducing children to leave another school, the answer is an admission of his guilt: but, we are naively told, it was 'more than a year'!

And after an investigation which is nothing but a scandalous farce, the School Board get quit of charges with which they were bound to deal, by assuming a judicial air on matters with which they have absolutely nothing whatever to do. 'We cannot,' they say, 'justify Mr. Podmore's (the clergyman's) tone;' 'We do not think Mr. Podmore is justified in insinuating,' &c. But by what right do the School Board presume to sit in judgment on Mr. Podmore, and either to justify or not anything which he, as a ratepayer, may think fit to say? Their business is with their defaulting teacher, and they cannot be allowed to cloak their own justification of malpractices by presuming to sit in judgment on their constituents.\* The charges were brought; they may be true or false; but at least the investigation of the School Board will persuade no one of their falsity.

We regret that another sphere of activity in which the London School Board have indulged, that of a training ship, was not made the subject of full Parliamentary investigation during last Session. Only one or two almost unnoticed questions were put concerning it, at the very close of the Session, in the House of Lords. We hold that any such scheme is to be looked upon with the very closest watchfulness. The experiment of supplementing a compulsory power, by a power of providing food for the children driven into school from the street, is one which extreme cases may render necessary. But in any case the exercise of such a power must be jealously guarded, and we are very doubtful whether the scheme upon which the London School Board has now launched, in their zeal for rivalling voluntary effort, is not one altogether extraneous to their functions. Still more strongly do we feel it necessary to condemn the sort of expenditure which has been incurred on the fitting up of that training ship, which, if report speaks truly, appears to reach a very extreme of whimsical, and—may we add?—effeminate, extravagance.

During last Session attention was called by the member for South Leicestershire to another subject of much importance in connection with School Board expenditure, and the statistics given were such that we are surprised that public indignation on the subject has not already been more strongly expressed. Many School Boards have established savings-banks in connection with their schools, and it appears that the cases are very frequent indeed in which considerable sums stand to the credit of children, whose parents claim, and obtain, exemption from the  
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payment of school fees. And this, we are told, is to encourage thrift and independence!

In connection with the subject of the extravagance of School Boards, we must call attention to a very serious power which appears to be claimed by School Boards under those regulations as to special or 'extra' subjects to which we have referred above. In April last, Mr. Wheelhouse put a question to the Vice-President of the Council on the action of the School Board of Bradford, the chosen home of caucuses and advanced educational policy. This School Board has established two schools for the purpose of giving what is called a 'superior elementary education.' In the curriculum of these schools are included 'drawing, English literature, social economy,' as well as 'Latin, French, mathematics (algebra and Euclid), physical geography, mechanics, animal physiology, and domestic economy.' Chemistry, botany, and other sciences may be taken up 'without extra charge.' In regard to this, Mr. Wheelhouse asked whether such action was taken with the sanction of the Education Department. Such sanction, it appears, was given; and on the grounds stated by Lord George Hamilton it does not seem that it could legally have been withheld. The fees were raised above those charged in ordinary elementary schools, but yet kept just within the maximum allowed by the code (9*d.* a week). By this contrivance, well-to-do tradesmen of Bradford are enabled, by the help of other ratepayers there, and of taxpayers all over the country, to get for 9*d.* such an education for their children as would otherwise cost three or four times that amount. When the Legislature provided for the payment of fees in cases of absolute poverty, did it intend to lighten the cost of a 'superior' education to the well-to-do? And if not, what sort of power is this exercised by the Bradford School Board, and open to the imitation of every School Board throughout the country?

Another item of harmful expenditure is to be found in extravagant salaries to teachers. By all means let such sums be paid as are necessary to secure efficiency; but more has sometimes been done, and a strange instance of this came under our notice some time ago in the Scotch press. Like some other Boards, the School Board of Edinburgh is fortunate enough to possess a contingent of lady members. This contingent naturally belongs to that party which is anxious to undo the wrongs of their sex. So good an opportunity was not to be lost, and by their influence the School Board executed a curious *coup de main*, by spontaneously offering salaries to their female teachers, notoriously in excess of the sum necessary to secure the leading members of

of the profession. Complaints, not unnaturally, made themselves heard on the part of the ratepayers; but the lady members boldly avowed their determination not to be 'niggardly' with other people's money, and openly professed their pleasure at raising the status of teachers belonging to a wronged sex. So long as this is the measure of responsibility on the part of School Boards, it is not surprising that we should hear fears expressed at the largeness of the trust we repose in their good sense.

A more amusing instance of the fussiness that seems inherent in some of our educational functionaries is afforded by the recent appearances of the School Boards of London and some other places, in the crusade for spelling reform. We do not intend to discuss the sense or practicability of the proposal to alter English orthography in order to suit the convenience of elementary schoolmasters and their scholars. But by what possible conception of their functions do School Boards fancy that they are elected by their constituencies to hold edifying discussions on that and kindred subjects? We presume that discussions, deputations, memorials, and pamphlets are not possible without a heavy cost to something else besides the apparently freely-bestowed time of these self-constituted theorists. To what subjects may not a similar activity lend itself? School Boards are elected by the ratepayers to look after their interests by securing a fair share in the Parliamentary grant. For this purpose they have to provide suitable school premises and an adequate staff of teachers, and to see that the provisions of the code are carried out. There is also imposed on them the duty of enforcing school attendance in terms of the Acts of Parliament. Further than this their functions do not go, and in airing their crotchets on the subject of spelling, the members of School Boards are as gratuitously meddlesome as the members of the parish vestry would be in discussing the decimal coinage, or dogmatizing on conflicting theories of medical science. They cannot too soon learn the fact that they are not directors of Public Education, but simply the managers, for the ratepayers, of the schools.

We regret to find that the Chairman of the London School Board, in the last annual address in which he congratulated the Board on the operations of the past year, touched but little upon those points which have caused misgivings in the public mind. The unpopularity of School Boards is a matter which admits of very little doubt, and on which they would do well to take warning. It is caused partly by their extravagance, partly by the proneness to petty tyranny and meddlesomeness inherent in local authorities; often by their too evident incapacity for any  
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educational superintendence, and by the ludicrous exaggeration given to the scarecrow of religious scruples. Not long ago we read of one School Board in which objection was taken to a Doxology and to the Collect 'Lighten our darkness,' on the ground that they were 'rather peculiar.' The following is given in Mr. Sewell's report in the Department's Blue Book, as an extract from the Log Book of a Board School in which no religious instruction is given. 'I was shocked,' says the master, 'by coming across some ten boys kneeling in the road and travestying the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and other religious forms. On seeing me they went away well in advance to avoid recognition, singing obscene songs and making use of the most filthy and profane expressions. I have seldom heard anything more horrible—never from boys.' The debates of School Boards are not less ludicrous, in their contempt at once of politeness and of grammar, than those of our Town Councils. The School Board may be emphatically present, but the schoolmaster is often, as plainly, abroad. The reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors testify almost uniformly to the dislike, the suspicion, the unpopularity which School Boards have created for themselves. They have not confined themselves to supplementing the voluntary system, but have endeavoured, by more than questionable means, to oust it.

From the School Boards and their administration, we pass to our schoolmasters. We are ready to acknowledge most fully the energy, the earnestness, and the hard-working zeal of a deserving profession. We recognise the high qualities that are to be found both in the higher branches of the profession and in the teachers of our elementary schools. Of the former we have little to say. The reports of their conferences, perhaps, lead us to think that something more of self-restraint, and an increased practicability of aim, would not be amiss. They seem perhaps rather too self-conscious of their superiority to other men, for the give-and-take of ordinary life. But it is with our elementary teachers that we wish more especially to deal at present. And, with all their zeal and energy, we are afraid it is necessary to speak some plain truths of the attitude assumed by this branch of the profession. A sudden and large increase of their emoluments and an enlarged sphere of activity seem to have induced our elementary teachers to form rather an exaggerated idea of their own importance, and to insist, with a somewhat strained self-assertion, upon what they conceive to be their rights. There is a tendency to form a trades-unionism of the worst class, and to forget the due relation between themselves and the education  
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of the country. Their claims are indeed, if we trust to the Report of the National Union of Elementary Teachers for the present year, somewhat ludicrously inconsistent. At one time they think they ought to be allowed to act as clerks to School Boards—a position in which they would manifestly be out of place; at another time we find them objecting with much vociferation to any statistical work being laid upon them in addition to their duties of instruction. At one time they clamour for recognition as servants of the State, and directly responsible to the Education Department—a position which would destroy the principle of local responsibility resting on school managers or School Boards; at another time they complain that the Department interferes with the duties, or regulates the status, of the teachers. Another speaker would find justice granted to elementary teachers only when ‘the same pair of covers shall enclose the names of the elementary schoolmaster and the head-masters of Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and Rugby.’ From the ranks of elementary schoolmasters not only are inspectors to be appointed, but the Minister of Public Education is to be chosen from their body. They are not to be subject to the discipline of the Department, or even to dismissal by a School Board, without the intervention of what is called ‘a Court of Appeal.’ They are to dictate to the Department the terms of its code, to criticize its regulations, and to pronounce for one system of disbursing the Parliamentary grant in preference to another. With a somewhat naïve confession of shortcoming, they object to being paid by results. They state their satisfaction or dissatisfaction with the relations between themselves and the Department, forgetting that Parliament has never sanctioned any relations between themselves and the Department at all; but has by all its recent legislation placed the School Boards and local authorities, and these alone, face to face with the central authorities. The whole theory on which our educational system is based renders illogical and absurd the intervention of a third party between local managers and the Department of the State. Again, the teachers claim to dictate the terms of entrance into the teaching profession—that is, in other words, to prescribe to School Boards what persons they may appoint to their schools, and to the Privy Council who are to be the recipients of the certificate of fitness.

We were glad to find that these pretensions have not received very much encouragement either from the Education Department or from Parliament. It is only becoming that any body of deserving men should be treated with courtesy; and this, as the Union acknowledge, has been accorded to them. But, in answer to a long string of suggestions, they are plainly told by my  
Lords,

Lords, 'That their Lordships, in framing the code of 1878, will bear in mind such of the suggestions made in these communications as relate to subjects upon which the opinion of your association is entitled to consideration.' 'The Executive,' we are told, 'believe that the opinions of the teachers on any educational question are entitled to consideration.' But we are afraid the public will hardly agree with the Executive. On their claims to the Inspectorate, urged by certain spokesmen in the House of Commons, there were significant utterances both by Mr. Forster and by the Vice-President of the Council. 'They would be misleading teachers,' said Mr. Forster, 'if they led them to imagine that many of them could fulfil the conditions' (of appointment as inspectors). Lord George Hamilton thought 'that nothing could be more dangerous than to pass a resolution in the House of Commons that teachers ought to have a priority of claim to become inspectors.'

This ignorance on the part of teachers as to their position and as to their relation to the country is a point about which no reticence need be shown. They must distinctly understand that their office is not one which calls for any special abilities, and that they must not assume to themselves all the credit of being the pillars and guides in our national system of education. That system is instituted by Parliament: it is guided and supervised by Ministers, and by a Department responsible to Parliament: it is administered by the local authorities, who establish, support, and manage schools. The authority which instituted the whole system also provides a means of training the instruments wherewith to work it. It does not select the instrument ready made: it takes the boy of thirteen or fourteen, and trains and forms him into the type of teacher that is required. If a certificated teacher is fit for his work, it is largely owing to the training he has received from the State; and the sooner he recognises that he is the servant of the school-managers, and not in direct relation with the State, the better it will be for his understanding of his own position. Pretensions such as those which he sometimes puts forth—as the critic of legislation, the adviser of the Department in regard to its code, the dictator to parents of what their children shall learn, and the guide and Mentor to a School Board—must be checked and crushed without mercy. It is only so that we can guard against our being strangled in a net of our own making, and prevent one, and that not the most important, part of the machinery from claiming to overrule and dictate to the whole.

There is a last development of the pedagogic spirit which would be amusing for its arrant pedantry, were it not symptomatic

tomatic of the serious evils which, if unchecked, this spirit may produce. The pedagogue has long been insisting that every one should recognise the profound importance of his art, and has long been pluming himself on being the practical leader, if not of this, at least of the succeeding age. He has developed a full-blown science, of which it appears he is at once the founder, the teacher, and the practical exponent; and he has got a splendid name for it. It is the 'Science of Pedagogy,' or, as we believe it is spelt by the initiated, 'Paidagogy.' He has been preaching the virtues of this neglected science for several years now. We have, it appears, during past ages been proceeding not only upon wrong principles in education, but upon no principles at all. It has been reserved for a new class of teachers, a class whom the State has called into being, in order to perform what cannot claim to be the highest part of the teaching art, to discover those principles and to arrange them into scientific shape. We might have believed the training of these teachers to be somewhat limited; we might have held them to be rather the results of a process carefully elaborated by others, than men who had themselves worked out a system of education: but this it appears is not the case. They have besieged the Treasury and Parliament with requests for a grant to found Professorships in the Scotch Universities to teach this newly discovered, but apparently essential, science. We may pay grants to Training Establishments, we may have elaborate arrangements for our pupil-teachers, we may have organized inspection of our schools; but all this is to be insufficient, unless our future teachers are indoctrinated in the so-called principles of the science which they are to carry into practice on the poor little Arabs committed to their care. Hitherto, we are glad to learn, the 'application to the Treasury has not been successful; and two out of the four Scotch Universities have refused to admit Professors of 'Paidagogy,' even though charitably endowed. But in two Universities—Edinburgh and St. Andrews—we have already full-blown Professors of this novel science, and we hear something of the same kind is in contemplation nearer to ourselves. What the capacities of the Professors may be we have no means of knowing. They may be, and doubtless are, gentlemen of the widest attainments and the highest dialectic skill. But, if so, we can only condole with them on being the official representatives of a science whose very name is embodied pedantry, and which might have found a fitting home amongst the inhabitants of Laputa.

When we hear of exaggerated absurdities like this prevailing with a large number of men, who deliberately make up their  
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minds that the education of the country is to be improved by appointing a professor to lecture to the students in our Training Colleges on the *Cyropædeia* (such, we have been told, was the subject of recent lectures by one of these professors), we are tempted to run to the other extreme, and say with Dr. Johnson, 'Education is as well known, and has long been as well known as ever it can be.' Of this at least we are sure, that our certificated teachers are most likely to fit themselves for their part in life by careful attention to the work that goes on within the four walls of their school. When they wish a knowledge of those mental sciences that give a new and deeper interest to the routine work of school, let them seek it where it is open to them as to other men, and not where it must come through the narrow channel of professional association. Such teaching as is proposed is a symbol of separatism; it will cause distrust amongst the public, their employers; if well advised, the teachers will deliberately set it aside. Only one word more of advice we would give them, although confident that for the best members of the profession it is absolutely unnecessary. Let us hear less at these annual conferences about the social status of teachers. Social status is an accident to which it hardly becomes a body of men to pay much attention. The loud expression of dissatisfaction is, at least, the surest means of defeating the end they have in view. We cannot scold ourselves into social consideration.

Lastly, a general treatment of the subject of recent education would be incomplete without some mention of our newest school books. These are, indeed, remarkable if taken by themselves; but they are not less so when taken in connection with all this feverish excitement about new schemes and new theories of education, and all this self-importance amongst schoolmasters, with their brand-new science. We often find the critics with justice congratulating us on the ability displayed by our recent school books, and upon our good fortune in finding men of high place in science and literature ready to devote themselves to the work of popularizing their own stores. It would be irreverent to hint at any reasons which might make that devotion appear in a less meritorious light. We have no concern with the inducements that draw these chips from the workshop, and desire only to treat the new style of school book as a phenomenon in modern education, which we venture to think is, in spite of the ability displayed, not altogether healthy. Of some of those small handbooks we would speak with all praise. Those on science, for instance, edited by Professor Huxley, are models of



clear and lucid exposition in a small compass, and, if over the heads of our schoolboys, are not without their benefit to those who have not the schoolboy's opportunity to learn in the class-room, and who are fain to reap the benefit of information so accessible. But the endless supply of handbooks on every conceivable subject—of primers reaching from Homer and Shakspeare to Political Economy, of school treatises in this or that 'epoch' of history—is now carried to an extent that is, to say the least, surprising. No excuse for making a book is spared, no subject that can serve to hang a handbook on is lost sight of. We have school editions of every popular poem, from 'Tam O'Shanter' to 'Childe Harold,' in which each whim of the poet, each flash of genius, each happy turn of expression, is analysed, dissected, done to the veriest death agony of prose. We live in dread of a school edition of the 'Waverley Novels,' which already, we grieve to say, are subjected to the ordeal of posing in one of the Civil Service Commissioners' examinations. One handbook gives us—we admit, with striking ability—2000 years of Greek literature in less than 200 small pages: we have 1200 years, and we are afraid to say how many names, from English literature, condensed—and no doubt gracefully condensed—into the same space in another. The books themselves are admirable: but are they good for the boys? We have various little periods of English history selected for our schoolboys, on no principle that we can discover, except that of finding an epoch to which a name can be attached. We recently glanced at one of these handbooks on the reign of Queen Anne, in which the reader was informed that 'Swift's humour was never excelled by any other English author,' or words to that effect. In the name of all that is reasonable, to what purpose is all this? Can any one gravely maintain that the politics of Queen Anne's reign, the intrigues of Sarah Jennings and Abigail Hill, the slyness of Harley or the cynicisms of Walpole, are fit subjects to set before a boy? When you have told him that Swift is a great humorist, what next? Is he, parrot-like, to repeat this, or do you propose to illustrate Swift's humour, that he may judge for himself? Do you fancy you can so much as explain to him what humour is, or do you wish that our schoolboys were men of the world enough to know what the humour of Swift meant? And if they did know, what are you adding to their knowledge by telling them that Swift was an excellent humorist?

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up at school. They foster the worst symptoms of our educational restlessness, that excessive desire for something new and untried; that aim, we are afraid we must say it, to display the special talent of the teacher rather than to develop the general faculties of the boy. They abound in that allusive writing, which encourages the immorality of a parade of superficial knowledge, and which teaches a boy to docket a name in literature by a clever epithet, or a fact in history by an apt comparison.\* They are often impostures in literature, interfere with permanent work, and are written, as one may see at a glance, with a nervous dread of the critics, and an eager desire, by some orthodox spelling, to propitiate the wrath of the specialist. In no aspect whatever are one-half of these countless handbooks good.

We have done with our complaints. We have had to utter truths which we know well will be felt by many to be unpalatable. But we are convinced that our advice to them, to be warned in time, is sound. Our local authorities would do well to remember that it is theirs to administer, not to make, laws; and that until the Legislature has approved the principle of free education, or has consented to subsidize the higher school, it is beyond their function to make fees only nominal, or to tax the ratepayer for the teaching of accomplishments. Our elementary teachers cannot learn too soon that our educational system has not been established for their behoof; that trades-unionism can only provoke the public against them; and that a constant insistence on the demerits of codes and School Boards, and on the necessity of their own 'social status' being raised, is more likely to set men laughing than to conciliate them. Our 'Educationists' might perhaps be a little more practical without disadvantage; and, above all, we might aim at restoring greater simplicity of training, as the aim of our schools; at replacing, in short, *education* instead of *cram*. We must throw aside nine-tenths of our endless 'primers,' and 'class-books,' and 'epochs,' and perhaps even go back to the more old-fashioned and less pretentious school books of our own youth.

If order, sane moderation, and calm judgment are to prevail against angry jealousies, extreme theories, and fanciful pedantry,

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\* An examiner was recently astonished to find that out of about 200 candidates under examination, something like two-thirds began their answer to a question on the Peace of Amiens, by the words, 'Of this peace a witty critic said, "It is a peace which everybody is glad of, and nobody is proud of."' His astonishment was less when he found that the saying, as well as the epithet applied to its author, were transferred from the pages of a recent popular and able History. The History does not name the critic: and all the candidates observed the same reticence.

there is need of a more efficient controlling power to be responsible for the attainment of this end. The organization of our Education Department presents a strange anomaly. We have established an elaborate system, but we have not yet set up a real central authority. The fiction of a Departmental Committee still exists, and alone amongst the states which have established a national system of education we have no Ministry to overlook it. With cattle and medicine, and all the routine of the Privy Council, it shares the attention of the Lord President and of his lieutenant in the House of Commons. If our education is to be guided in the full eye of Parliament, if we are to be assured that every step forward is to be weighed and calculated beforehand, if we are to provide against the danger of sudden reaction and the extravagance of individual whims and fancies, we must accept that organization of the central authority upon which Lord Hampton has for some years insisted with indubitable logic, and we must establish with as little delay as may be a Ministry of Public Instruction, prepared to use to the full, and yet to moderate where needful, all the educational energy of the nation. The Chief of that Department must have round him a Council of men chosen specially for the purpose, whose duties should not be merely nominal, as are those of the bulk of 'My Lords' at present, but who would have to stimulate where needful, and to check whimsical extravagance or waste. At present we may drift, without taking note of our own progress or recognising the point of the compass towards which we move.

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ART. VI.—1. *Chapters on Practical Political Economy.* By Bonamy Price, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. London, 1878.

2. *The Present Position and Prospects of Political Economy.* By John K. Ingram, LL.D., F.T.C.D. An Address delivered before the British Association in 1878. Dublin, 1878.

3. *The Nineteenth Century* for November 1878. Art. IV. 'Recent Attacks on Political Economy.' By Robert Lowe.

4. *An Address on Economy and Trade.* By Professor Bonamy Price. Delivered before the Social Science Congress in 1878.

PERSONS interested in Political Economy will be aware that the subject has not, during recent years, exhibited a success, either on its practical or its theoretical side, equal to that which appeared to crown the labours of economists some thirty years ago. The authority of Ricardo at that date silenced all

all opponents (in England at least) on the main lines of the theory of the subject; and the recent abolition of protective duties on corn could not but be regarded as no slight vindication of the practical benefit of the study. Recent years have not fulfilled the hopes then entertained of a large and striking scientific development of the subject. On the contrary, some of the ablest economists, like Professor Cairnes and Professor Jevons, have gone back to the fresh investigation of fundamental definitions and methods; they have remoulded, rather than added to, our economical knowledge, and remoulded it in a way rather tentative than final or satisfactory. Other writers, of no inconsiderable good sense and power, like Professor Fawcett, have yet made no striking advance on the lines previously laid down. Meanwhile, the course of events in the practical world has presented vexatious problems, which the skill of the economist has hitherto proved unable to set to rights. Bad years have set in for capitalists and workmen alike; whence come they, and what will be the end of them? Ruinous strikes have taken place: one field, at least, of the largest industry has been well-nigh annihilated. Looking abroad, we see Protection, so lately killed in our own country, vigorous and dominating in most foreign lands, and even in our own colonies.

And yet meanwhile, students of political economy are more numerous, more eager than at any previous period; the genuine and strong interest devoted to the subject is immense. We are far from saying that this expenditure of thought is fruitless; but no attentive observer will affirm that the fruit is adequate to the labour. Economists have a large authority in certain traditional fields; but they govern in no new fields, and even their old victories are imperilled.

From these untoward circumstances the three writers whose names are prefixed to this article take their departure, inquiring into the causes of a declension, the reality of which is patent. First, comes the remarkable and original treatise of the Oxford Professor on this subject. His view is as follows. It is, he says, a real loss that political economy does not now govern the actions of men, as it did formerly, in all that concerns the production and distribution of wealth. But it is no real loss that political economy has not attained the scientific development which once was expected of it; because, in fact, political economy is essentially different from a science. Political economy indeed, according to Professor Bonamy Price, has lost practical authority from this very cause, because the students of it have called it and thought of it as a science, and expected that the development and progress of it would take place in precisely the same manner



as the development of mathematics or of chemistry; whereas the real office of political economy is quite different; not to discover theorems, but to direct the procedure and the mutual relations of men in a particular sphere, namely, the pursuit of material wealth. Not that political economy can dispense with wide and even recondite and difficult knowledge; but knowledge is not its end, as it is the end of astronomy or geology. The astronomer has done his work when he has exhibited the magnificent order of the heavens, and interpreted to us the vast meaning of phenomena which to our eyesight are common or insignificant: the beauty and splendour of such knowledge rewards us, even if it has no bearing on our immediate welfare. But the political economist must be animated by another purpose, namely, to guide society in the path of practical utility, and not to show any spectacle of brilliant novelty.

‘Political economy finds processes applied all the world over to the satisfaction of the wants of human life in the matter of wealth. It does not invent nor discover them. It does not announce them, like the developments of geometry or the generalisations of physical science, as new discoveries previously unknown, but now revealed by the application of systematic reasoning. The ordinary instincts of human nature have adopted these processes ever since the origin of man, with more or less sagacity and intelligence. Political economy studies them, discerns intellectually in what their essence and vitality consist, explains them to the understanding of common men, and performs the vast service of clearing them from that admixture of error, both of thought and action, which insinuates itself into every department of human existence. But when these processes have been explained, and rescued from that evil and indestructible weed, false theory, they are seen to be practices which multitudes of men of all ages of the world have carried out, with a full perception that they were the right thing to do. They did not owe them to political economy, though political economy has strengthened the insight into their rightness, and has saved them from the invasion of arbitrary and erroneous ideas. Indeed it may be almost doubted whether political economy ever would have been born, had not the selfishness and folly of men and nations crushed the instinctive impulses of human nature. If the mercantile theory and protection had not weighed heavily on the common sense of mankind, there might have been a political economy of the closet or of sociology—and for how much would it have counted amongst the nations?—a political economy for the people would never, probably, have been constructed.

‘If this conception of political economy be correct, it will be perceived at once that its value lies in its being understood by the mass of men. Here is its true field of action and influence. Its aim is to make common sense the supreme ruler of industry and trade. The test of a true political economy is that its teaching, its principles, its arguments,

arguments, and above all its language, shall be intelligible to all. It addresses as its real audience the labourers of the field and of the factories, the manufacturers and the merchants, the shopkeepers and the legislators, in a word the whole community; and it is bound to use language which they can recognise to be true. If it shoots over their heads, it has missed its vocation. It may amuse speculative thinkers, but it ceases to be a power and to have value of any importance.'—*Practical Political Economy*, pp. 1–3.

It would be impossible to put into better words the fundamental fact, that in the pursuit of wealth, as in every other pursuit, operation, or work of man, there need be a regulative, reforming, regenerative power, to protect man from those natural faults, errors and vices to which he is everywhere prone; and that to supply this power is the main task of the political economist. As the economical housekeeper has to prevent waste, to see that the whole work of the household is carried on in an equitable and orderly manner; so the political economist has to instruct nations, and the individuals within those nations, how they may order their material wealth in such a manner that the amount of it may be the greatest, the quality the best, and the relations between those who provide it equitable and harmonious. Not that the political economist can enter, for the most part, into the details of the production of wealth: he cannot teach the carpenter how to make a table, the cotton manufacturer how to arrange his machinery, the merchant how to load his cargo, or anything of that kind. Nor, as a rule, will the economical housekeeper teach the cook how to make a pudding. Economy, whether domestic or political, consists in the survey of the whole machinery, and the setting it to rights, or causing it to be set to rights, where it is wrong.

While, however, the above passage hits the mark in the main point, it is liable, we think, to two criticisms:—First, Mr. Bonamy Price lays a stress on the commonplaceness of the field of political economy in a manner that may lead to misunderstanding. The operations of commerce, of banking, of large production, are not commonplace or easy to understand, but vast and complex; and it is no small part of the task of a political economist to explain them as they actually exist, without entering upon the practical problems and difficulties with which these operations teem. Indeed, though we have said that it is not the main duty of the economist, as it is of the astronomer, to exhibit to men a novel and magnificent spectacle, but to advise men for the sake of practical utility, yet the vast commerce and production of the modern world has in it much that is magnificent and striking, many refined and

and subtle expedients, which it is a pleasure to survey. True, as Mr. Bonamy Price reminds us, these expedients are of the same type and character as the most ordinary buying and selling, and are moreover often carried on by quite ordinary un-intellectual persons, merely by a sort of instinct as to what is safe and what is not safe. A successful banker, or merchant, or cotton manufacturer, may be a very ordinary person in point of intellect; but the thing he does is not ordinary or commonplace. Though he may be very unskilled in expressing the grounds of his action, though much of it will be mere routine, yet the work when taken in connection with its surroundings is most fertile in interest, and presents real difficulties for the understanding to grasp. And as this intellectual interest forms a large part of the inducement to men to study political economy, and is that side on which it most approximates to a pure science, we think that the ignoring of it is a defect in the passage we have quoted.

Our second criticism is this:—Mr. Price speaks of ‘false theory’ as the great evil which the political economist has to expose. Any evil which attempts to justify itself will of course *ipso facto* become a ‘false theory’: but the theory, in this case, is but the sign of a deeper evil. It is not the theory of theorists which the political economist has, in the main, to expose and counteract; it is, as Mr. Price more truly says afterwards, ‘the selfishness and folly of men and nations,’ which may clothe itself in false theory for its protection, but also may, and perhaps more frequently does, take refuge in reticence and studied obscurity.

To recur, however, to our main thesis: the task of political economy is, we agree with Mr. Price, in the main practical, and not speculative, and it has been the error of political economists, from Ricardo onwards, to treat it as in the main a speculative science. Not indeed that the error has been quite universal. We quote from the book before us:—

‘This description of political economy’ (i.e. the author’s own description) ‘is virtually the same as that given by Mr. McCulloch. “The object of political economists is to point out the means by which the industry of men may be rendered most productive of all those necessary comforts and enjoyments which constitute wealth, to ascertain the circumstances most favourable for its accumulation, the proportions in which it is divided among the different classes of the community, and the mode in which it may be most advantageously consumed.” Upon this Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe asks—“Is this description a fair one? If so, political economy is, after all, not a science, but an art. It is defined by its end, and consists, not of laws, but of rules. It falls into one category together with navigation, ethics, legislation, engineering, &c., as opposed to astronomy, morality, jurisprudence,



jurisprudence, mechanics, &c., which, unconcerned with practice, merely investigate the uniform relations between phenomena." Yet, after so admirable an explanation of the nature of political economy, Mr. Donisthorpe still believes it to be a science, which he denominates *Plutology*.—*Practical Political Economy*, pp. 16, 17.

With Mr. McCulloch and Professor Bonamy Price may, in this respect, be associated Mr. Ruskin, a writer whose great command of first principles is hidden from the mass of men by reason of his arbitrariness and impatience of temper.

'As domestic economy regulates the acts and habits of a household, political economy regulates those of a society or State, with reference to the means of its maintenance. Political economy is neither an art nor a science; but a system of conduct and legislature, founded on the sciences, directing the arts, and impossible, except under certain conditions of moral culture.'—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 1.

The several accounts given by Mr. McCulloch, Mr. Bonamy Price, and Mr. Ruskin, of the office of political economy have a fundamental likeness; and it will be felt how widely different they are from that mere investigation of laws, which, according to the Ricardian school, is the central object of political economy. And with the Ricardian view of the subject, which even yet is certainly the dominant view in England, but which we hold to be essentially inadequate, we propose immediately to deal. First, however, we wish to notice the manner in which Dr. Ingram and Mr. Lowe have dealt with the question thus raised.

Of the ability and thoroughness of the address delivered by Dr. Ingram before the British Association at Dublin, as president of the economic section, there can be no question. He, likewise, is at issue with the school of Ricardo, and on grounds with many of which we entirely coincide. No one has written better on the faults of the ordinary economic definitions.

'The most fundamental economic notions have been subtilized in the ordinary treatises, till the discussions about them often wander away from any relation to fact, and lose themselves in a region of nebulous metaphysics; so that exact thinkers have felt themselves obliged to abandon the use of some of the most necessary terms, such as *value*, *utility*, *production*, and to express the ideas they attach to them by circuitous phrases. I am far from condemning the effort after accuracy of language and well-defined terms; but the endless fluctuations of economists in the use of words (of which numerous examples are given in Senior's Appendix to "Whately's Logic," and in Professor Price's recent work) certainly indicate a very general failure to apprehend and keep steadily in view the corresponding realities.

'A vicious abstraction meets us on the very threshold of political economy. The entire body of its doctrines, as usually taught, rests on the hypothesis, that the sole human passion or motive which has  
economic



economic effects, is the desire of wealth. "It aims," says Mill, "at showing what is the course of action into which mankind living in a state of society would be impelled, if that motive"—except so far as it is checked by aversion to labour, and desire of present indulgence—"were absolute master of all their actions." "So strictly is this its object," he adds, "that even the introduction of the principle of population interferes with the strictness of scientific arrangement." But what is the desire of wealth? It is, as Mr. Leslie says in an article in "*Hermathena*," in which he urges the necessity for a new method in political economy—it is a general name for a great variety of wants, desires, and sentiments, widely differing in their economic character and effect, and undergoing fundamental changes in some respects in the successive periods of society. . . . The motives summed up in the phrase vary in different individuals, different classes, different nations, different sexes, and especially in different states of society. . . . The special desire for accumulation, apart from the immediate or particular uses of wealth, is no doubt a principle of social growth which must not be overlooked; but this, too, takes different directions, and works to different ends in different stages of social development. . . . The consumption, or more correctly the use, of wealth, until lately neglected by economists, and declared by Mill to have no place in their science, must, as Professor Jevons and others now see, be systematically studied in its relations to production and to the general material well-being of communities.—*Dr. Ingram's Introductory Address*, pp. 14, 15.

This is excellent; and much else of the advice which Dr. Ingram tenders to economists is equally sound. But when Dr. Ingram enunciates his principles in their broadest form, we are compelled to say that he forgets the essential conditions of human action. Seeing the errors of economists, he invokes for their remedy,—what? Sociology. That is to say, he sees that economists have been unable to create, out of the 'laws that regulate the production and distribution of wealth,' an unsailable structure; therefore, he says, determine the laws that regulate the entire growth of society, and you will find that political economy comes out quite easily after that. No doubt it will; and many other things will be solved too, when that millennium of philosophers takes place. But here, as in so many other cases, Mrs. Glasse's advice is to be remembered; 'First, catch your hare.' Social science has to be created. As Mr. Lowe remarks, in what appears to us the only satisfactory part of his criticism of Dr. Ingram,—

'I think that we have some right to demand full proof that there exists at the present time such a science as sociology. I do not deny that a science of sociology is possible: I ask for proof that it really exists. The answer which Mr. Ingram gives us to this very reasonable demand I cannot regard as satisfactory. It is this: "That economical

nomical phenomena are capable of scientific treatment is a proposition which I do not intend to spend time in demonstrating. It is comprehended in the more general question of the possibility of a scientific sociology, and any one who disputes it will have enough to do in combating the arguments by which Comte, Mill, and Herbert Spencer have established that possibility. Nor do I intend to waste words in showing that, if there be a science of sociology, no other branch of investigation can compete with it in importance or dignity." This is all the proof that is offered us of the existence of a science of sociology; and if we are not satisfied with this, there is no other. Now I assert that the question is not whether a scientific sociology is possible, but whether the science of sociology actually exists. A science is not created by adducing arguments to show that it is possible. It is a gross abuse of language, of which the practice of the present day offers only too many instances, to degrade the name of science by confounding it with crude and tentative efforts to create science. It is not by adducing arguments to prove that a science on any particular subject may exist that its existence is proved; but, simple and tautological as it may sound, the existence of the science is proved by creating it. . . . Sociology has yet its spurs to win.'—*Nineteenth Century* for November 1878, p. 860.

In point of fact, what Dr. Ingram urges is a very old tendency: Construct a theory of the world, and *then* act upon it. This idea is as old as the hills: but it will not do. We have to act before we know the entirety of the phenomena on which we act; and we learn to know the phenomena by acting upon them, and in no other way. A child, as has been long ago remarked, does not first learn to walk in theory, and then walk actually: he learns to walk by walking. The butcher, the baker, the carpenter, the housekeeper, learn their arts in no other way than this. Just so the political economist must not learn the theory of wealth first, and then advise the world on the grounds of that theory: he must advise as best he can, on grounds which, though real, will often be too imperfect for the construction of a faultless theory. The theory improves as the practice improves, concomitantly with it, and not otherwise. Scientific elements will no doubt enter into his inquiries: and Dr. Ingram supposes that, when he has shown this, he has shown that political economy is essentially a science. But scientific elements enter into navigation and architecture, which yet are not sciences. In short, we affirm that political economy is not merely capable of being utilized for practical ends, but that practice is inwoven into the very fibre and substance of it, and cannot be separated from it. This is the sum of our contention against the scientific economists, to whom Dr. Ingram, though largely differing from them, yet essentially belongs. At the same time we must repeat that

that the value of his essay is great, in spite of the deduction we have been obliged to make by reason of our difference from his fundamental conception.

Mr. Lowe proclaims himself openly as belonging to the dominant school of scientific political economy: but if we wanted a practical proof that political economy is essentially not a scientific subject, his concluding sentences would by themselves almost suffice for the demonstration.

'Setting aside physics and mathematics,' he says, 'the one the chosen ground of induction, the other of deduction, I claim for political economy a success more brilliant and lasting than any other of what are loosely called the moral sciences can lay claim to. "Si monumentum quæris, circumspice." To the labours of these men, whose method is so erroneous, and whose names are so unpopular, we owe, among other things, the repeal of hundreds of galling taxes on almost all the comforts of life and on the food of the people; the repeal of the corn and navigation laws, the cessation of smuggling, the placing of the currency of the country on a thoroughly sound and satisfactory basis, the establishment of limited liability in joint-stock companies, the principle of payment by results, open competition for public appointments, and the abolition of the absurd system of bounties and drawbacks. These are some of the achievements of the past, and I may be excused if I prefer them to the shadowy and unrealised anticipations of the future.'—*Nineteenth Century* for November 1878, p. 868.

Mr. Lowe's list of scientific discoveries is certainly such as we never saw before under such a title. If the cessation of smuggling is to be considered a triumph of deductive science (which Mr. Lowe affirms political economy to be), we do not know why parliamentary reform or the establishment of School Boards should not be considered a triumph of deductive science just as well. Nay, Mr. Lowe himself would have a good claim to be held to be a great scientific discoverer; for did he not reduce the salaries of the writers in the civil service? a measure which undoubtedly fulfilled his favourite test of prediction, for assuredly, Mr. Lowe himself and other members of the Cabinet to which he belonged could have predicted that measure for a considerable time before it came to pass. Is it not plain, that there is not one single item in the list of the triumphs of political economy, as given by Mr. Lowe, which is in the true sense of the word a discovery? They are all practical results, and tend to prove our proposition, that political economy is to be removed from the list of true sciences, and classed with those branches of practice to which domestic economy on a small scale and politics on a large scale belong. Mr. Lowe would have

have had at any rate a more plausible case, had he mentioned Ricardo's doctrine of rent as a scientific discovery in political economy: but to Ricardo we shall come presently. Meanwhile, though it is not so strictly to our point, we cannot help observing on the extraordinary nature of Mr. Lowe's allegation, that 'open competition for public appointments' has been a triumph for political economists. By what political economist was it suggested? or by what political economist, we may add, was the establishment of limited liability in joint-stock companies suggested? Not but that, were Mr. Lowe correct in these two particulars, it would still further detract from the justice of his description of political economy as a 'deductive science.'

We are clear then, that any one who fairly considers, not some special part of political economy, but its entire scope, will conclude with Mr. McCulloch, Mr. Bonamy Price, and Mr. Ruskin, that this is practical and not theoretical. The office of it is to direct, not to discover: 'Do this,' not, 'Know this,' is its keynote. It involves knowledge, and often recondite knowledge: so also does the art of navigation; but both are futile unless some practical aim is proposed.

But we must now treat of those writers who have aided or advocated the opposite view, namely, that Political Economy is a true science, with applications to practice doubtless, but still principally valuable for its theoretical results. The two powerful writers, by whose influence it is that this view has chiefly prevailed, Ricardo and John Stuart Mill, were far from being wholly dominated by it. It usurped, indeed, a far too great share of their writings on the subject, and it was definitely professed by Mr. Mill. But of the generality of writers on economics much more than this is true; they have been wholly dominated by the ultra-scientific bias, and that for two reasons; first, because of the great success of science in modern times; and secondly, because purely theoretical reasonings admit of being carried on in a man's private study, without the troublesome process of acquainting oneself with what is going on in the world.

The incidental (we will not say, minor) writings of Ricardo were all of that nature which, in our view, is the true character of political economy, namely, the practical. They were written in consequence of some actual need, and assume actual facts as their basis. Take, for instance, that tract which Mr. McCulloch justly calls a *chef d'œuvre*, 'On Protection to Agriculture.' Here Ricardo bases himself firmly on solid ground; an indisputable state of things, a state of distress to agricultural interests, exists; the cause of it has to be inquired into. One by one the alleged causes



causes are considered; most are laid aside, after due examination, as unreal; in two only is reality discerned; and, in effect, protection emerges at the end as plainly the great cause, without which the distress would not have been. What can be sounder than such a mode of treatment? and yet the treatise that contains it is distinctly animated by present, immediate interests; the whole nerve and pith of it would be taken out to any one who looked on it as an endeavour to elucidate universal principles. The shoe pinched, and Ricardo was the man who found out where it pinched, and how it could be made easier; that is the true service which the political economist—and not only he, but the statesman and the moralist too—have to render.

Now, contrast with the tract above-named Ricardo's larger treatise, '*The Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*.' Few and rare indeed are the references, in this book, to concrete fact. It is a work, in the main, of the purest abstract nature. As Dr. Ingram says, 'Under the guidance of Ricardo you are constantly, not without misgivings, following certain abstract assumptions to their logical results.' Here then is the very knot of the question. What is the value, what the true character, of this complex set of propositions, named '*The Principles of Political Economy*'? One thing, at all events, we affirm that they do *not* constitute; a continuous scientific exposition. And here we have McCulloch with us, who in his life of Ricardo observes, "The Principles of Political Economy and Taxation" is not even a systematic treatise, but is principally an inquiry respecting certain fundamental principles, most of which had previously been undiscovered.' Now, we will go further, and say what McCulloch has not said, that the 'principles' which Ricardo has 'discovered' are invariably tendencies, and tendencies only; tendencies which in a highly settled and equable state of society will often make an approach to realization, but which are always uncertain, and become wholly untrustworthy as soon as the state of commerce and production is in any quarter thrown out of gear. Yet surely it is in these critical circumstances that the aid of the political economist is principally required.

We must justify this characterization of Ricardo's treatise. His first great theorem is one that had been propounded by Adam Smith before him in many different forms of expression, of which perhaps the following is the clearest:—

'The proportion between the quantities of labour necessary for acquiring different objects seems to be the only circumstance which can afford any rule for exchanging them for one another.'

This

This is hardly correct, even as Adam Smith puts it; but the importance, though not the exclusiveness, of the principle laid down is indisputable. But now observe the manner in which Ricardo employs it. The following sentence, which is complete in itself, is the beginning of an elaborate argument which we have not room to quote in its entirety, but in which the values of corn, cloth, and cotton are calculated from the data given with rigid arithmetical precision:—

‘Suppose two men employ one hundred men each for a year in the construction of two machines, and another man employs the same number of men in cultivating corn, each of the machines at the end of the year will be of the same value as the corn, for they will each be produced by the same quantity of labour.’—Ricardo’s *Principles of Political Economy*, p. 22.

That goes a long way beyond Adam Smith. Adam Smith wrote in the general, and with some sort of hesitation; Ricardo presents us with what claims to be a distinct, special, and necessary conclusion. And we have only to look a very little way in the world to see that the statement here made has no sort of necessity about it, and that the machines may have every sort of relation in price to each other and to the corn.\* For instance; if in 1873, when coal was 45s. a ton, a certain number of tons of coal would exchange for a certain number of quarters of wheat; in 1878, when coal was 19s. a ton, a very different rate of exchange would obtain; and yet the labour of producing coal and wheat has not materially varied in the last five years. But then Ricardo’s followers (*e.g.* De Quincey, ‘Works,’ vol. iv. p. 181) say that Ricardo knew perfectly well that the law he laid down required modification in certain cases, and that he has stated these modifications. He did so; but he made no practical use of the modifying principles. He looked on them as transient exceptions, which interfered hardly at all with the general working of the wealth-producing machinery. He never regarded the demand for commodities as subject to any but the most fleeting variation, an oscillation to and fro about a certain known mean. Those who consider the effect which the famines in India and China have had on our Lancashire cotton manufacturers, will not suppose that the variation in the amount of demand for a commodity is a point that is deserving of only

\* It is fair to say that here, as often, Ricardo’s unwarrantable assumptions do not hinder a certain probability in the conclusion reached at the end of the chapter. No doubt the conclusion was arrived at before the premisses.

The Oxford undergraduate, being asked how he had done his paper in Euclid, said, ‘I did not prove the propositions, but I flatter myself I rendered them probable.’ Ricardo, at his best, did just about as much as this.

a subordinate place in estimating prices. All those great variations in commerce which are produced by the temper of men, by the speculative temper in the capitalist or the ambitious temper in the workman, or by the strength of custom, all the frictions and impediments of commercial life, were unnoticed by Ricardo.

Had Ricardo indeed named his treatise 'Some Observations on the Principles of Political Economy'—had he, that is, avowedly been treating of a part only of his subject; the imperfection of his work, being admitted beforehand, would have furnished no ground for criticism. His long arithmetical sequences would then have been looked on as the ingenious tracing out of a few important elements; as it is, they are presented as the substance of the whole.

But in any case, Ricardo would be chargeable with one defect in an extraordinary degree: the want of any verification of his theories. It is surprising that the practical limits of the truth of his fundamental theorem, the invariability of the proportion between exchange value and the labour of production, should have been subjected to so little examination. But it is much more surprising that so little attempt should ever have been made to verify Ricardo's doctrine of rent. For the doctrine of rent is the one broad doctrine of Ricardo's, which at all events looks as if it might be found to be realized *in practice*. Yet neither Ricardo himself, nor John Stuart Mill, nor Professor Fawcett, all of whom state the theory with the utmost elaboration, ever makes the smallest attempt to show that land is, as a matter of fact, rented according to the principle laid down by them theoretically. We recollect the words of Mr. G. H. Lewes, hailed with delight by all the modern scientific school, that the verification of hypotheses by facts is the great principle of success in modern as opposed to ancient inquiries; and we stand in wonder before a set of theories of the broadest kind, in the most modern of so-called sciences, for which verification seems on all hands to be held wholly unnecessary! Never was a boast worse founded than that which we read in the 'Times' of November 4 last, that 'the famous theorem Mr. Ricardo evolved is everywhere verified by those who are competent to disentangle the phenomena presented to their observation.' The absolute reverse is true: Ricardo's most celebrated theories have, to the present day, received no verification whatever in the published writings of economists; they are still left to rest on the same *à priori* basis as when he first enunciated them.

But, in fact, we have little doubt that the difficulty of verifying such propositions as these, implicated as they are with so many

many side-issues, and extending into so many ramifications which would studiously be kept secret by all the persons concerned, would in practice be found to be immense and insuperable. And this is what convinces us that political economy is not only not a science in its total aspect, but also that it does not even contain any large portion to which a wholly scientific character can be ascribed, however much it may resemble science in the subtlety of its analyses.

The want of practical applicability, which means the want of truth that can be really relied upon as truth, in Ricardo's theories, has been confessed by his greatest admirers. Thus McCulloch says:—

'The establishment of general principles being Mr. Ricardo's great object, he has paid comparatively little attention to their practical application, and sometimes, indeed, he has in great measure overlooked the circumstances by which they are occasionally counter-vailed. In illustration of this we may mention, that society being laid under the necessity of constantly resorting to inferior soils to obtain additional supplies of food, Mr. Ricardo lays it down that, in the progress of society, raw produce and wages have a constant tendency to rise, and profits to fall. And this, no doubt, is in the abstract true. But it must at the same time be observed, that while on the one hand society is obliged constantly to resort to inferior soils, agriculture is, on the other hand, susceptible of indefinite improvement; and this improvement necessarily in so far counter-vailes the decreasing fertility of the soil; and may, and in fact very frequently does, more than countervail it. Mr. Ricardo has also very generally overlooked the influence of increased prices in diminishing consumption and stimulating industry, so that his conclusions, though true according to his assumptions, do not always harmonise with what really takes place. But his is not a practical work; and it did not enter into his plan to exhibit the circumstances that give rise to the discrepancies in question.'—*Life of Ricardo* (prefixed to the *Works*), p. xxv.

So again John Stuart Mill says:—

'Mr. Ricardo . . . assumes that there is everywhere a minimum rate of wages; either the lowest with which it is physically possible to keep up the population, or the lowest with which the people will choose to do so. To this minimum he assumes that the general rate of wages always tends; that they never can be lower, beyond the length of time required for a diminished rate of increase to make itself felt, and can never long continue higher. This assumption contains sufficient truth to render it admissible for the purposes of abstract science; and the conclusion which Mr. Ricardo draws from it, namely, that wages in the long run rise and fall with the permanent price of food, is, like almost all his conclusions, true hypothetically, that is, granting the suppositions from which he sets out. But in the appli-



cation to practice, it is necessary to consider that the minimum of which he speaks, especially when it is not a physical, but what may be termed a moral minimum, is itself liable to vary.—*Mill's Political Economy (People's Edition)*, pp. 209, 210.

Thus, in the hands of Mr. McCulloch and Mr. Mill, the 'application to practice' has brought three of Ricardo's 'principles' into a decidedly questionable position. And be it observed how great is the force, as against Ricardo's special mode of working, of these practical objections; for Ricardo produces his strong impression on the reader's mind, not merely by the fact that he lays down principles, but by the minuteness and precision of the arithmetical calculations through which those principles are expounded and illustrated. An impression is produced, that here is a calculus, by which rents, profits, wages may be absolutely and exactly reckoned. Now while the practical objections seriously modify Ricardo's principles in themselves, they do absolutely destroy the exactitude of the arithmetical calculations by which these principles are illustrated.

Before leaving Ricardo, we cannot omit to notice the one instance in which the intensely theoretical bias of his mind has, in a way that may almost be called accidental, worked real practical harm. No theorem of Ricardo's is better known than this, that wages can only rise by the curtailment of profits, and profits only rise by the curtailment of wages. His statement to this effect is absolute; and the obvious and inevitable consequence of it is to force the conclusion that the capitalist and the workman are necessarily enemies; that the loss of the one is, *ipso facto*, the gain of the other. Nor can we doubt that the weight of political economy has gone, and very largely through this assertion of Ricardo's, towards intensifying the feelings of hostility between capitalist and workman. Mill, it is true, did his best to correct this erroneous tendency, in an excellent passage of his 'Political Economy' (Book II. ch. xv. § 7), by substituting in the theorem for the term 'wages,' the 'cost of labour' instead. But it is only of recent years, through the experience of such a large employer of labour as Mr. Brassey, that it has been conclusively shown that the interests of the employer are really and in the long run coincident with those of the workman. Meanwhile it ought to be noted that Ricardo did not really intend by his words the smallest necessary antagonism between capitalist and workman. His mode of expression is pedantic and clumsy; but his meaning was sound. We must quote the curious passage from which this appears:—

'It is not by the absolute quantity of produce obtained by either  
class,

class, that we can correctly judge of the rate of profit, rent, and wages, but by the quantity of labour required to obtain that produce. . . . We might find, for example, that though the absolute quantity of commodities had been doubled, they were the produce of precisely the former quantity of labour. Of every hundred hats, coats, and quarters of corn produced, if

The labourers had before	..	..	..	25
The landlords .. .. .	..	..	..	25
And the capitalists .. .. .	..	..	..	50
				100

and if, after these commodities were double the quantity, of every 100,

The labourers had only	..	..	..	22
The landlords .. .. .	..	..	..	22
And the capitalists .. .. .	..	..	..	56
				100

in that case I should say that wages and rent had fallen and profits risen; though, in consequence of the abundance of commodities, the quantity paid to the labourer and landlord would have increased in the proportion of 25 to 44. Wages are to be estimated by their real value, viz. by the quantity of labour and capital employed in producing them, and not by their nominal value either in coats, hats, money, or corn. Under the circumstances I have just supposed, commodities would have fallen to half their former value, and, if money had not varied, to half their former price also. If then in this medium, which had not varied in value, the wages of the labourer should be found to have fallen, it will not the less be a real fall, because they might furnish him with a greater quantity of cheap commodities than his former wages.—*Principles of Political Economy*, ch. i. § 7.

We cannot think it a natural or just use of words to say that wages have fallen, when as a matter of fact labourers are obtaining more of every commodity than before in the ratio of 44 to 25. But our readers may judge. It must be clearly seen that Ricardo does not assume that money wages have fallen (for his words to this effect indicate a mere probability); and again, that he does not either here or elsewhere in his work indicate any means of measuring that 'quantity of labour' which he uses as his measure of value. We cannot but say that, however involuntarily on Ricardo's part, the stringent lines which he drew have tended to an unfortunate intensification of that antagonism between capitalist and workman, which cannot be altogether avoided.

Our readers will sufficiently discern, from our account of Ricardo's work, the position which we regard as belonging in general

general to that abstract political economy which is regarded by Mr. Lowe and others as so complete a deductive science. We say that it is an exposition of tendencies merely; of tendencies which, however real, are perpetually being counteracted by other tendencies in such a manner, as to preclude all certainty from conclusions reached in the abstract, without intimate knowledge of the matter in hand. Nor do we believe that these tendencies (*e.g.* the tendency of price to approximate to the cost of production) can be manipulated in the abstract to any great length even intelligibly, let alone profitably and accurately. There will always, we should suppose, be found some vague and doubtful element in the calculations; an element which in any actual case might be determined, but which in the abstract case would leave an unexplored hiatus. This, at least, is our experience of such attempts.

Ricardo, however, never appears to have formally considered political economy an exact science, in spite of the powerful impulse which he gave to this way of regarding it. But Mr. Mill did consider it as such, formally. The result in his case was curious. His whole temper and disposition rendered him incapable of being restrained by bounds inapplicable to the subject, even when they had been prescribed by himself. Consequently, throughout his whole work, he boldly deserts, whenever it suits him, the endeavour to write scientifically; and the best parts of his work are when he does so. No one, whether agreeing or not, can fail to feel the force, the energy, the extent of knowledge, which distinguish his chapters on peasant proprietors, on co-operation, on the future of the labouring classes. But from these perfectly natural and practical disquisitions he is perpetually being recalled by the artificial sense that he is writing a scientific work. He elaborates the simplest propositions, and puts them into technical form. Sometimes, after a series of complex and cumbrous reasonings, he emerges on a conclusion perfectly naive in its simplicity; as, for example, in the following sentence, which is the upshot of the extraordinarily lengthy and difficult chapter on international values (Book III. ch. xviii.).

‘It still appears that the countries which carry on their foreign trade on the most advantageous terms, are those whose commodities are most in demand by foreign countries, and which have themselves the least demand for foreign commodities.’

Twice, at least, the desire for scientific form led him into absolute error or futility. The first instance is that celebrated and much-elaborated proposition, in which he is followed (as usual)

usual) by Professor Fawcett, that 'a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour.' With this proposition we have dealt so fully in a former number \* that it is needless here to examine it at length; but it is worth while to point out the scientific temptation from which the fallacy arose. We quote Professor Fawcett's statement of the proposition in question:—

'We shall be able to deduce,' he says, 'from our previous remarks, that a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour, or, in other words, that he who spends his wealth upon his own indulgences gives no additional employment to the labourer.'—*Manual of Political Economy*, p. 21.

It is the monstrous 'or, in other words,' in this passage to which we object. The two propositions in this sentence are totally different propositions. The last proposition is true enough. Luxurious expenditure is certainly, generally speaking, of no service to the community at large. But Mill wished to embody this indisputable maxim in a striking phrase, which should appear worthy of being ranked by the side of the axioms of Euclid. Accordingly, he stated his proposition in this pointed fashion: A demand for commodities is not a demand for labour. He, like Professor Fawcett after him, was thinking of useless commodities, and of useful labour. Reverse the case: suppose the commodity to be useful, and to take rank as capital, like a weaving-machine; and the labour to be useless, like the digging of an ornamental pond; and it is plain that you are likely to do much more good to the community by demanding the commodity in question than by demanding the labour in question. Or, to put the case in another way. I go to a carpenter's shop, and buy a table, that is demanding a commodity: I go again to a carpenter's shop, and order him to make me a table, that is demanding labour. According to Mill and Professor Fawcett, these two demands are *toto cælo* different: the first benefits the community not at all, the second benefits it to the full extent of my expenditure. Is it not plain, what a fallacy lies here? †

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' July 1872, pp. 111–115.

† It is worth observing that the fallacy originated in the following remark by Ricardo himself, in his chapter 'On Machinery.'

'If a landlord, or a capitalist, expends his revenue in the manner of an ancient baron, in the support of a great number of retainers, or menial servants, he will give employment to much more labour, than if he expended it on fine clothes or costly furniture; on carriages, on horses, or in the purchase of any other luxuries.'

Ricardo must for the nonce have supposed that carriages and horses were rained down from heaven, without labour on the part of anybody in making them; and that the goods given in exchange flew away into void space.

It is evident that, as the action of the spender is supposed in neither case to



The second instance is the still better known wages fund doctrine. It is plain enough, that if you take all the commodities which constitute the real wages of the manual labourers of the country, you have a fund, which, if you are so minded, you may call a wages fund. And, it occurred to Mill, what a neat way of determining the general rate of wages it would be, to take this wages fund, and divide it by the total number of the population in receipt of wages. It is, of course, very plain that this process will give the average rate of wages in the community. But if the process is to be any more than an idle tautology, the wages fund itself has to be determined; and how is that to be done? That is a question which no one ever has answered, and no one, we will venture to say, ever will answer. As Professor Bonamy Price, in the book before us, remarks:—

‘The assertors of a fixed wage fund are imperatively called upon to specify in definite terms what portion of the productive capital of a country is marked off by a law, dominant at a given time, as wages; but none of them respond to the call. They give no answer to the definite question—what part? Their answers amount to no more than the tautological proposition, that the wages given are the wage fund. The wage fund becomes only an expression for the sum total of all wages paid. To add up the wages paid by every employer and to call them a wage fund, is to give no information; the point of the question is, why the figures added up are just such and can be no other? and on it we look in vain for a particle of definition.’—*Practical Political Economy*, p. 184.

Mr. Mill's treatise, however, with all its defects, is the one that occupies, with respect to this century, the same position which the ‘Wealth of Nations’ occupied with respect to the last century. There is an undercurrent of passion in it to which Adam Smith was a total stranger; there is an unwarranted confidence in abstract reasoning, greater than any that Adam Smith ever showed; and there is an exaggerated, and sometimes false, systematization. But on the whole, Mr. Mill felt more truly than he expressed himself, with respect to the nature and bounds of his subject; the things said are in the right sphere; the considerations adduced are of that kind which every impartial reader will admit to deserve a hearing and to be pertinent, even if he himself arrives at a different conclusion.

Now it is just in this pertinency and rightness of aim that the generality of political economists since Mr. Mill, as we

to produce any addition to the useful commodities of the country, the menial servants can only be fed by taking away the sustenance of the carriage-maker's or horsetrainer's men.

think,

think, fail. Far be it from us to prohibit the ingenious exertions of Professor Jevons. Were any one to busy himself with translating Ricardo into the Maori language, or into hieroglyphics, we should admit that such employment might be of use to some one, at any rate to the translator himself. It would, therefore, be unreasonable for us to deny that, when Professor Jevons translates the theorems of Ricardo into the language of the differential calculus, he may be doing a service to some one, whom we should be sorry to deprive of such help. The higher mathematics are such a fascinating study to all who are acquainted with them, that it becomes a second nature with some people to use them for the expression of every subject under the sun.\* This we are ready to allow. But the political economist, if he is to be of service to the world, must employ himself in a different way.

Few political economists, indeed, have ever shown themselves fully conscious of an elementary fact which it is most necessary for them to know, namely, that the political economist, in the knowledge of each detail belonging to his subject, must inevitably be inferior to some outsider, who is not an economist at all. A political economist, as such, cannot possibly know banking as a banker knows it, farming and rent and methods of cultivation as a farmer knows them, the advantages and the risks of large concerns as a cotton manufacturer knows them, the oscillations of profit or of loss in foreign trade as a merchant knows them. This fact at once shows how different political economy is from every form of science. Professor Owen would feel that his right hand had lost her cunning, if any outsider could tell the pedigree of a bone as well as he; and Mr. Norman Lockyer would be confounded if he had to profess himself ignorant of the manipulation of a telescope, or of the meaning of any of the dark lines of the spectrum. But it would be false shame in a political economist not to admit himself ignorant of many important elements in the field of experience with which he has to deal.

Is this, then, it may be asked, to represent political economy as a crude and valueless study? Far from it. The banker, the merchant, the farmer, the cotton-spinner, are each and all

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\* Under the influence of an able mathematician, curves have recently been employed at Cambridge in the study of political economy, to illustrate the processes of exchange. For the mere purpose of illustration this may be admissible; but if any one thinks that sound estimates of human conduct are to be arrived at in this way, he mistakes the road, in our opinion. Human affairs do not in any department, at present, move with the regularity of the planetary bodies.

of them liable to numerous errors arising from the narrowness and imperfection of their special pursuits. They may run wild with panic; they may be swallowed up with selfishness; they may have all sorts of ingrained and baseless fancies, difficult to escape from, except by a thorough change and expansion of view. Political economists have done the greatest service to the world in expelling such errors, even while themselves but imperfectly acquainted with the branches of commerce from which these errors had to be expelled. Nor is the political economist debarred from laying down broad principles, though rigid precision in following up the consequences of such principles is never to be required. His sphere is like that of the moralist and of the statesman in this, that he must survey, and as far as his powers go, guide, transactions into the details of which he is unable to penetrate. He who judges of the mutual relations of men on a large scale (and the relations brought about in the pursuit of wealth do not in this differ from any others) must rely on the general accuracy of his perceptions of fact and of probability; and, though he will not despise minutiae when known, he must be aware that he will continually be called upon to form decisions where the knowledge of them is impossible.

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ART. VII.—1. *Self-Help*. By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. New Edition. London, 1878.

2. *Character*. By the Same. New Edition. London, 1878.

3. *Thrift*. By the Same. New Edition. London, 1877.

4. *Industrial Biography*. By the Same. New Edition. London, 1867.

5. *Life of a Scotch Naturalist*. By the Same. London, 1878.

6. *Robert Dick, Geologist and Botanist*. By the Same. London, 1878.

IT is about twenty years since, in connection with the 'Life of George Stephenson,' that the work which Dr. Smiles had then begun, and which he is still carrying on with so much vigour, was touched upon in these pages. During these twenty years Dr. Smiles has made almost his own a part of the literary arena, which touches most closely upon our social conditions and the lessons that are needed for our everyday life. In the volumes which from time to time he has given to the world he has succeeded, as no other literary man of the day has succeeded, in laying down and illustrating those broad practical aims which may

may with most advantage be laid before each generation as it enters on the duties of life. The manner and the matter of his books are alike admirable; but great as their literary merit is, the services they have rendered to sound morality are still more important. While they do not professedly inculcate any religious precepts or moral systems, their whole teaching is conducive to the formation of sound principles and an upright character. They are especially adapted for the middle and lower classes, being written in a lively and attractive style, free from all preaching and prosiness, and impressive by the examples they exhibit of hard-working men raised by their own abilities, perseverance and thrift, from obscurity to eminence. We should like to see them printed in a still cheaper form, and circulated broadcast by masters of factories, clergymen and schoolmasters, as the best antidote we know to the socialistic productions issued by the infidel press. We look upon Dr. Smiles as a public benefactor, who deserves not only from us, but even from his country, an ample recognition of the important benefits he has conferred upon the present generation.

It would be impossible even to describe or to illustrate Dr. Smiles's teaching without direct reference to his own books, and without touching on each of the various forms in which he has sought to bring home a practical lesson to young men. Those to whom it is a mental necessity to label each man's teachings by a single name, have sought to fix upon Dr. Smiles the worship of success, as that to which he mainly points. The two last books which he has given us are themselves a sufficient refutation of the charge; but even were it not so, the charge would be an absurd one. One main point of his teaching is, that it is not failure, or being baffled, that lowers a man, but despair and ceasing to strive. Success is an accident—a prize that may nerve others for effort, that may spur on jaded hopes, that may open new opportunities. But the law that finds happiness only in effort is one that sooner or later is taught by life—too often taught only for remorse. To give that lesson a practical shape, to bring it home to those who may apply it to their own course in life, rather than learn it slowly from that course,—this is the work that Dr. Smiles has endeavoured to do.

But such teaching has many sides. The power of persevering effort without which men lose all firmness and independence, the power of concentration without which they almost lose their own individuality, also gives to human nature its highest honour. It levels ranks, it brings together callings the most diverse, it creates a common bond of sympathy between race and race.



race. It depends as little on success or failure as on any accident of birth. Fully to recognise it, is not to reduce men to a dull and routine-like yoke of toil; it is to put in their hands the one instrument by which they can feel themselves to be free, and not slaves.

All this might well seem to be trite enough. But it has happened to our own generation, as to many others, to be forced to shake ourselves and rouse ourselves out of a sort of dream-land. Older standards of duty as consisting of work seem to have vanished from us. Plain axioms, as we might well hold them, inculcating work, and perseverance, and patience of routine, have become apparently so trite as to be forgotten. What is the aim of our young men who, thirty years ago, would have been beginning life with some more or less definite aim, and resolved that work at least would not be lacking to attain it? There have been idlers in all generations; but is it not something more that we now see? Our young men appear to form some ideal for themselves which does little but satisfy their own conceit. They must wait for impressions: they must above all things be receptive—a convenient word for idling. They must learn, unlike their benighted countrymen of the past, to be able to do nothing with pleasure. We greatly question whether the fault of our young men is viciousness: it is rather the weakness of enervation. We hear much of a disregard for ordinary old-fashioned rules of morals, but comparatively little of what we might call the stamina of vice. But our young men seem to pride themselves on their contempt for the ordinary practical considerations of life. In that selfishness of indifference that knows no bounds, they sneer at what they hold to be the grovelling aims of ordinary routine effort. They are nervous lest they overwork themselves: hold industry to be an unbecoming fussiness: rather pride themselves on disorder in mind and in business: and have cut-and-dried aphorisms with which this or that opinion, or creed, or interest, may be docketed without the trouble of inquiry. We must leave it to those who have frequent opportunities of observing the young men fresh from our Universities to say whether this picture is overcharged.

A recal to the plain duties and aims of practical life is therefore not without its advantage at this moment. If it were but to strike off from some portion of our young men the affectation and want of reality that strive to avoid effort as something to be ashamed of, this recal would do much. But Dr. Smiles speaks to wider audiences than merely our young men. Let us see what are the bases of his teaching, before we review two striking

striking pictures which he has recently given us of effort after knowledge for its own sake, which ennobled its possessors without any adventitious gilding of success.

Probably Dr. Smiles would be the last to claim, or to wish that others should claim for his works, the development of any new theory either of ethics or of practice. We have no wish to treat his books as links in any chain by which such theory may be bound together. We desire only to show how a consistent aim runs through them all: how from different points of view we are insensibly brought back to stand face to face with the same notions of life and its duties: and how throughout the whole there is the same practical object, as of a man of the world speaking to men who have to do the world's work.

The first and perhaps the most widely-known of Dr. Smiles's works is 'Self-Help.' The name, as he himself confesses, is in some respects unfortunate, because it has been used to bring home to the author the charge of glorifying selfish and self-seeking success. But the defence is perfectly easy. In the first place, it is not success in itself, but the honest perseverance and the courage that have won success, which Dr. Smiles inculcates. Without the practical aim, the human interest of the whole would be lost: for as human nature is and always must be, men, and especially young men, will not look to mere labour as something good in itself. Without its ever-recurring illustrations drawn from real life, Dr. Smiles's book would be just as nerveless to give any really efficacious impulse to the beginners in life as dry theories usually are. Nay more than this, the fear that agitates the objectors shows some ignorance of young men. Nothing could well be more unpractical and absurd than to set before our youth either a picture of work as a sublime duty, coloured by no definite hopes of achievement, or else a study of failure as equally respectable with success. Young men, perhaps by the very buoyancy of inexperience, are not indisposed to respect failure. There is something almost humorous in the eagerness of a young man to look with a certain pathetic—not to say mawkish—interest on a prospect of failure that is distant, unreal, and therefore, perhaps, picturesque. Such a tendency needs no encouragement. It is a sound and wholesome lesson, that failure is not worthy of respect unless it is bravely borne, that it calls for no especial sympathy unless it has been preceded by honest work. Such a lesson brings with it no necessary stimulus to arrogance or self-sufficiency, no provocation to browbeat the weak or to be disdainful to those who have reaped poorly in the harvest of life.

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It simply gives a healthy tonic against the sentimentalism and the dilettanteism which are the bane of our young men, and which cover a far deeper selfishness than that which is charged against the practical teacher. The snarl at the success of a companion often dresses itself in an affected sympathy with failure: it is ten times easier to weep with those that weep, than to rejoice with those that rejoice; and, in the sense in which it is translated in everyday life, the sympathy for failure is one which few can indulge without a sense of inward complacency.

The object of 'Self-Help,' then, in the author's own words, 'is to reindulcate these old-fashioned but wholesome lessons—which perhaps cannot be too often used—that youth must work in order to enjoy: that nothing creditable can be accomplished without application and diligence: that the student must not be daunted by difficulties, but conquer them by patience and perseverance,—and that, above all, he must seek elevation of character, without which capacity is worthless, and worldly success is nought.' We must be excused for the lowness of our moral standard, if we can find nothing in this that it is not both good and of first-rate importance to teach. How, then, does Dr. Smiles teach it?

First by asserting the individual independence, the essential and primary qualities, of the men composing it, as that upon which, in the last resort, the well-being of every society rests. The truth is as old as society itself, and has been repeated in every variety of shape. It has nothing to do with what political science is fond of calling the relations between the state and the individual. The state may subordinate, or at least may appear to subordinate, the aims and life of the individual to those of the general body. The Greek philosopher may differ from the philosophical radical of our own day in the extent to which he would sacrifice the one to the many. All alike are compelled to rest upon that ultimate basis of all public weal, the individual character of the citizens. But it is an imminent danger in the vast organizations of modern states, that systems, however well designed in themselves, may lose sight of one essential, the individual character on which they are built. 'We put too much faith in systems, and too little in men,' said Lord Beaconsfield years ago: and the danger has not lessened since then. We may come to have a paternal government, with stereotyped mechanism, for the paternal despot. It is absolutely certain that energy in the citizen dies away when not called forth; and every domain, therefore, on which state action en-

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croaches, except at the dictates of imperative necessity, involves a distinct national loss. And we can only too easily see illustrations of this tendency in the readiness with which the catch-words of party are repeated from mouth to mouth, with which this or that nostrum becomes commonly received, with which men are willing—as it would seem—to abrogate their own independence of opinion, as soon as a certain current dogma has been labelled for acceptance by those who pull the strings of party. We can see such an illustration in the new method which has foisted itself into our political life, by which the caucus is to dictate to our constituencies.

From the assertion of this mental and moral independence for the individual Dr. Smiles starts: and the truth he here preaches, however old or trite it may be, is not one which we can afford to relegate to the limbo of a truism. But how, in the next place, is this independence to be used, at once for the good of the society and of the individual himself? The answer is summed up in one word—Work. Without this, you can have none of the rewards of life: with it, even though you have not these rewards, you still have happiness in the satisfaction of work done, of attention concentrated that might have been dissipated, of energies strained and healthy instead of listless and flabby. You have, in short, that condition of moral and mental existence which, framed as men are, contributes a thousand times more towards happiness than mere outward circumstances. In short the preacher of work does but turn the Stoic's maxim into adaptability with the needs of our age: 'Live according to nature,'—and nature for you is work.

This single maxim, then, of the necessity of labour for a society such as ours, we take to be the starting-point of Dr. Smiles's philosophy. Some may deem it grovelling in its utilitarianism; others may fancy it restricted, as imposing an undue and irksome routine. Practical experience alone can apply the test: and we have little hesitation in accepting Dr. Smiles's axiom. But next comes the question, wherein is this work to be employed—what rules, what qualities, what aims are to guide it? To the first question, the answer of Dr. Smiles is catholic enough. Let the work be that which hand or brain finds to do: so long as it is honest work, it matters not where. It is for each man, or his teacher, to find out where his talent lies, and to apply it in that direction: but this is a question to be solved by each individual, and affects but little the general rule, that by labour and in labour man must live. And we fancy the importance of this question is in nine cases out of ten much exaggerated. For many men,  
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habit, training, rigorous self-education determine the bent of their activity: for others, accident is the main guide: a few only have that innate talent which is a success in one direction, worse than a failure in another. But in his answer to the next question, what qualities are to guide and colour and lie at the root of work, Dr. Smiles is definite and explicit: and he touches and illustrates each of these qualities with singular happiness, when we consider the practical aim of his books. First comes that commonplace and yet most rare of qualities—one which every man believes to be his at any moment it may please him to practise it, and yet which in its perfection is perhaps the chief constituent of genius—the quality of patience. The power of waiting and working without losing heart, is that which perhaps more than any other marks off the leader among men from those whose possibly brilliant qualities are useless and unadaptable. There is the patience of the statesman who can, as the Scotch say, ‘bide his time,’ and who keeps steadily to a clear and definite aim, in the assured confidence that angry and excited clamour will have its day and pass. ‘Dixere: quid dicebant? dicant;’—‘They have said; what said they? let them say,’—is the motto of a northern university, and it contains a far-reaching lesson in moral and mental independence for the students within the walls:—that in public as in private concerns, in maintaining a consistent aim as well as in persevering in an appointed task, victory comes to the man who can wait and restrain rash impulses in the midst of excited declamation.

But more is needed. With all our energy after schemes of education, it may be doubted whether knowledge is really greatly valued at the present day for its own sake. It must come by the most easy methods: the great aim is to diminish that labour which is one of the most useful parts of education. No knowledge is prized whose immediate and direct utility is not evident. All this is the very worst means for training a generation for the real work of life. Knowledge of some kind, thoroughly mastered, and mastered by one's own labour, is a first requisite for self-help; and Dr. Smiles rightly counts the lack of any such personal effort as one of the chief dangers of our age:—

‘There is,’ he says, ‘usually no want of desire on the part of most persons to arrive at the results of self-culture, but there is a great aversion to pay the inevitable price for it, of hard work. Dr. Johnson held that “impatience of study was the mental disease of the present generation;” and the remark is still applicable. We may not believe that there is a royal road to learning, but we seem to believe very firmly in a “popular” one. In education we invent labour-saving processes,

processes, seek short cuts to science, learn French and Latin "in twelve lessons," or "without a master." We resemble the lady of fashion, who engaged a master to teach her on condition that he did not plague her with verbs and participles. We get our smattering of science in the same way; we learn chemistry by listening to a short course of lectures enlivened by experiments, and when we have inhaled laughing-gas, seen green water turned to red, and phosphorus burnt in oxygen, we have got our smattering, of which the most that can be said is that though it may be better than nothing, it is yet good for nothing. Thus we often imagine we are being educated while we are only being amused.

'The facility with which young people are thus induced to acquire knowledge, without study and labour, is not education. It occupies but does not enrich the mind. It imparts a stimulus for the time, and produces a sort of intellectual keenness and cleverness; but, without an implanted purpose, and a higher object than mere pleasure, it will bring with it no solid advantage. In such cases knowledge produces but a passing impression; a sensation, but no more; it is, in fact, the merest epicurism of intelligence—sensuous, but certainly not intellectual. Thus the best qualities of many minds, those which are evoked by vigorous effort and independent action, sleep a deep sleep, and are often never called to life except by the rough awakening of sudden calamity or suffering, which, in such cases, comes as a blessing, if it serves to rouse up a courageous spirit that, but for it, would have slept on.

'Accustomed to acquire information under the guise of amusement, young people will soon reject that which is presented to them under the aspect of study and labour. Learning their knowledge and science in sport, they will be too apt to make sport of both; while the habit of intellectual dissipation, thus engendered, cannot fail, in the course of time, to produce a thoroughly emasculating effect both on the mind and character.'

Beyond those first essentials—not merely for the attainment of a selfish aim after individual success, but for the solid and enduring foundation of any greatness in a nation—beyond that patience and perseverance on which Dr. Smiles has insisted, there are other qualities quite capable of being encouraged or drawn out, but yet hardly so much at the command of the individual will. Energy and courage may not come when bidden, but we may still do what we can to gain them: and it is by example more than anything else that our young men may be caught by the right spirit, and the fogs of a nervous and morbid timidity, only too common in our day, may be dispelled. Those who have observed most closely will confirm our statement, when we say that the repression of individual opinion, in deference to some fancied fashion, is often joined in our young men with a forward assumption or affectation,

offensive in itself, but in reality due mainly to that want of manly confidence that seeks the defence of bumptiousness. Against the lack of such manliness, against that shrinking from responsibility, against the avoidance of all ready and energetic effort, Dr. Smiles wages war; and the campaign is one which, we are certain, old-fashioned as the precepts may seem, is not without its use, nay, its urgent necessity.

But how—and this is the next question that arises—how are these qualities best to be gained? How may the turn be given, that changes the buoyancy of youth into the energy that may sustain labour, instead of the restlessness that wastes itself? How may the seeds of courage and energy be developed, and once developed, be nurtured and trained to take a worthy part in the work of the world? The answer to this question completes the view of life which Dr. Smiles lays before us in ‘Self-help;’ and without claiming for him the place of a pioneer in society, or a profound analyst of character, we may yet assert that his answer is sound, practical, and to the point. It is not by well-ordered social arrangements; not by the recipes of social reformers; not by elaborate organizations; but by the influences that have been present since society existed, the school of the hearth and the teachings of example. It is to the family, that most precious of the institutions of modern society, that Dr. Smiles looks for the first and most decisive bent of character; and his divergence from those who would lower or weaken the family tie, from those social philosophers who would see in it something that restricts or narrows the range of the individual, is wide indeed. Such ideas have been the stock-in-trade of a select coterie, ever since the outbreak of 1789; and they have not failed to be repeated when popular excitement got the better of reason and common sense, or when the indifference of prosperity suffered men to lend a languid interest to any paradox in politics, in society, or in religion. When any pressure comes, in which men are called seriously to face the hard facts of natural existence, when they have gravely to look to the foundations on which society is based, such whims of theory are hardly likely to have much toleration. But for this very reason it is well to have the attention, not of our theorists, but of the practical workers who are the thews and sinews of the nation, called to the importance of conserving with the utmost care this unit of society—the family. ‘To love the little platoon we belong to in society,’ says Burke, ‘is the germ of all public affections.’ It is but an enlargement of the same idea, when he says elsewhere, ‘A nation that cares nothing for its ancestors, is likely to care  
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little for its posterity.' We cannot rid ourselves of our associations, be they domestic or national; we cannot create ourselves anew; we cannot make of ourselves mere social units, any more than we can make cosmopolitanism a root of national action. 'Whatever may be the efficiency of schools,' says Dr. Smiles, 'the examples set in our homes must always be of vastly greater influence in forming the characters of our future men and women. The home is the crystal of society—the nucleus of national character; and from that source, be it pure or tainted, issue the habits, principles and maxims which govern public as well as private life.' And this influence affecting the individual with an absolute certainty that nothing can withstand, this influence based on the first associations of each one of us, is just as little to be set aside when we have to deal with the motives that govern the action of the masses of individuals that we call nations. As Dr. Smiles says in a recent volume:—

'Nations, like individuals, derive support and strength from the feeling that they belong to an illustrious race, that they are the heirs of their greatness, and ought to be the perpetuators of their glory. It is of momentous importance that a nation should have a great past to look back upon. It steadies the life of the present, elevates and upholds it, and lightens and lifts it up, by the memory of the great deeds, the noble sufferings, and the valorous achievements of the men of old. The life of nations, as of men, is a great treasury of experience, which, wisely used, issues in social progress and improvement; or, misused, issues in dreams, delusions, and failures. Like men, nations are purified and strengthened by trials. Some of the most glorious chapters in their history are those containing the record of the sufferings by means of which their character has been developed. Love of liberty and patriotic feeling may have done much, but trial and suffering, nobly borne, more than all.'

Parental influence, then, and the example of those who have gone before us, who have done 'a man's work' in the world, these are the means which Dr. Smiles holds to be most efficacious for producing that combination of qualities that results in 'Self-help.' Hence the importance he attaches, and as we think rightly attaches, to biography, a sphere of literary labour in which himself he has done good service. There is no branch of our national literary work which is more potent for good or evil, and none, at the same time, which is more apt to be affected by the current tone of the day. We cannot help noticing a tendency, of which not a few biographies of recent date are illustrations, towards glozing over faults, wilfully suppressing grave defects of character, stooping to a certain worship of intellectual superiority, or to an emotional admiration of passionate and selfish excitement,



excitement, which is not merely false as literature, but is deadly in its results. We do not suspect the authors of these biographies of any intentional laudation of simple misdoing: but they have only too truly gauged the taste of an audience, which longs for an object of unlimited admiration or indiscriminating applause, as a sort of relief from indifference. But nothing can excuse the gloss thrown over plain truth; and we would infinitely prefer the biography, as simple, as unpretentious, as patently true as those of Dr. Smiles are, to the most subtle analysis, the most self-renouncing hero-worship, which sets before us a picture aping art by falsehood.

The two volumes, which are sequels to 'Self-help,' treat the same subject, and in much the same practical way. But they divide the subject as it were, and approach it from different sides. In 'Thrift,' duty is viewed not so much from its starting-point in a man's own determination and will, not so much as the affair of the individual, alike binding on him in the desert and in society, but as it bears on his social and economical relations. We are brought in this volume face to face with the evils that degrade and lower the different classes of society. The errors against which it bears most heavily are those caused by prevalent vices, by false or fraudulent commercial transactions, by wide-stretching obstinacy on the part of one or another class. The evils that it seeks to remedy are those caused by improvidence, by drink, by a false social standard of consideration. The good at which it aims is the creation of a feeling of independence in each class, an honesty in work, a scrupulousness in commercial morality. Published when our commercial prosperity was seemingly at its highest, it preached a sermon on thrift which the working classes would have done well to lay to heart. Dr. Smiles does not hesitate to speak his mind very plainly when there is need, and spares no current vices. He fixes the blame exactly where it lies, allowing no room for self-flattery by a complaint of institutions.

'Complaining that the laws are bad, and that the taxes are heavy, will not mend matters. Aristocratic government, and the tyranny of masters, are nothing like so injurious as the tyranny of vicious appetites. Men are easily led away by the parade of their miseries, which are for the most part voluntary and self-imposed,—the result of idleness, thriftlessness, intemperance, and misconduct. To blame others for what we suffer, is always more agreeable to our self-pride, than to blame ourselves. But it is perfectly clear that people who live from day to day without plan, without rule, without forethought—who spend all their earnings, without saving anything for the future—are preparing beforehand for inevitable distress.'

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So he quotes from Mr. Norris, speaking of the highly-paid miners and ironworkers of Staffordshire at the time of their prosperity.

'Improvidence is too tame a word for it—it is recklessness; here young and old, married and unmarried, are uniformly and almost avowedly self-indulgent spendthrifts. One sees this reckless character marring and vitiating the nobler traits of their nature. Their gallantry in the face of danger is akin to foolhardiness; their power of intense labour is seldom exerted except to compensate for time lost in idleness and revelry; their readiness to make "gatherings" for their sick and married comrades seems only to obviate the necessity of previous saving; their very creed—and, after their sort, they are a curiously devotional people, holding frequent prayer-meetings in the pits—often degenerates into fanatical fatalism. But it is seen far more painfully and unmistakably in the alternate plethora and destitution between which, from year's end to year's end, the whole population seems to oscillate. The prodigal revelry of the *reckoning night*, the drunkenness of Sunday, the refusal to work on Monday and perhaps Tuesday, and then the untidiness of their homes towards the latter part of the two or three weeks which intervene before the next pay-day; their children kept from school, their wives and daughters on the pit-bank, their furniture in the pawnshop; the crowded and miry lanes in which they live, their houses often cracked from top to bottom by the "crowning in" of the ground, without drainage, or ventilation, or due supply of water;—such a state of things as this, co-existing with earnings which might ensure comfort and even prosperity, seems to prove that no legislation can cure the evil.'

So, too, he quotes with equal emphasis the words of the late Mr. Denison.

'What a monstrous thing it is that, in the richest country in the world, large masses of the population should be condemned annually, by a natural operation of nature, to starve to death! It is all very well to say, how can it be helped? Why, it was not so in our grandfathers' time. Behind us they were in many ways, but they were not met every winter with the spectacle of starving thousands. The fact is, we have accepted the marvellous prosperity which has in the last twenty years been granted us, without reflecting on the conditions attached to it, and without nerving ourselves to the exertion and the sacrifices which their fulfilment demands. . . . The people *create* their destitution and their disease. Probably there are hardly any of the most needy who, if they had been only moderately frugal and provident, could not have placed themselves in a position to tide over the occasional months of want of work, or of sickness, which there always must be. . . . I do not underrate the difficulty of laying by out of weekly earnings, but I say it *can* be done. A dock-labourer, while a young, strong, unmarried man, could lay by half his weekly wages, and such men are almost sure of constant employment. . . . Saving  
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is within the reach of nearly every man, even if quite at the bottom of the tree; but if it were of anything like *common* occurrence, the destitution and disease of this city would be kept within quite manageable limits. And this will take place. I may not live to see it, but it will be within two generations. For, unfortunately, this amount of change may be effected without the least improvement in the spiritual condition of the people. Good laws, energetically enforced, with compulsory education, supplemented by gratuitous individual exertion (which will then have a much reduced field and much fairer prospects), will certainly succeed in giving the mass of the people so much light as will generally guide them into so much industry and morality as is clearly conducive to their bodily ease and advancement in life.'

So much for the aims and warnings of 'Thrift.' In the companion volume on 'Character,' Dr. Smiles looks rather to the individual than to society. The two aspects imperceptibly glide into one another; but there is nevertheless a certain value in the full illustration of that individual force and native energy, which triumph over outside conditions, and which radiate from themselves outwards. In treating of this it is more than ever clear that the worship of success and its accidents is no part of Dr. Smiles's teaching. Truth, integrity, courage, perseverance—these are the qualities which are to win that highest of all prizes, self-respect; and whose possessors are not to be known by their success, but by the way they bear either failure or prosperity. Far from being self-centred, they are to have their very spring and animation in unstinted admiration for the high qualities of others. True, we cannot expect such maxims to be taught, without any reference to personal or worldly weal. If he attempted so to teach them, Dr. Smiles would only show that he was as ignorant of human nature and of human motives, as those generally are who attempt to theorize on conduct without practical experience. But the lines of his teaching in its higher side are only to be seen by taking such typical passages as the following, in the one of which he asserts individual independence, and in the other points to the objects for which that independence has been given.

'As for the institutions, however good in themselves, they will avail but little in maintaining the standard of national character. It is the individual men, and the spirit which actuates them, that determine the moral standing and stability of nations. Government, in the long run, is usually no better than the people governed. Where the mass is sound in conscience, morals, and habit, the nation will be ruled honestly and nobly. But where they are corrupt, self-seeking, and dishonest in heart, bound neither by truth nor by law, the rule of rogues and wire-pullers becomes inevitable.

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'The only true barrier against the despotism of public opinion, whether it be of the many or of the few, is enlightened individual freedom, and purity of personal character. Without these there can be no vigorous manhood, no true liberty in a nation. Political rights, however broadly framed, will not elevate a people individually depraved. Indeed, the more complete a system of popular suffrage, and the more perfect its protection, the more completely will the real character of a people be reflected, as by a mirror, in their laws and government. Political morality can never have any solid existence on a basis of individual immorality. Even freedom, exercised by a debased people, would come to be regarded as a nuisance, and liberty of the press but a vent for licentiousness and moral abomination.'

And again :—

'We have each to do our duty in that sphere of life in which we have been placed. Duty only is true; there is no true action but in its accomplishment. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life; the truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfilment. Of all others, it is the one that is most thoroughly satisfying, and the least accompanied by regret and disappointment. In the words of George Herbert, the consciousness of duty performed "gives us music at midnight."'

We have thus endeavoured, though in the merest outline, to point out what appear to us to be the main lines of Dr. Smiles's teaching. We conceive its leading maxims to be, that the individual is and ought to be independent, and that reforms of society must begin at the centre, or in the moral character of each individual, and cannot be wrought by any system or organization, however cunningly conceived; and we believe further, that it teaches that this individual independence is associated with a boundless responsibility; that it lays upon each man not only that first of all duties, self-preservation in its widest sense, but also makes him, by force of example, one of the many architects of the society in which he lives. And further, we conceive Dr. Smiles to teach that this self-preservation is to be attained, this example made operative, by holding steadily before us the comprehensive watchwords of *Work and Duty*. As we take it, his teaching is valuable, not for the subtlety of its analysis, not for the compactness of its system, but because it casts to the winds all sophisms; because it fights against affectation or sentimentalism; and because it speaks with the voice of a practical man to practical men. We think there can be few at this day who will hesitate to acknowledge the importance, nay, the need for England, of teaching such as this. We have no wish to aggravate a time of hardship by recriminations, or to be unduly hopeless as to the future of our country.



country. We have no admiration for one who croaks over the degeneracy of the age, and sees in it nothing but a decay of men and manners. But there are times—and this is one of them—in which it would be folly to shut our eyes to a possible crisis, in which the nation must appeal to the virtues and the energies of each class and of each individual, and must shake off those imbecilities, those sentimentalisms, those unreasonable contentions, which have threatened her weal. We must rouse ourselves to a higher sense of duty, a greater simplicity of aim, and a more rigid husbanding of our resources. As we look round society, is there any class which might not, with advantage, learn something from, or at least practise more of, such teaching as that of Dr. Smiles? Have our statesmen done what they could to husband the nation's energies, to keep its calmer judgment paramount, to foster that sense of union and association which makes a society strong? For our men of learning and of letters, have they given us an example of high, self-sacrificing, disinterested work, or have we not too often heard of late of that endowment of research, which is to be a safe provision for the possible worker in the future, not a guerdon for work done under the stimulus of native energy and hope? For our merchants, have recent revelations proved that the commerce of England has been sound, or that the simplest considerations of honour, of duty, or of common honesty, have found even general acceptance? Is it not true that our banking system, which for nearly two hundred years had rested upon the confidence reposed in the honour, the prudence, and the integrity of its management, has received a shock from which it will take a generation at least to recover? Has not our religion served as a cloak for dishonesty, in such a way as to give point to the simplest of those maxims which Dr. Smiles has endeavoured to inculcate on our youth? And for our working-men, have they not yielded to the voice of flatterers, each with his pretentious nostrum for all evils? Has not their pursuit of political reforms been too often tinged by the degrading delusion, that the changes they asked for would—not give them more independence and freedom of action—but secure for them, with less work, a greater opportunity for self-indulgence? How have they used the leisure they have gained? Have they, in prosperity, shown that thrift which is the source of all independence, and which might have helped to meet the evils of a harder time? For their combinations, have these reaped otherwise than they have sown? From those who have often been the most loud-tongued champions of the working-men, who have seen in their actions the best illustrations of the inductions  
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of political economy, it is from them that we now hear the most lugubrious prophecies as to the future. And for our manufacturers, has not the luxury of the day, the false security of large profits, diverted much of that personal attention which might have developed our manufactures, and lost much of that hereditary inventiveness which, a generation ago, was our chief strength? With more of the over-seeing brain, and more expenditure of personal energy, should we now have been suffering as we are, from the accidental conditions of production?

There are few, we fancy, to whom this picture will seem overdrawn. And if each class has something to reproach itself with, is there not also wanting, as between class and class, a very simple but very important one of the virtues which Dr. Smiles, and thousands before him, have preached? Have we not lost much of that mutual helpfulness which is the counterpart of Self-help, which is the foundation of manners, and which itself forms a large chapter of morality? Have we learned to make allowances, to sympathize with the stand-point of another class, to feel that there are grave cases in which personal or party or class differences must grow pale and insignificant before the urgency of a common danger? Have those who claim to be the spokesmen of political liberality nothing to answer for in the fact that class differences were never so bitter as at this day they are?

We have endeavoured to point out the salient points in Dr. Smiles's teaching, and to show that in the conditions of our time there is not a little that gives to this teaching a special and vivid interest. We wish, in conclusion, to turn to some of the work he has himself done in the way of biography, as illustrating the maxims that he teaches. In the department of industrial biography, which he may almost be said to have made his own, we do not intend at present to follow him. To do so adequately would require an article by itself. Our object now is rather to draw from two recent biographies a practical illustration of that independence of mind, that unfailing energy, that enthusiastic pursuit of an unselfish and pure object, which form the beginning and the end of the morality to be found in 'Self-help,' 'Character,' and 'Thrift.' In neither of these biographies do we find much of that worship of success, of which Dr. Smiles has been accused by those who look only superficially at his work: but failure, or apparent failure—hardship, or what most men would call hardship—both nobly borne.

The first of these we may dismiss in the fewer words, not  
because

because it lacks vivid interest, but because it has already become so generally known that, in recapitulating its narrative, or in quoting from it, we should be going over ground familiar to many of our readers. The life of Thomas Edward is that of one possessed by an overpowering enthusiasm for nature, and with an energy that from his cradle to old age has never ceased to help him in the battle, in spite of all opposition, to satisfy it. It is not the enthusiasm of the mere dweller near nature, who seeks to draw from it some inspiration and some sympathy. It is the all-absorbing, direct, and simple instinct towards observing, learning, ferretting out the secrets which nature yields simply and directly, but only to those who importune her night and day for these secrets. From the child of six years old, who was not to be won by threats, or beatings, or coaxings, from a pursuit whose interest he had already learned, many of whose truths he had already mastered, but which to young and old around him seemed to be a mere symptom of innate mischief and roguishness—down to the full-grown man who, till failing strength prevented him, wandered by night to complete his observations, suffered hardships that appear almost incredible, stole every leisure hour (and yet none *but* leisure hours) to pursue a science whose value and whose principles he had by his own unaided energy learned to appreciate—the picture of Edward is one of unbroken consistency. The indomitable perseverance, the manly independence that stopped all grumbling, and that bore him at one time through a struggle in which despair had all but mastered him, is the very essence of that national spirit which Dr. Smiles has long laboured to spread. One angry repining at the fate that bound him to the shoemaker's last, one yielding to any sentimental brooding over the snatched hours which were all he could give to science, one turning aside from the aim of his life, in the direction of personal advancement—and the whole meaning and force and interest of his life would have been gone. As it was, that life is fitly commemorated as a specimen of strong, persevering, self-taught achievement, in which each step had to be slowly (but perhaps all the more securely) gained, and where the intricacies of scientific nomenclature, the habit of scientific classification, the rigid accuracy of scientific observation, were acquired by a process that appears at times almost miraculous. But as the world counts success, Edward has had none; and his life was already far spent when Dr. Smiles's biography secured for him that pension from the Crown, granted by the special favour of the Queen, which will bring, we may hope, some years of rest and leisure for a pursuit hitherto followed

lowed only by dint of almost unexampled perseverance, in the midst of a life which drudgery had tried hard but has utterly failed to crush.

The life of Thomas Edward has already won a secure place in public estimation. But it is in no spirit of disparagement either to that biography or to its subject that we say that, to our thinking, Dr. Smiles's latest work—the '*Life of Robert Dick*'—takes a wider range. It is not perhaps so full of the spirit of adventure, or of that indomitable pluck that has justly secured for Edward a wide circle of admirers: but Robert Dick brought, to a struggle in reality just as hard, weapons of more delicate temper and a mind of rarely delicate mould. As we read his story, we learn to know in him one who unconsciously weaved a thread of poetry into his life: sensitive, shy, fastidious in honour—and yet none the less with a will that in the pursuit of his great object was absolutely unconquerable, and with an enthusiasm that wore him out in the hopeless struggle against an untoward lot. It was surely no worship of success that led Dr. Smiles with so careful and sympathetic a hand to draw for us the picture of that life, which had in it hardly one element of what the world knows as happiness or even comfort. From first to last Robert Dick was pursued by trouble, and in the end his life closed amidst clouds and darkness, relieved only by the radiance of a native cheerfulness that refused to be embittered by sorrow. With a keen nature, he was early deprived of a mother's care, and the memory of his mother thus lost remained alive with him through a boyhood saddened by the harshness of a stepmother, and through a lonely life. Of the last letter that his father wrote to him he says, 'I have laid it amongst my mother's hair.' On his own deathbed the last words he uttered were a call to that mother whose hand, after fifty years of separation, he fancied that he grasped. But the loss imparted to him no bitterness; it only made him, we are told, the more tender to those who had lost a mother's care. Affectionate beyond common, he lived and died a lonely, one might almost say,—were it not for those friendships that a common pursuit engendered,—a friendless man. With a mind singularly pliable, he was prevented, by early accident, from carrying his education as far as he wished, and he evidently retained to the last an uneasy consciousness that his mental tools were not equal to his mental grasp. 'The humblest Christian I have ever known,' said the clergyman who attended him on his deathbed,—he was yet shunned as a sceptic, or laughed at as half-witted, or stigmatized



tized as proud, because of the delicate sensitiveness that repelled vulgar patronage, or because of the necessity that forced him to resist interruptions that would have stolen from him his livelihood. He avoided recognition: and when against his will it was forced on him, it came in the shape of a publicity that he detested, not as any alleviation to the drudgery that crippled and interfered with all his achievement.

Robert Dick was born in a village at the foot of the Ochil Hills in Clackmannanshire, in the year 1811. His father was an officer of Excise, whose rapid rise in his profession seems to show that energy which was inborn in Robert Dick himself, although applied in a strangely different fashion. Here, about the falls of the Devon and the wooded slopes of the Ochils, he drew in his earliest love for nature, a love which united the keen questioning of the man of science with the enthusiasm of the poet. His first education was gained in one of those schools which were at once the peculiarity and the pride of Scotland, where the master was an enthusiast, and imparted some of his enthusiasm to his pupils; where the range was limited only by the pupil's powers. But the early sunshine of his life was broken by his mother's death. The boy's excursions were forbidden. Yet, un baffled by the opposition which he encountered at home, where an unloving stepmother threw all possible obstacles in his way, he followed the impulse which led him to seek knowledge amongst the hills and valleys. Sometimes his boots were hidden from him, but undauntedly he went barefooted, coming home at early dawn with his feet cut and bleeding from the briars and rocks amongst which he had been scrambling. This went on for a time: at length it was found expedient to send Robert from home. He was apprenticed to a baker in Tullibody, when he was thirteen years of age; his hopes of a University education were abandoned, and, as he tells us himself, all his naturally buoyant youthful spirits were broken. But not the energy of his pursuit after knowledge: not the intensity of his love of nature. Working sometimes from three in the morning till seven, eight, or even nine in the evening, he still kept his mind on the alert. When he grew strong enough to be sent to deliver the bread in the neighbouring villages, it was a new opportunity for him. Each glen and hill had something to teach him, and years after, we find him sending for some plant which he remembered seeing in these walks over the Ochil Hills. He found time for reading too, and this boy of thirteen, living a lonely life, without a break in his daily drudgery, without wages, with but a scanty education,

tion, acquired even thus early an insight into the truths of science.

At seventeen, his apprenticeship was finished, and he left Tullibody never to return. Forty years of constant work, of high endeavour, of devotion to science, never gave him money enough to revisit his place of birth. He went to Leith, to Glasgow, and to Greenock, taking such work as he could find, as a journeyman baker; and, when twenty years old, he started for himself as a baker in Thurso. Here the rest of his life was spent; and in the bleak moorlands of Caithness, in her bluff weather-beaten cliffs, in her bays and inlets, scooped out by the waves of the Atlantic, in the vestiges remaining of an older age, he found food at once for his passionate love of nature, and for his earnest seeking after her secrets. Here he managed by constant work to gain, for many years, enough for his simple wants, and to gain it for the very simple reason that he baked the best biscuits in all Caithness. He had enough to live upon: something to spare for books: and by stinting himself of sleep he could catch some hours for the pursuit which was life itself to him. For a moment science seems to have infected him in the strange phase of Phrenology: but it was a fit that soon passed off, and he settled down into a minute and personal study of Entomology, of Conchology, and lastly of Botany, in which several years were spent. To others Caithness might have seemed but an unpropitious ground for the botanist. Her springs are late. Even at Midsummer-day, her plants are not fully burst, and not till July do the cold winds cease to sweep over the county. But difficulties only stimulated Dick. At every leisure moment, before sunrise, sometimes all through the night, he wandered in pursuit of specimens. It was a labour of love to him; in these lonely walks on the moors he learned to find a companionship in Nature. In course of time he mastered the botany of Caithness. Amongst his other discoveries was that of the *Hierochloë borealis*, or Northern Holy-grass, which had been admitted into the British flora on the authority of Don, but had long been considered doubtful, and had at last dropped out. It is characteristic of Dick's modesty that for twenty years he kept this discovery to himself; and it was only in 1854, when specially requested, that he sent a communication to the Botanical Society on the subject. Of his achievements in Botany, we can have no better evidence than that of Sir Roderick Murchison, whose testimony in regard to Dick we shall have further occasion to quote:—

'I found,' he says, 'that Robert Dick was a profound botanist. I found

found to my humiliation, that this baker knew infinitely more of botanical science—ay, ten times more—than I did; and that there were only some twenty or thirty British plants that he had not collected. Some he had obtained as presents, some he had purchased, but the greater portion had been accumulated by his own industry in his native county of Caithness. These specimens were all arranged in the most beautiful order with their respective names and habitats.'

But it was in Geology that Dick gained his chief laurels, and that he satisfied that almost poetical love of nature that deepened over him as he came to know more of her mysteries. Of his achievements in this branch, of the help he gave to others whose names stood prominently before the world, it is for the technical geologist to speak more in detail: we are here dealing chiefly with the man. Mr. Smiles is mistaken in attributing to Dick the first discovery of fossil fish in the Caithness strata. They had been known to exist long before; Murchison had described them in 1827, and Agassiz figured many species in his great work. The unmarked researches of Dick had no doubt increased the number of known specimens, as well as of fossil plants. Indeed, as Murchison has proclaimed, the modest baker had a genius for science, and by his knowledge of physical geography was enabled to correct the imperfect maps of the district, and to point out for the first time faults and dislocations in the Caithness Flagstone strata previously unsuspected, owing to the even surface of great part of the country. He opened communications with Hugh Miller, who was then engaged in giving a new meaning and interest to geology: and it is thus that Miller speaks of the discoveries of Dick:—

'I do not know what the savans of Russia have been doing for the last few years: but mainly through the labours of an intelligent tradesman of Thurso, Mr. Robert Dick—one of those working men of Scotland, of active curiosity and well-developed intellect, that give character and standing to the rest, I am enabled to justify the classification and confirm the conjectures of Agassiz. . . . With perhaps a single exception he has succeeded in finding specimens, in a state of worse or better keeping, of all the various ichthyolites which I have described as peculiar to the Lower Old Red Sandstone.'

Hugh Miller was also compelled, in the third edition of his 'Old Red Sandstone,' to alter his decision on an important point with regard to the increase of size in the progress of ichthyolitic life: and he ungrudgingly acknowledges that Robert Dick's discoveries had overturned his previous hypotheses. 'It

serves

serves to show,' says Miller himself, 'how large an amount of negative evidence may be dissipated by a single positive fact, and to inculcate on the geologist the necessity of cautious induction.'

From the fossils of the Flagstone rocks he passed to the investigation of the boulder-clay, found more than a hundred feet above the sea-level: and in the shells which he there found, the same story was written. In this respect Dick must be regarded as a pioneer in glacial geology, though his early investigations in this subject have been outstripped by others. He was resolved to trust to no authority except that of his own observation, and to accept no cut-and-dry theory of creation from books. But ardent as his work was, it was absolutely without personal motive. In all the range of scientific biography, we doubt whether so complete an instance of devotion could be found, as that with which Dick laboured to supply Hugh Miller with the groundwork of his theories. It is to the honour of both that the help was ungrudgingly acknowledged. 'He robbed himself,' says Miller, 'to do me service.' And this warm and unselfish devotion, this earnestness of labour whose fruits were to be reaped by others, never degenerated in Robert Dick into anything like a slavish acquiescence in Miller's theories. He most fearlessly controverts these when they seem at variance with facts, or when they are coloured by preconceived ideas. The following passages give us proof of this :—

'Robert Dick was not afraid of correcting Hugh Miller himself. In one of his letters he says :—" You have fallen into error in your *Old Red Sandstone*. You have described Caithness as a vast pyramid rising perpendicularly from the bases furnished by the primary rocks of Sutherland, and presenting newer beds and strata as we ascend, until we reach the apex.

"Now, Mr. Miller, this is not only incorrect, but calculated to deceive. But *you* are not to blame. It is the getters-up of the geological maps who are to blame. You work by the geological maps. Geological maps and treatises are got up by men in red-hot haste, on data proved to be erroneous years ago. New books, with nothing new in them but the paper and ink! The public are gulled, and the poor student, panting for knowledge, fills his belly with husks, and by and by he regards his new books with derision!

"I am working very hard—sometimes seeking new fossils but finding none; sometimes rambling far over the hills, and finding a junction of the Old Red very different indeed from the respectable 'authorities' in Edinburgh. As for the maps, I have handed them over to the devil as the most detestable pieces of imposture ever obtruded on a discerning public. 'Discerning' indeed!

"Your



“Your Edinburgh Professors can put on their spectacles next time they travel north. If they wish to be respected, they must be a little more particular.”

And so, again :—

‘Dick spoke to Miller very freely. He thought that he was sometimes twisting geological facts to suit a religious theory. Dick thought very little of “authorities,” but he greatly valued facts—tested and re-tested. “It is not,” he said, “by driving along the public roads; strolling along the sea-shore; taking a distant view of Morven through a spy-glass, that the depth of the Caithness schists is to be ascertained. No! The very facts that the schists dip in almost every direction might have led ‘authorities’ to suspect that the granite was not confined to primary hills; but, like the stately oak, sent out its branching roots far and wide. You, Mr. Miller, rule solely by ‘authorities.’ Your humble servant has often found them sleeping, and has no reverence for them.”’

The friendship and correspondence between Dick and Miller continued until the death of the latter in December 1856. The place he left vacant in Dick’s friendship was filled up by Charles Peach, who, like Dick, had made high achievements in science amidst the short leisure of a life of toil. He came from the opposite end of the island, and it was while acting as a private in the Coastguard Service in Cornwall that Mr. Peach had first begun to devote himself to science. The friendship lasted till Dick’s death and strengthened with every year, and no one perhaps gives us a better view of the inner kindliness of Dick’s nature than this friend of his later years. It says much for both that, while pursuing the same objects in science, while following much the same investigations, there existed no trace of rivalry, and nothing but the free and friendly discussion to which parallel investigations gave rise.

The generous Murchison was one of the first to appreciate Dick’s merits, as well as to proclaim them to the Scientific World. It was at the meeting of the British Association at Leeds, in 1858, that the following words of Sir Roderick Murchison brought to Dick a publicity which was not of his own seeking :—

‘In pursuing my researches in the highlands, and going beyond Sutherland into Caithness, it was my gratification a second time to meet with a remarkable man in the town of Thurso, named Robert Dick, a baker by trade. I am proud to call him my distinguished friend. When I went to see him, he spread out before me a map of Caithness and pointed out its imperfections. Mr. Dick had travelled over the whole country in his leisure hours, and was thoroughly acquainted with its features. He delineated to me, by means of some  
flour

flour which he spread out on his baking-board, not only its geographical features, but certain geological phenomena which he desired to impress upon my attention. Here is a man who is earning his daily bread by his hard work; who is obliged to read and study by night; and yet who is able to instruct the Director-General of the Geological Survey.'

And yet even this, Sir Roderick goes on, is not half of what he has to tell of Robert Dick. The estimate of his botanical knowledge we have already quoted: and the other accomplishments that a never-resting pursuit of knowledge had brought to Dick were not overlooked by the speaker. Enthusiastic for his main pursuits, Dick's sympathies were not on that account circumscribed. An unfailing fund of genial, almost childlike, playfulness and humour, is one trait which none who knew him failed to mark. He wrote enough to let us see that he had at least an ear for poetry. His bake-house—a sanctum into which few were privileged to enter,—was adorned with rough but skilful chalk sketches on the plaster of the walls, by his own hand. His library contained not merely books of scientific reference, but the works of his favourites in poetry and prose. In his little study—used, alas! only by snatches—one was struck on entrance by busts of Scott and Byron. From politics—ecclesiastical or secular—he shrank; with what loss men may judge variously. He was, in short, a man of subtle and refined and versatile intellect. He lived and died a working baker in Thurso; and, when he died, he at last attained one honour—the Provost and baillies gave him a public funeral!

We must let Dr. Smiles describe one or two phases of his life and character. The following is a picture of Dick as he appeared to the world of Thurso:—

'Many people about Thurso, who saw Dick coming into the town with his feet bedabbled with dirt and his jean trousers wet up to the knees, said that he would have been much better employed in attending to his bakery, than in wandering about the country in search of beetles, bumblees, ferns, and wild plants.

'But he never missed attending to his business. Science was his pleasure; and the pursuit of it became his habit. One science led to another. From Conchology he went to Entomology, and from these he went to Botany and Geology. Nothing came amiss to him. He found "sermons in stones, and good in everything."

'For a long time he kept all that he did to himself. He had no friends to whom he could communicate the knowledge he had acquired. He was only a poor baker. He did not mix with the educated class. He spent his thrifty savings on books. His dress cost little. His best clothes were many years old. His long swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons was considered antediluvian. His tall chimney-pot hat

was entirely out of date. Sometimes he was jeered at as he passed along.

'The boys knew that he had a love of nature. This is the first taste that a country boy develops. Sometimes they were a little frightened at him. They viewed him with awe, if not apprehension, when they encountered him among the rocks with his hammer and chisel, or came upon him as he emerged from a ditch, or from behind a turf wall, in his pursuit of insects, or grasses, or mosses. But their fear was always tempered by the knowledge that any curiosity they alighted on, in the shape of a stone, or a butterfly, or a beetle, would always be repaid by the mysterious man when brought to him, by a roll, or a cookie, or a biscuit, or sometimes by a sixpence.

'One boy—now a well-known minister—called upon Dick when about twelve years old. He was sent, with another boy, as a deputation from a number of their schoolfellows, to ascertain something about the bones of a cuttle-fish which they had found upon the shore. The boys went into his shop with considerable fear; but they found the baker in excellent humour. He brought down from his library several books, which he spread out among the loaves of bread on his counter, and pointed out to them specimens of other cuttle-fish bones that had been found. "We were much astonished," says the minister, "to be told that if we came back when he was less busy, he would tell us more about it; but neither of us ever mustered courage for a second visit."

'Another says—"Boys out bird-catching on the braes, or fishing by the river-side or amongst the rocks, have often got from him a lesson in Natural History which they would hardly forget in a lifetime."

'Dick began to be considered a general referee. When anything unusual was found—a plant, a stone, a butterfly, or a fish—he was at once appealed to.'

It is thus that Dr. Smiles characterizes Dick's scientific attitude, quoting from his own words:—

'He was very cautious in adopting conclusions. He must first be quite sure of the premisses. He found many writers on geology starting with a theory, and then making the so-called facts fit into the theory. "Here has been some one writing upon the geology of Caithness," he said. "His writing is very good, but his premisses are incorrect. He cannot have seen the rocks, except from a gig, when he passed along the road; and now he drags them in to elucidate his theory. When I want to know what a rock is, I go to it. I hammer it; I dissect it. I then know what it really is. I object to this eternal theorising. My idea is that we know very little of geology, yet these men have got it dignified by the name of a science. The science of geology! Why, don't they see that there are only a very few exposed rocks which we can study. It is only a small bit of the crust of the earth that we can inspect. What are the rocks that we can see, compared with the immense mass lying underground, or forming the ocean bed, which we can

can never see? No, no; we must just work patiently on, *collect facts*, and in course of time geology may develop into a science."

An account of Robert Dick would be incomplete without some reference to his surroundings at Thurso, and to the estimate there formed in his favour or to his prejudice. One of the stumbling-blocks to the little, idle, gossip world of Thurso was Dick's religious opinions: and he did not choose to enlighten his neighbours on the point. Amongst other things, his custom fell off because of his absence from church: and of this we have more than one explanation, curious enough as showing the circles with which he could not choose but mix. It seems too that poor Dick offended not only by his irregular church attendance and by refusing to leave the church of his fathers for a new brand of nonconformity, but also because he was guilty of that most serious crime in all the Free Church decalogue—taking a walk on Sunday, and not on one but on very many Sundays. Such laxity was too serious to be passed over in silence. So Dick got a sermon which made his ears tingle in its direct references to himself—pointed out as one who was guilty of the heinous crime of wandering on the Sabbath-day 'in pursuit of science (of course assumed to be) falsely so called.' We can hardly wonder that, as a modest man, he shrank from such notoriety in crime.

As from ecclesiastical, so from political disputes, he had one resource:—

'Some people,' said he, 'talk about Reform, I observe that the Franchise is to be reduced to 6*l.* and 10*l.* I wish the new voters may derive all the pleasure they expect. I never dabble in politics. It does not suit my nature. But other folk must be tickling themselves with straws, or grasping at shadows, not knowing that they are themselves to blame for the unhappiness that befalls them.

' "Dear Nature is the kindest."

'By nature I mean plants, flowers, and flowerless mosses. I am still looking after and prying into these things. I think myself blest if I can find one moss in the week. By that you will understand that the pursuit of mosses is quite a new study to me. And yet twenty years ago I was looking at them, and picking them up, and putting them aside wrapt in paper, with the locality where found marked upon them.'

Such were his aims and life. Living apart from the crowd of men, yet full of sympathy: with his own pursuits, and yet never deeming that achievements in these pursuits gave him any claim to relief from daily drudgery, Dick had, for a time, a happiness of his own. But troubles came thickly. First, com-



petition stole away his trade. He could hardly manage to meet his slender wants, and began to feel the pinch of absolute poverty. Then came an unavoidable misfortune, slight in the general estimation, but to Dick involving absolute ruin. A vessel bringing for him some bags of flour of the total value of 45*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, was lost through drunken carelessness. It represented poor Dick's total capital. Its loss not only involved poverty, it necessitated borrowing. From henceforth, by a loss that seemed so utterly trivial, for the want of a sum which a single freak of almost unnoticed extravagance would more than equal, the life of this unselfish, single-minded, and never-resting student of science, was done to death. Health broke, and at last hope *almost* broke with it. Yet there was but little complaint. 'They might have stayed by me,' he said, when more customers left, 'I had served them long and honestly.' If a complaint arose, it was only of what he thought his own inactivity in not having chosen a new career long before: if a sigh at the dark closing of his life, it was only for some freer surroundings, where his faculties might have had more play.

Men of Dick's type are rare; their example is too precious to be lost; but they are themselves the last to recognise their own value. They seek from us but little; they ask only fair play: but even that, in the hurry and bustle of modern life, they seem little likely to get. And in the end no one is to blame for it. They have belonged to no combination: they have had a character and an independence which they refused to sacrifice to an organization: they have attempted to stand by their own energy, their own work, their own honesty: they have failed, but it is not theirs to complain. For this very reason Dr. Smiles has done a good work in rescuing from obscurity a life so lofty in its example. Dick owed no kindness to the world: but it will be our fault if we do not gain much from an example such as his. Humbly born, with the education of a village school, ended when he was thirteen: his childhood darkened by the memory of harshness: with a manhood of unceasing drudgery—he yet contrived to be no mere dabbler in science, but to weigh, to correct, to recast, theories long accepted by the leaders of the scientific world. Earnest and devoted to his great purpose, he kept his mind stored by reading. Solitary, he yet did not lose the kindliness of his nature. But his motto and his watchwords, in the energy of his younger labour, as in his refusal to yield to the pressure of his later troubles, were ever, Work, Devotion, High Endeavour,—in a word, that Self-help which is the foundation of all help to others.

- ART. VIII. 1. *Parliamentary Papers. Correspondence respecting Central Asia.*** Nos. 1 and 2. 1878.
- 2. *Correspondence respecting Afghanistan, published by order of the Secretary of State for India.*** Nos. 1 and 2. 1878.
- 3. *Journals and Reports.*** By Captain the Hon. G. C. Napier, on special duty in Persia. London, 1876. Confidential.
- 4. *Central Asia. Part II. Afghanistan.*** By Lieut.-Colonel MacGregor. 1871. Calcutta. Confidential.
- 5. *Russian Political Papers.*** By Colonel M. J. Veniukoff.
- 6. *Russian Newspapers. Russki Mir, Golos, Turkistan Gazette, Novoye Vremia, Moscow Gazette, St. Petersburg Gazette, Kavkaz, Exchange Gazette, &c. &c.***

**I**T is to be regretted that the important Blue-books on Afghan affairs, issued respectively by the India and the Foreign Office and recently presented to Parliament, should have been hitherto so little used for their legitimate purpose. They have been regarded apparently as an armoury of weapons for party warfare, rather than as solemn warnings of national danger. In the anxiety to prove that a Liberal Ministry has been wanting in foresight and firmness, or that a Conservative Viceroy has been needlessly aggressive, the instructive lesson which these papers disclose seems to have been altogether lost sight of,—that before long we shall probably lose our insular privilege of having no frontiers, and that as far, at any rate, as the East is concerned, a great and important change will be thus rendered necessary in our foreign policy. We shall endeavour, in this brief review of the past, present, and future of the Afghan question, to rise above all considerations of party, and to direct attention to those particular features of the situation which are alone of national importance.

Forty-two years ago, Sir John M'Neill, who was then our Minister in Persia, and who is still living to witness the fulfilment of much that he predicted, published a very remarkable pamphlet on the 'Progress of Russia in the East,' in which he described, in temperate language, but with incisive clearness, the rapid extension of her power in Central Asia, and pointed out the inconvenience—not to say the danger—of her nearer proximity to our Indian possessions. He stated that during the preceding sixty-four years, irrespective of her various encroachments in Europe, she had stretched herself forward about 1000 miles towards India, so that her furthest frontier post on the western shore of the Caspian was then equidistant from St. Petersburg and Lahore; and, arguing from the notorious tenacity of the

the Russian national will, which never surrendered a tradition or swerved from a line that had been once laid down, as well as from the unceasing activity with which pressure was exerted on Persia and intrigues were opened with the Afghans beyond, he inferred that Russia's progress in the future would not be less constant than in the past, and that a generation would thus hardly pass away before her forces, advancing from the Siberian border, would meet at a common frontier line with the garrisons of British India. His forecast was published to the world in 1836. Let us take a rapid survey of Russia's present position, and see to what extent it has been realized in 1878.

At the south-west extremity of her Asiatic possessions Russia has obtained an accession of territory, under the operation of the Treaty of Berlin, of no great superficial extent and not immediately affecting the Indian frontier, but still of vast strategical and political importance—of such importance indeed in its bearing on the Eastern interests of Great Britain, that it has been judged advisable to meet it by the occupation of Cyprus and by the acceptance of a treaty obligation to protect Anatolia from further aggression. The advantages which Russia derives from her conquest are manifold, and, as we venture to think, far outweigh in value the defensive measures with which it has been met. From her position, indeed, crowning the heights of the Soghanli-Dagh and backed by the formidable fortress of Kars, she not only commands the high road leading from Constantinople to Persia, along which now passes the caravan traffic of Asia, and which probably marks the track of the great international railway of the future, that is destined to link the west with the east—but she also threatens the rich country below the Taurus, stretching in one direction to the Mediterranean, and in the other to the Persian Gulf, and she further completely dominates the Persian frontier, and presses with a crushing weight on the neighbouring province of Azerbaijan. But her chief gain is, probably, to be found in her acquisition of the sea-board of Lazistan. There, it is not too much to say that the cession of the port of Batoum has inaugurated a new era of Russian power and prosperity. So long as Poti with its wretched roadstead—where sea-going vessels could not approach within two miles of the shore, and in heavy weather could not anchor at all—formed the terminus of the Tiflis railway, and thus furnished the only means of access to the interior of Georgia, it was impossible that trade could flourish or the resources of the country be duly developed. But now that Batoum is in the hands of Russia, with its commodious harbour where, although the anchorage for ships of war may be limited, a whole fleet of merchantmen can be moored  
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in safety, the position of affairs is entirely altered. The railway from Poti, already stretching eastward through Tiflis almost to Baku on the Caspian, will of course be continued without delay along the sea-coast to Batoum ; a new impulse will be given to trade, and for the first time Russia will have a decided advantage in the supply of the markets of Central Asia. It has been indeed a complaint of long standing on the part of Russian commercial writers, who, of course, are Protectionists of the deepest dye, that so long as Batoum remained in Turkish hands Russian trade could not possibly prosper ; inasmuch as, owing to the facilities of smuggling European goods through that port into the interior free of duty, the Russian authorities had been obliged to sanction, as a temporary and exceptional privilege, the free transit of such goods through Georgia, the English importer thus meeting the Russian importer on equal terms, as far as duties were concerned, in the markets of Central Asia, and having the advantage over him, as a general rule, in virtue of the superiority of the English manufactures ; whereas, if the Batoum avenue were closed, and the English goods were thus compelled to pass through Georgia, they would be weighted, as in other parts of the empire, with such an enormous transit duty—50 per cent. being the standard tariff—as to be altogether unable to compete with the untaxed Russian goods in the markets beyond the frontier. We may now certainly expect that Russia, with Batoum in her hands, will pursue this Protectionist policy to the serious detriment, for a time, of our northern trade with Persia and the regions beyond. But we have fortunately two strings to our bow, and the result of the Georgian prohibitive tariff will, in all probability, simply be to drive the trade with Persia into the southern line of approach through the Karun river or Baghdad, while our Afghan successes will also, it is to be hoped, open out to us an available access to those Central Asiatic markets beyond the border, of which Russia claims at present the exclusive control.

On the east coast of the Caspian Sea, the increase of the Russian territory has been far greater in superficial extent than on the east coast of the Black Sea, and it has also more immediately affected the interests of India, inasmuch as the settlements of Russia in this region—communicating as they do directly with the head-quarters of the army of the Caucasus in Georgia, and with the various national arsenals and establishments on the Volga—constitute the true military base for all operations to the eastward. It must, however, be confessed that up to the present time these settlements have not developed that overwhelming political importance which would seem rightfully to belong to them, and  
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which they must be expected to assume at no very distant date in the history of the East. When Sir John McNeill wrote his pamphlet, in 1836, Russia possessed but one solitary post on the east coast of the Caspian, the fort of Alexandrofsk at the entrance of Mertvi-Kultuk Bay, a poor, half-starved settlement, which was only useful as a trade depot between Astrachan and Khiva, and which was abandoned on account of its unhealthiness shortly after the place was visited by Abbott and Shakespeare in 1840-41. In the time of Peter the Great, several Russian posts had been established on the coast as far south as the Balkhan Bay, for the purpose of giving support to the insane expedition of Bekovitch, who was sent to Khiva in search of gold—the mountains on the right bank of the Oxus in that district being supposed to be auriferous, and the name of Kizil Su, or ‘Red River,’ being, in consequence, given to the main branch of the Oxus, which then flowed from Old Urganj to the Caspian. But on the collapse of the expedition and the murder of Bekovitch and his party at Khiva, in 1717, all these outlying posts were abandoned, and it was not till 1846 that the present chain of forts was commenced. There are now three such positions along this stretch of coast; 1, Novo-Petrofsk (rechristened Alexandrofsk) at the extremity of the Manghishlak Peninsula; 2, Krasnovodsk, at the entrance of Balkhan Bay, and near the old *embouchure* of the Oxus; and 3, Chikishlar, lately taken from the Turcomans, and formed into a post of considerable strength, at the mouth of the Atreck. Of these forts, the most northerly, now called Alexandrofsk, is chiefly made use of to control the Kirghiz of the neighbourhood, and to protect the trade with Khiva. The other two are well garrisoned, and, in communication with the naval depot on the Island of Ashur-Ada, off the Persian coast, further to the south, they form the basis of all the expeditions that have been sent of late years against the Turcoman tribes of the interior. The coast-line from Alexandrofsk to Chikishlar cannot measure less than 1000 miles; and this distance, accordingly, may be taken as an estimate of the advance which the Russian frontier has made towards India along the shores of the Caspian during the last two-and-forty years.

Proceeding eastward, it becomes more difficult to gauge the exact rate of advance of the Russian frontier, since, in the region between the Caspian and the Oxus, the line of territorial demarcation is at present undetermined, Persia asserting as her boundary, not the Atreck itself, which is the limit claimed by Russia, but the watershed between the Atreck and the desert, while the Turcoman inhabitants of the steppe are still making a gallant, though it is to be feared an ineffectual, struggle for independence.

pendence. Beyond the Oxus, however, we can measure the encroachments of Russia with some precision. Meshekli, for instance, the frontier post of Russia on the Oxus, as defined by the treaty with Bokhara of 1873, is above 1000 miles from the Orenburg line which formed her boundary in 1836, while the southern boundary of the Samarcand district is at least 200 miles still nearer to India, and the extreme limit of the Kokand territory on the Pamir plateau is again 100 miles further to the south of Samarcand: so that the Russian frontier at the present day, as laid down in the latest official map, is actually not more than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  degrees, or about 170 miles, from the Cashmir border at the passes of Ishkaman and Darkút. It may seem a sufficient reply to this charge of systematic Russian encroachment, to point out that during the same interval of time our own Indian frontier has been advanced, either directly or through the agency of our great feudatory the Maharaja of Cashmir, from the Sutlej to the passes opening on the valley of the Oxus, a distance not much inferior to that which intervenes between the Orenburg line and the southern Pamir. But the parallel thus sought to be established altogether fails, when it is remembered that our annexation of the Punjab, and consequent control over Cashmir, was occasioned by the gratuitous Sikh invasion of India; whereas, in the case of the Russian advance, so far from the Kirghiz, or Uzbeks, or Turcomans having provoked hostilities by an invasion of Russian territory, they stood entirely on the defensive, and on two notable occasions, firstly, when the Russians crossed the Kirghiz steppe to the Jaxartes, in 1847-48, and again when they sent an expeditionary force across the Caspian to Krasnovodsk in 1869, the movement was as thoroughly aggressive in character, and *filibustering* in all its details, as the American invasions of Texas and California.

It will be needless to trace in any detail the successive steps by which the dominion of Russia has been thus pushed on from the Siberian border to the vicinity of the Indian Caucasus, her banner being sometimes borne to the front by victorious columns, sometimes following in the wake of scientific exploration, sometimes waving over lands appropriated without challenge or resistance. The subject in all its earlier phases has been already so exhaustively treated in the pages of this journal, that it would be a mere waste of time to go over the same ground. The only two points which seem to deserve special attention at present, in connection with the Anglo-Russian relations, are, firstly, the question of Merv; and, secondly, the position of Afghanistan in respect to the two great European Powers.

Merv

Merv is an ancient capital, dating from the earliest times. Situated in a rich alluvial plain, which is formed by the detritus brought down by the Murghab river from the Afghan mountains, and possessing an admirable climate, it has been ever famous for its natural fertility, while its unequalled geographical position, in the centre of a circle of cities of almost equal celebrity, has in all ages invested it with a special political interest. As the seat of government of the great Sultan Sanjar, it might have been called in the 11th century the capital of Asia, and even 200 years later, when attacked by the son of Chenghiz Khan, it was popularly believed to contain a million of inhabitants.\* At the present day all its glories of wealth, of learning, and architectural display, have vanished. The tomb of Sultan Sanjar is shown as a crumbling ruin in the desert. The old walls of the proud city can only be traced with difficulty in a line of low mounds, almost level with the surface; but the great blessings of nature, a teeming soil and inexhaustible supply of water, still remain to attract the tribesmen of the surrounding desert to the spot. The prosperity of the district of Merv depends in a great measure on the preservation of a huge dam which has been thrown across the river at the head of the alluvial basin to the south of the city, and which, raising the level of the water, distributes it by irrigating canals both to the east and west.† When the dam is in a sound and efficient state, the entire oasis can thus be put under cultivation, and populous

\* Yacut of Hamuth, the great scholar and traveller, who visited Merv shortly before the Tartar invasion, speaks with enthusiasm of the wealth and populousness of the place, and of the munificent and enlightened hospitality of the inhabitants. He was astonished to find no less than ten public libraries attached to the various mosques and colleges of the city, one of which the Azizieh, founded by a fruit-seller of Merv in the time of Sultan Sanjar, contained, at least, 10,000 volumes of the highest interest and value; and what seems to have especially excited the traveller's admiration was that he was allowed to take home with him 200 volumes at a time for the purpose of reference and collation, without any security beyond his simple promise to return them. Yacut describes himself to have revelled in these literary treasures, "like a horse in a rich pasture," wandering with delight amid the MSS. of Merv, and gathering in the varied stores of biographical and geographical knowledge, which he afterwards transferred to his Encyclopedias, and which, as is well known, earned for him the reputation of being the most learned and voluminous writer of his day.

† In the palmy days of Merv, the regulation of the water-supply seems to have been as carefully looked after as in Egypt. There was a superintendent of irrigation, with a following of 10,000 paid attendants, whose duty it was to protect the embankments, and to guard against the water being wasted or distributed unfairly among the cultivators. A water-gauge, it seems, was established in a circular reservoir above the city, resembling on a small scale the Nilometer of Egypt, and according as the level rose or fell, the variation being from 6 to 60 inches, intelligence was sent to the several Inspectors of canals to open or shut the sluices. At the time of harvest, labourers flocked in from all parts of Khorassan, and in a good year the return of cereal produce was prodigious.

towns and villages are spread over a space 60 miles in length by 40 in length; but when the dam is broken or damaged, the water, breaking through and flowing in a sunken bed which is worn in the alluvium, can be only raised with difficulty to the surface. Cultivation becomes thus impeded, and the stream, passing sluggishly by the ruins of the old city, breaks into a number of muddy channels and is finally absorbed in the sands of the desert. After the Tartar invasion, when the city was entirely destroyed, the dam remained for 200 years out of repair, and agriculture was for the most part suspended. In A.D. 1412, Shah-rokh, the famous ruler of Herat, restored the dam and reopened the canals, and the country rapidly recovered. A new city was built and flourished for a time, lasting, indeed, until the reign of Shah Murad of Bokhara, by whom the place was finally ruined in 1785, the inhabitants being transferred to the neighbourhood of Samarcand. At present some hundreds of families of Tekoh Turcomans take up their abode for a few months of the year within the mud enclosure of the latest city, but after harvesting their crops they retire to the desert, or rejoin their brethren in their encampments along the banks of the various arms of the river. It is stated that at least 40,000 of these tents are to be counted within a radius of 20 or 30 miles, and there is no doubt that, notwithstanding the ruin of the city of Merv, the Tekehs might, from their numbers and the defensibility of their position, offer a very formidable resistance to an invading army.

It is probable that the attention of Russia was first drawn to the Turcoman steppe and the crowning position of Merv at its eastern limit, by the urgency which arose for providing the province of Turkistan, after it had been erected into a separate Government, with a more convenient base of communication with the west than the remote and inaccessible post of Orenburg, which was distant above 800 miles from the Jaxartes across one of the worst and most inhospitable regions of Central Asia. It was evident, indeed, that the aim of the Government should be in the first place to utilize the Oxus for navigation, and then to connect the river on one side with Tashkend and Samarcand, and on the other with the Caspian, either through Merv or Khiva, so as to knit the whole Russian possessions together in a compact territorial mass, and, at the same time, to bring the country into direct relationship with Europe through the Caspian. The invasion of Khiva in 1873 is believed to have formed a part of this general scheme of territorial arrangement, rather than to have been called for by any special considerations of military or political emergency; and it is further certain that the



the proceedings of the Russian commanders in the steppe, ever since their first descent upon the coast in 1869, have been mainly directed to the same purpose. But before tracing these proceedings in detail, and showing how the prosecution of their efforts to connect the Caspian and the Oxus must bring the Russians into very dangerous proximity to Herat, which has been called 'the key of India,' it may be as well to give a brief sketch of the history and present appearance of the region which is the scene of operation.

The country, then, between the Caspian Sea and the Oxus, through which lies the high road from European Russia to the Indian frontier, has probably varied more than any region of the earth in the physical and social aspect which it has presented at different periods of history. In very early times the Oxus bifurcated at about the 39th degree of latitude, near the modern town of Charjui, one arm continuing its course to the north, while the other branched off nearly due west, to the Caspian. This arm, which was known to the Greeks under the name of Ochus ( $\text{Ὀχὸς}$  and  $\text{Ὀξὸς}$  being allied, as are the modern forms of Vakh and Vakhsh), received in its course the superfluous waters of the Murghab and Tejen, and, flowing in an alluvial bed forty or fifty miles to the north of the Khorassan mountains, diffused around fertility and verdure almost to the shores of the Caspian. On the right bank was Chorasmia, the 'food land' of the Zend Avesta, and quite distinct from Urganj or Urganj, which took the name of Kharism after the Ochus had dried up; on the left bank was the Parthian Nisæa, watered on the south by streams from the Eastern Elburz, on the north by canals from the Ochus, and possessing those famous pastures which produced the Nisæan horses, the progenitors of the Turcoman breed of the present day. It was the richness of this country which first developed the power of the Parthian race. From their ancestral capital of Parthau-nisa, which was also called Sauloe, or 'the royal,' and the site of which still retains the name of Nissa, they issued forth to contest the empire of Asia, on one side with the Greeks, on the other with the Romans, and for a time they were victorious over both. So long, indeed, as the Ochus continued in the bed, which has been seen in the desert at several points both by English and Russian travellers, and which Arthur Conolly traced through the Lesser Balkhan range in its descent to the sea-coast, the fertile tract along its banks was the great highway from Central to Western Asia. The earliest Chinese embassies to Persia in the second century of Christ travelled by this route, and thus the whole Parthian empire obtained in Chinese the name of Suli, which properly belonged to the provincial

vincial capital of Nissa. The great caravan route, again described by Isidore in his 'Parthian Stations,' passed from Gurgan across the mountain plateau by Bújnoord to Nissa, and then followed up the Ochus to Merv, while the colossal mounds that are still to be seen along the lower Gurgan, extending from the sea to the mountains, and which were raised by the Sassanian kings to arrest the inroads of the White Huns and other kindred tribes, indicate the line which the invaders took in marching from the Oxus into Persia. This southern branch of the Oxus seems to have been closed before the Mahomedan era, the entire stream then flowing to the north and emptying itself into the Aral. Subsequently the river is believed to have opened for itself two different channels to the Caspian, one the Doden, which branched off at Hazarasp, but which has not been traced in modern times; the other, the Daryalik, which passed north of the town of Khiva to the neighbourhood of old Urganj, and fell into the Sary-Kamish lakes. The Uzboi, which is the name given to the dry channel between the lakes and the Caspian Sea, may have been originally the bed of the Jaxartes, but it certainly carried the main stream of the Oxus from the time of the destruction of Urganj by the Tartars (A.D. 1221) to the middle of the 16th century, when it began gradually to dry up, owing to obstructions at its mouth, as recorded by contemporary writers, such as Abul-ghazi Khan and Jenkinson. These northern arms, in passing through the steppe to the Caspian, never seem to have produced the same fertility as the southern arm, or Ochus. The upper portion of the steppe, indeed, was always more or less salt and sandy, whilst the tract at the foot of the southern hills was a rich alluvial deposit. At the present day all is equally desert, the sandhills of the northern portion having been swept by the prevailing winds, not only across the old bed of the Ochus, but almost to the foot of the mountains, so as to leave only a narrow belt of land for the camps and husbandry of the Akhal Turcomans. The Russians have been feeling their way across the steppe ever since they settled on the coast. They have hitherto devoted their chief attention to the upper line, which leads for the most part along the Uzboi bed from Krasnovodsk to old Urganj. Along that track they have dug wells and established military posts, so that small caravans can now pass from the Bay of Balkhan to the Oxus with tolerable ease and safety; but to render the line available for any large military operations has exceeded their power. Markosoff's column, which endeavoured to penetrate to the eastward by this line during the Khivan war, could not get further than the Igdy wells, and was nearly destroyed on its retreat, while it seems very doubtful whether

whether the efforts which are being now made to throw the Oxus waters again in a continuous stream into this channel will have any permanent success. Owing, as it is said, to an accidental rupture of the dam at the head of the Laudon Canal during this year's flood of the Oxus, a considerable body of water has found its way into the old Daryalik branch, so that the channel, as far as the Sary-Kamish lakes, has been filled; but the Russian engineers do not seem at all sanguine that the lower channel, or Úzboi, will be filled with the same rapidity. It has been calculated that a continuous flow for six months of the same volume of water as at present would be required to fill up the extensive Sary-Kamish depression, and compensate for the enormous evaporation which takes place over its surface, after which the water would begin slowly to trickle into the Uzboi bed, now completely choked with sand for a distance of over 200 miles, and, moreover, upraised, as the levels seem to show, in the vicinity of the Balkhan hills, by volcanic action. Under such circumstances, and as the Oxus has now begun to fall, and will not be in flood again till next autumn, it is not surprising that the extravagant delight with which the first announcement of a change in the upper course of the river was hailed by the Russian public should have moderated, and that sober statisticians should be now inclined to think that if any great improvement in the communication between Europe and Asia is to be achieved in this quarter, it will not be by means of the water-way of the Oxus, but rather by the costly and laborious work of constructing a railway from Krasnovodsk to Khiva.

In the meantime Russia has not neglected the southern line across the steppe, although in many respects, and especially in regard to the port of entry, it is far less convenient than the northern; for while at Krasnovodsk, which is built on a rocky spit, there is good anchorage close in-shore, at Chikishlar, on the contrary, laden vessels cannot in the best weather approach within some miles of the coast, and all stores and merchandise and troops have to be landed in boats and barges. In former times there was an admirable port at the mouth of the Gurgan, called Abuskún, from whence caravans crossed the steppe to the Oxus, passing by the large city of Dehístán (founded by the Parthian Dahæ, and now called by the Russians Mestorian), and Faráwá, where, in the time of the Caliph Mamun, a commodious building for travellers was erected, called by the Turks Kizil Robát, or 'the red caravanserai,' which is now corrupted into Kizil Arvat; but when the Oxus was turned into the Caspian at the beginning of the 13th century, this city was submerged; and the ruins are still to be seen under the sea, in the  
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vicinity of Gumish Teppeh. The Caspian, indeed, in this its south-eastern corner, seems to be very gradually retiring from the excessive limit to which it was swollen by the continuous flowing-in of the Oxus waters for three centuries, the wall of Firoz, or Sed-i-Iskandar ('Alexander's dyke') as it is called, being visible under water for eighteen miles from the shore, and the beach shelving so gradually all along the coast that the fishermen wade out two or three miles to sea.

From the fort of Chikishlar the Russian detachments usually cross the plain direct to Chat, where the Simbur falls into the Atreck, and where a considerable fort, destined to control the southern steppe, is now established, the route from this point skirting the hills to Kizil Arvat, and leaving far to the left the ruins of Dehistán, or Mestorian, where, among many monuments of antiquity, there is probably still to be seen the tomb of Ali-bn-Leith, one of the four sons of the famous coppersmith of Seistan, who held all Persia in subjection at the beginning of the 10th century of Christ.\* Kizil Arvat has been hitherto as much the object of attention in the western steppe as has been Merv in the eastern. Situated at the northern apex of the Kuren-dagh range, it is the point where all the great steppe roads from the east and west converge. One route conducts for 250 miles along the Balkhan range to Krasnovodsk; another leads to Chikishlar, about the same distance. The direct line across the steppe, practicable, however, only to Turcoman horsemen, from Kizil Arvat to Khiva measures nearly 500 miles; and the line along the Khorassan mountains (called the Kippet-dagh), by Nissa and Abiverd to Serrakhs, and then north to Merv, may be somewhat longer. It is the latter line of country, affording to Russia at present the only convenient mode of approach to the Indian frontier, that we have now to consider.

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\* This city was first noticed in modern times by Arthur Conolly in 1826, when he attempted to cross the steppe from Asterabad to Khiva. It was next visited by Vambéry in 1863, and later still it has been examined by the Russians, who, in ignorance of the previous history of the place, were greatly elated at their supposed discovery. The Dahæ, who founded Dehistan, were a tribe of Parthians, settled along the lower Oxus from Nissa to the sea, and their chief retained the title of *Sul*, which we find both in *Σουλῶν* and in the Chinese Suli, as late as the fourth century of the Hejrah. In Arabic history, indeed, there are frequent notices of attacks on Dehistan by the Governors of Khorassan and Gurgan, the *Sul* on one occasion (A.H. 98) having taken refuge in the island fortress of Boheireh, 20 miles off, where he stood a six months' siege. Mestorian is probably the Russian rendering of *Mazdurán*, which is the name given in Persian romance to the extreme limit between Iran and Turan (being the spot where the arrow shot by Arish to mark the boundary fell), and which usually denotes the Eastern pass opening out from Khorassan on the desert. The true name of the town was *Okhur*, Dehistan applying properly to the district, while the neighbouring necropolis is called *Mashed*, or the place of martyrdom.



The country between Kizil Arvat and Merv is entirely in the hands of the Tekeh Turcomans, who form two divisions—the Akhals and the Tekehs of Merv. The Turcomans generally represent the Ghuz of Oriental history, who, crossing the Oxus with the Seljukians in about A.D. 1030, continued for the two following centuries to be the dominant Turkish tribe of Western Asia. Colonies of these Turcoman Ghuz, as they are called by contemporary historians, are still to be found in Persia, Anatolia, and Syria, the descendants probably of the original settlers; but the great strength of the nation has always been in the country between the Caspian and the Oxus. On a rough calculation, the Turcomans of this region are computed at about 1,000,000 souls, of whom nearly one-third belong to the Tekeh tribe, and reside along the line of the Persian frontier from Kizil Arvat to Merv; the Akhal Tekehs holding the western portion of this line, which is called the ‘Atock,’ or ‘skirt,’ of the mountains; while the Tekehs of Merv are confined almost exclusively to the oasis watered by the Murghab river. The entire tribe has been supposed to consist of about 60,000 tents, or families, of which total 20,000 have been assigned to the Akhals, and 40,000 to the Tekehs of Merv—though these numbers are a good deal in excess of Captain Napier’s estimate, who is our best and latest authority. The Tekehs are inveterate raiders, and ever since the time of Nadir Shah, who first removed them from the Oxus to the ‘Atock,’ have kept the Persian frontier in a state of chronic disorder; but still they are not such incorrigible ruffians as they have been generally accounted. Captain Napier, indeed, who, during his employment in Khorassan, has had a better opportunity of studying the character of the tribes than any other living authority, gives the following description of them:—

‘The Turcoman nomad is not by any means the mere plundering savage that his Persian neighbour paints him. From what I have seen and heard, I would describe the average Turcoman as exceedingly intelligent, shrewd, and alive to his own interests. Accustomed from childhood to a free roving life, anything like restraint would be at first irksome to him, but he does not appear to be incapable of discipline. The Turcoman of Merv is also now fully alive to the advantages he enjoys in the possession of one of the most fertile tracts in the world, and a guarantee of its undisturbed possession would be one of the strongest inducements that could be held out to him. He is already in some degree changing his habits, and there is every indication of the possibility of his settling down in course of time, of his own impulse, to peaceful occupations. Two large sections of the race, the Arsari and the Goklan, have already done so, and the character of the Tekeh cannot be radically different.’

It is important to bear in mind this evidence of the improved  
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and improving condition of the Tekehs, as the Russians persistently paint them in the blackest colours, and claim the gratitude of all civilized nations for their own sustained endeavour to wipe them out of the map of Asia.

It would be a painful and a thankless task to chronicle in detail all the various expeditions that have been undertaken against the Tekehs. A brief recapitulation will sufficiently show that the dominant idea of the Russian commanders, since their arrival on the coast, has been to subjugate this powerful tribe; and though they have not yet made any substantial progress in attaining their object, owing partly to difficulties of transport and supply in the steppe, partly to the stubborn resistance of the Turcoman horse, and partly perhaps to our indirect interposition in their favour, it is not to be expected that, under such unequal conditions of military strength and organization, the contest can be indefinitely prolonged. At the close of 1869 Krasnovodsk was occupied by the Russians. In 1870 Markosoff led his first expedition against the Akhal Tekehs, marching along the Lesser Balkhan range to Kizil Arvat, and razing the walls of the fort, as he was unable to spare a garrison for its defence. In 1871 a new Russian position was established at Chikishlar, near the mouth of the Atreck. During the autumn of 1872 a very serious encounter took place between the Akhals and a Russian column, also under Markosoff, which was engaged in a reconnaissance of the desert route to Khiva along the bed of the Uzboi. The Russians on this occasion lost their baggage, and were for a time in danger of being entirely cut off; but ultimately they drove away the Turcoman horse by whom they were surrounded, and, following them across the steppe, which at that season was practicable for troops, they again attacked and destroyed Kizil Arvat, and also plundered several large camps to the eastward at Bami, Beurma, and Kizil Chashma, thus inflicting a severe blow upon the Akhals, and gaining for the first time a practical acquaintance with the famous Tekeh road to Merv. In the Khivan campaign of 1873 the Tekehs took little part, being cowed apparently by their recent losses, though it is certain that if they had cordially supported the Yomûts in their attack on Markosoff's detachment, retreating in the greatest distress from Igdy wells, hardly a soldier of this column would have reached the Caspian. They were accused, however, of making raids, somewhat later, on the Khiva frontier, and accordingly in the spring of the year 1874 local preparations were made at Krasnovodsk and Chikishlar on a large scale for invading the Akhal country, and following up the retreating tribes to Merv.

Up to this time the Indian Government had not attributed any great importance to the Russian movements on the Caspian coast. It is true that, as early as 1870, our Ministers both at St. Petersburg and Teheran had pointed to the danger, in regard to Merv and Herat, which loomed in the distance, and we had further at about the same time received a significant warning from the Russian Foreign Minister himself, who insisted that in fixing the Afghan frontier the line should be drawn from Khoja Saleh on the Oxus somewhat to the south of west, so as to exclude the district of Merv, which 'was becoming commercially important'; but still practical statesmen, not yet alive to Russia's ulterior designs, were unwilling to believe in the probability of her marching a body of men nearly a thousand miles across the steppe for the mere purpose of chastising marauders or protecting trade; and accordingly, in the various negotiations which took place at this time, with regard to a neutral zone and the adoption of the line of the Oxus for the northern frontier of Afghanistan, Merv and the Turcoman steppe were rarely, if ever, mentioned. The Khivan expedition of 1873, testifying to the facility with which Russia moved her columns from Orenburg and Tashkend to the Oxus—a distance greater than that between the Caspian and Merv—first aroused our attention, and shortly afterwards Shir Ali, taking alarm at her continued advance towards his frontier, besought our assistance to arrest the further progress of her arms. He pointed out, indeed, that if the Tekeh Turcomans were driven from Merv, as it appeared highly probable they would be, the neighbouring Afghan territory, inhabited by tribes subject to Herat, afforded their only place of refuge, and serious frontier disturbance would thus inevitably ensue. In the interests of peace, then, we were at length obliged to address remonstrances to Russia, and, as it appeared at the time, with some effect; for, whether the motive was merely to smooth the way to the Czar's reception in England, then just at hand, or whether at that period pacific views really prevailed in the councils of the State, we were assured by Prince Gortchakoff, on March 24th, 1874, that 'The orders of the Emperor that no expedition shall be undertaken against the Tekeh Turcomans, which means in the direction of Merv, have been given in such peremptory terms, that no local ambition will dare to take the liberty of transgressing them.'\* It affords an instructive commentary on the validity of Russia's promises, or the stability of her policy, to observe that, within two months of the date of this categorical dis-

\* Parliamentary Papers, Central Asia, No. 1 of 1878, p. 12.

claimer of all hostile intentions, General Llamakin, who had just been appointed to the military government of the Trans-Caspian district, addressed a circular letter to all the Turcoman tribes, including even those dependent upon Persia, of so imperious and aggressive a character as to necessitate our renewed interference in support of the protest of the Shah. Again explanations were given to us at St. Petersburg, though with some reluctance, the affair being described as a *mal-entendu*, and again the current course of local measures belied the Imperial assurances, an active, though unobtrusive, propagandism being carried on throughout the steppe during the year 1874, and all the tribes whom the Russians could reach—whether Chaudors, Yomúts, Goklans, or Akhals—being drawn as far as possible within the circle of their influence by presents and promises upon one side, by threats and coercion on another; while, early in 1875, a strong column under Llamakin in person was pushed up the Uzboi to Khiva, on the plea of scientific exploration, but presumably with the additional object of striking terror through the steppe. At any rate, in the spring of 1875, the aspect of affairs looked so threatening, that Lord Derby was induced to warn Count Schouvaloff in plain terms that ‘an advance of British troops westward was probable in the event of any Russian movement tending to the occupation of Merv.’\* This bold language, which, after the harmless diplomatic fencing of the last few years, seemed like knocking the buttons off the foils, called forth an elaborate statement of policy on the part of the Russian Government, under date April 5th, 1875. In the covering despatch a distinct pledge was given in the following words:—‘His Imperial Majesty has no intention of extending the frontiers of Russia, such as they exist at present in Central Asia, either on the side of Bokhara or on the side of Krasnovodsk and of the Atreck. On the contrary, the Emperor deems any extension of our frontiers in those parts as being opposed to our own interests.’† But the effect of such a pledge was greatly diminished by a passage in the enclosed ‘Memorandum,’ which claimed that we had given Russia, by our previous understanding, ‘complete liberty of action over the territory situated between her frontier and the frontiers of Afghanistan;’ so that, according to this theory, Russia, though at present pacifically disposed, might at any future time, if her policy changed, extend her border to the neighbourhood of Herat, without our having the right even to offer a diplomatic objection. So monstrous a claim at once

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\* Central Asia, No. 1, 1878, p. 24.

† Ibid. p. 26.



aroused attention in England, and Prince Gortchakoff was in due course informed in reply that 'Her Majesty's Government attach the highest importance to the maintenance of the integrity of the Afghan territory, and reserve to themselves the most complete liberty of action under all future contingencies, as to the measures which in their opinion may be necessary to secure it;'\* the significant remark being added, 'that such an event, for instance, as the occupation of Merv, which would bring the line of Russian territory into direct contact with Afghan territory, would be one of the dangers against which they would thus consider themselves bound to provide.' Russia, having now elicited this declaration of our strong interest in the preservation of the independence of Merv, remained for a brief space of time quiescent. Locally she was occupied with the annexation of Kokand, and the only occurrence in the steppe of any interest was the submission of a number of Akhal chiefs to Llamakin, on his return march to the Caspian from his exploratory visit to Khiva in 1875-1876. The Turkish war, too, was on the point of breaking out, and Gortchakoff accordingly, in November 1876, when again pressed by our Ministers on the subject of Merv, denied that there was any intention of another expedition, adding with more humour than he usually showed: '*Quand nous avons en main une baleine, je ne puis pas m'occuper des petits poissons.*'†

In the spring of 1877, however, within six months of this positive denial on the part of Prince Gortchakoff, and in spite of the '*baleine*,' an expedition left the shores of the Caspian with the avowed purpose of punishing the Tekehs; and the preparations were on a scale of such magnitude and completeness, that Merv was at last generally believed to be the true object of attack. The Indian Government now took alarm, and, foreseeing a great aggravation of the Afghan difficulties if the Russians succeeded in reaching Merv, recommended active measures of opposition, for which the recent occupation of Quetta seemed to afford a convenient basis, and her Majesty's Ministers, although they considered the Viceroy's apprehensions premature, went so far, in support of the Indian policy, as to point out to Russia that

'the occupation of Merv, which was now threatened, would be held by the general opinion of the inhabitants of the neighbouring regions of Asia to announce a design on the part of His Majesty the Emperor to extend his influence, if not his dominion, into territories with which Her Majesty's Government have understood from the

\* Central Asia, No. 1, 1878, p. 60.

† Ibid. p. 89.

Government

Government of His Imperial Majesty that it is not His Majesty's intention to interfere. Such an impression would impose upon Her Majesty's Government the necessity of making a corresponding advance, in order to allay apprehension, and to remove misconception from the minds of the people of those countries.\*

Some curiosity has been shown to know what this 'corresponding advance' really meant. It could not mean, it has been observed, an advance on Quetta, for we were already there. Was it then a mere 'brutum fulmen,' or did it foreshadow that bolder policy which has more than once been advocated in this journal, and which is now apparently gaining ground in popular estimation, namely, that a Russian occupation of Merv can only be efficiently met by a British occupation of Herat? The opportunity did not occur for testing the resolution of Government, as the great expedition of Llamakin, which was to have rolled up the Akhal and Tekeh population, from the Caspian to Merv, collapsed at Kizil Arvat in June 1877, the Akhal Turcomans having attacked the Russians in great force and with undoubted gallantry, and, although defeated with severe loss, having so crippled the column by cutting off their carriage and supplies, that Llamakin was compelled to retire somewhat precipitately to Krasnovodsk and Chikishlar. The Tekehs, both of Akhal and Merv, now availed themselves of the respite to open negotiations with Persia, with a view to their being accepted as subjects of the Shah, and thus being secured against future Russian molestation. Certain terms were ostensibly agreed upon, and it seemed just possible at one time that a pacific settlement of the Merv frontier might have been arranged; but the Persians and Turcomans were mutually suspicious of each other, and, as the Russian Minister at Teheran for his own purposes fomented their disagreement, the whole negotiation fell through, leaving the several parties at the close of 1877 prepared to fight out their quarrel *à outrance*. It is certain that if England had come forward at this time, and had duly supported the Turcomans with arms and officers and money, a strong confederacy of the tribes might have been formed, which it would have taxed the resources of Russia to the utmost to overcome; but the field of action was so remote from our frontier, the responsibilities entailed by the coalition would have been so heavy, its advantages so doubtful, and the alliance, moreover, with nomads who are generally stigmatized as brigands and man-stealers, would have been so unpopular in England, that it is not surprising we decided to keep free of the entanglement. The functions of our officer, Captain

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\* Central Asia, No. 1, 1878, p. 112.

Napier, who has been travelling in Khorassan, on and off, for the last six years, have been simply those of observation and counsel, and he is not in any way responsible for the political difficulties in which the situation is now involved.

During the last year (1878) the Merv drama advanced a further stage towards consummation. Preparations were carried on continuously for several months at the commencement of the year, in order to obtain camels for transport from the friendly Yomúts, and also to ensure the storing of provisions at certain depots along the line; for it should be borne in mind, as the essence of the whole Merv question, that as the Akhals of the 'Atock' do not grow more grain in the limited space of irrigated lands surrounding their camps than is necessary for their own consumption, it is indispensable to the passage of any large body of foreign troops through their country, that supplies should be brought up from the rear, that is from the sea-base, or should be furnished on the right flank of the march from within the Persian frontier, where there are several fertile districts, such as Bújnoord, Kuchán, and Deregez, capable of meeting food requisitions to an almost unlimited extent. Considerable reinforcements having been sent across the Caspian in April and May, Llamakin started for the interior in two columns, which marched respectively from Chikishlar and Krasnovodsk, while the Akhals were duly notified of the Russian approach, and summoned to surrender or prepare for battle. We have no official accounts as yet of the proceedings of this expedition. Some very interesting letters have been published in the 'Moscow Gazette' by an officer who seems to have been on Llamakin's staff, and who describes in some geographical detail the march of the column, during August and September, along the course of the Atreck and Simbur, the river-beds being clothed with luxuriant vegetation; and subsequently across the barren spurs of the range to the Akhal oasis at Kizil Arvat; but there are no reports of a political or military character. We know, however, from other sources, that the columns must have marched in detachments, and that one detachment commanded by Llamakin in person was obliged to fall back before reaching Kizil Arvat, owing to the plunder of a Krasnovodsk caravan, coinciding with the failure of supplies expected from the Bujnoord district, a *contretemps* which gave rise to angry discussion between the Persian and Russian authorities at Teheran. It is stated, indeed, that Llamakin after this check crossed the Caspian to Tiflis, to take further counsel with the Grand Duke Michael as to the prosecution of the enterprise; but in the meantime he had made good his ground by establishing

establishing permanent forts at Chat (at the confluence of the Simbur with the Atreck), and at Khoja Kileh, in the neighbourhood of Kizil Arvat; and he had further proclaimed his intention of founding a third military post at Geuk Teppeh, considerably in advance, and in the very heart of the Akhal settlements. It was well understood that Llamakin's expeditionary force, which was at least 4000 strong, had been originally organized with a view to co-operating with the Turkistan columns in their proposed demonstration against the Afghan frontier, the immediate object of the march being to support Grotenhelm's detachment from Petro-Alexandrofsk in an attack upon Merv; and it may be surmised, therefore, that the interruption of the enterprise, and the retirement of a large portion of the troops to the sea-coast for the winter, has been as much owing to the collapse of the original plan, which followed on the signing of the Treaty of Berlin, as to the local checks caused by sickness and a failure of provisions. At any rate, everything seems to indicate that the expedition has been only suspended, not abandoned; and that, when resumed in the early spring, it will be on a scale of far greater efficiency and preparedness than heretofore. Pressure is thus being already brought to bear on the Persian Government, in order to ensure the timely transport of grain to a line of depots along the border, while contracts with the friendly tribes have engaged all the available carriage of the country; and the selection of strategical points in front shows a determination to push the movement in advance to the extreme limit of the steppe. The Tekehs, indeed, are now convinced that the final struggle is approaching. The 'white beards' of the Akhals, with the exception of a few faint hearts who have been seduced by Russian gold, have resolved, after harassing to the utmost of their power the invading columns, to abandon their camps and pastures and fall back upon Merv, where the great stand of the united tribes is to be made. Very formidable earthworks have, indeed, already been raised behind a branch of the river which is quite unfordable, and preparations have been made for defending the flanks of the position by an extensive inundation of the adjoining lands. To attack a position of this sort, held by 40,000 resolute men, which is Captain Napier's estimated strength of the fighting force of the united Tekehs, would be a not less serious undertaking than the subjugation of Khiva; and whenever, therefore, Russia may succeed in forcing the passage of the steppe from the Caspian, we may rest assured that auxiliary columns of support will be sent, both from Tashkend and from the posts upon the Oxus, to co-operate in the



the movement on Merv, the object being to close all means of escape to the north, so as to hem in the Turcomans and drive them up the valley of the Murghab into the Afghan districts of Herat.

It will be observed that the objections taken throughout our correspondence with the Russian Government, to their occupation of Merv, which we have assumed to be the true aim and object of expeditions against the Turcomans, have referred exclusively to the danger which such an occupation involved to the integrity of Afghanistan, or at any rate to the danger of Russian influence being thereby intruded into that country, which they had repeatedly declared to be beyond the sphere of their political action. We have never contested the right of Russia to punish brigands who molest her commerce and carry her subjects into captivity, but we have contested, and do contest, her right to appropriate territory immediately contiguous to the outworks of India; and this contention on our part has been further powerfully strengthened by the events of the current year; for we are now justified in inferring, from the readiness with which Russia availed herself of her position beyond the Oxus during last summer, when war seemed imminent with England, to endeavour to excite trouble on the Indian frontier, that such a policy has been ever present to the imagination of her statesmen, who indeed have sought to extend Russian dominion in the East, and to seize strategical points in advance—not as has been surmised for the immediate object of military glory or even of national interest—but rather with a view to obtaining thereby a vantage-ground against England, which might stand her in good stead at some future time, when struggling with us for supremacy in Europe. We have now therefore to judge of the Russian designs upon Merv, not merely in the interests of Afghanistan, but in the direct interests of British India. As long as the Khivan desert intervenes between the Russian base (either on the Caspian or the lower Oxus) and what the Orientals call Khorassan—which is not merely the well-known province of that name, but the continuation of the plain country of Eastern Persia to the valley of the Indus—so long will Russia be regarded in India as a remote and foreign power; but when once the barrier is past and Russian legions are located to the south of the desert, at Merv, or Mymeneh, or Balkh, the illusion of distance is gone; she will have gained admission to the magic circle, and step by step her shadow will grow darker, till she is able to compete with us for influence and authority at every court and in every bazaar in India. If then, when Russia's designs were still masked, we proclaimed that

that her advance upon Merv would be met by a corresponding advance upon our part, it would seem only reasonable, now that the mask has been withdrawn, to formulate our policy and intentions in still clearer terms. That we shall not again invite Russian disclaimers, or place any reliance on promises that she may voluntarily offer, may be assumed from the scathing recapitulation of her broken engagements with which the India Office in August last sought to enforce a demand for explanations, as well as from the resolute manner in which we are now redressing our own grievances, irrespective of Russia's complicity in producing them. Mr. Stanhope reminded Lord Tenterden on the occasion referred to that,

'in spite of the direct engagement recorded in Prince Gortchakoff's Memorandum of 1875, as to the non-extension of Russian territory, the Russian Government increased rather than relaxed its activity in the Turcoman country and on the Oxus. On the strength of rights secured in 1873 by treaties with Khiva and Bokhara, the Governor-General of Turkistan placed steamers on that river, and despatched exploring parties to Hissar, Kulab, Shirabad, and elsewhere in its neighbourhood; whilst, in direct contravention of orders issued by His Imperial Majesty, the Russian Commander of the Trans-Caspian district scoured the country in the neighbourhood of the Atreack with a considerable force. Close upon this renewed activity followed the annexation of Kokand, as well as a marked increase of correspondence (carried by Russian agents) between the Russian Governor-General of Turkistan and the Amir, Shir Ali, in a tone, on the part of General Kaufmann, which drew from Her Majesty's Government a remonstrance at St. Petersburg. In short, far from the Russian Government adhering to its pledges of 1875, the past three years have been marked by a considerable increase of territory, by expeditions into the Akhal country, by secret missions of Russian agents, both in the Turcoman country and in Western Afghanistan, and finally by the present military movements.' \*

The 'effective steps,' to which Mr. Stanhope refers at the close of his letter as necessary to be taken by the Indian Government, in reference to these proceedings, will come up for consideration after we have briefly traced the contemporaneous march of events in Northern Afghanistan, where we undertake to show that Russia has systematically interfered and intrigued in violation of her engagements and for purposes directly hostile to England, and where accordingly, however, the present Afghan war may end, she will require to be met upon our part with the same determined front as on the more openly threatened frontier of Herat.

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\* Central Asia, No. 1, 1878, p. 146.

Bearing in mind, then, that the aim of Russia throughout her scheme of Asiatic conquest, or at any rate from the time she established herself at Samarcand ten years ago, has been not so much an extension of territory as an extension of influence, which might on occasion wrap the Indian frontier in a cloud of vague and restless apprehension, more embarrassing than actual and tangible danger, we shall be able to trace a consistent and consecutive policy in all her proceedings on the Oxus, up to the despatch of her late mission to Cabul, and even in her present attitude of abstention and reserve.

When Prince Gortchakoff commenced his negotiation with Lord Clarendon in 1869, with a view to fixing the limit of territorial dependency in Central Asia on England and Russia respectively, he fully expected that the line of demarcation would follow the crests of the Hindu-kush range, and his early declaration, that Afghanistan was beyond the scope of Russia's political action, thus referred to Cabul and Candahar, and was not meant to include the valley of the Oxus. Such a line, indeed is undoubtedly the true delimitation, both geographically and ethnologically, between Turkistan and India, and although hitherto ignored in the political history of the region, it must apparently in the end prevail, having almost the force of a law of nature. It is probable that Russian statesmen, even at that early stage of their Central Asian policy, were fully alive to the advantages of asserting the independence of the Uzbek States which extend along the left bank of the Oxus, from Badakhshan on the east to the Turcoman desert on the west, foreseeing that through these States they might succeed in exerting a pressure not only on Afghanistan but on the Indian frontier beyond. It is at any rate certain that on our part we fully appreciated the position, and advisedly sought to prevent any such pressure by insisting on the retention of the old Afghan frontier, which had existed at the time of Dost Mahomed's death, an arrangement by which Russian influence would be kept on the further side of the river. It must thus be understood that, in the long and intricate negociation which ensued, both parties looked beyond the immediate subject of debate to important political interests which loomed in the future. When Russia, for instance, argued that the accidental conquest of Balkh and its dependencies by Dost Mahomed Khan ought not to override considerations of nationality—when she pointed out that the population on both sides of the Oxus from Badakhshan westward were of the same race, language, and religion, and could not exist in a divided allegiance between Bokhara and Cabul, and further showed that Mymeneh, at the time of Shir Ali's

Ali's concession, was actually subject to Bokhara and would resume her allegiance to that State whenever an opportunity offered, she was striving to obtain a convenient base for her own operations against Herat, rather than seeking to deliver the oppressed Uzbeks from their Afghan masters; and it may further be assumed that we on our side adhered to the frontier line of the Oxus rather as a precautionary measure of defence than in support of Shir Ali's hereditary rights. A still graver opposition was offered, it may be remembered, by Russia to our proposed incorporation of Badakhshan and Vakhán with the Afghan dominions, her ostensible argument being that, although sometimes for a season rendered tributary to Cabul, these districts had never been ruled or administered by Afghans; but the real grounds of her persistency, which only yielded after a three years' struggle, and in order to obtain our acquiescence in the attack on Khiva, are set forth in detail in one of Veniukoff's recent political brochures:—

'Badakhshan,' he says, 'is unquestionably the most important of all the small principalities of Central Asia from a political point of view. Without possessing and colonizing it, we can never guarantee peace in Turkistan, or even the solidity of our rule there. It occupies the most flourishing district in the basin of the Oxus, and feeds a numerous population. Possessed of it, we could command the Northern outliers of the Hindu-kush and the passes over this range to the valley of the Kuner, where lie Chitral and Mastuj, which up to the present time have stubbornly maintained their independence of the Afghans, and therefore of the English.'

As we thus see that the real objects of Russia, in contesting with such vigour the line of the Oxus for the Afghan frontier, were to obtain the means of threatening Herat and Candahar on the one side from Mymeneh and Balkh, and of threatening Jellalabad and Peshawar on the other side from Badakhshan and Chitral, we cannot be too thankful for the firmness of Lord Mayo and Lord Granville, which defeated a scheme fraught with so much inconvenience, if not actual peril, to India.

While these negotiations were still in progress, Von Kaufmann, the Governor-General of Turkistan, who was naturally allowed a wide discretion in the political administration of his government, commenced that remarkable correspondence with the Amir of Cabul—sometimes complimentary, sometimes almost minatory, but always insidious—which was continued without intermission for seven years, and which culminated in the present war. The assurances of Russia, that she had no desire to interfere in the affairs of Afghanistan, that she would send no officers to Cabul for any purpose whatever, that in fact the



the country was altogether beyond the scope of her political action, were so categorical, and were moreover so constantly repeated by all the responsible officers of the Imperial Government, from Prince Gortchakoff downwards, that, for some time after we were first made acquainted with the opening of the correspondence (in 1870), we were content to regard Kaufmann's letters and the answers which they elicited as a mere interchange of civilities between the rulers of two neighbouring states. The Amir, indeed, at first submitted the Russian letters for our inspection, and took counsel with us as to the answers to be returned; but this confidential relationship did not long continue. There was probably correspondence, as early as 1873, which was not submitted to Calcutta. At any rate in 1874, after the failure of Núr Mahomed Shah's mission to Simla, and when Shir Ali was showing a decided leaning to a Russian rather than to a British connection, the Viceroy thought it necessary to draw the attention of her Majesty's Government to the patronizing tone of the Tashkend letters to Cabul, which certainly seemed to infringe the condition of absolute indifference, that had been laid down in the Russian programme; and shortly afterwards the contrast between the honeyed phrases of Kaufmann's correspondence and the stern tone of remonstrance adopted by Lord Northbrook, in regard to Yacub Khan's arrest, drew forth the Amir's significant and almost bitter remark, that the English supported 'sons against fathers, while the Russians upheld the authority of fathers over sons.' During 1875 the communications were continued with the same regularity, until after the annexation of Kokand, when a despatch of Kaufmann's to Shir Ali, announcing the Russian victories, and holding up the fate of Kokand as a warning to all neighbouring states, compelled the Viceroy to solicit the direct interference of her Majesty's Government at St. Petersburg. Kaufmann was now called to account by the Russian Foreign Office, and his answer affords an amusing specimen of the mingled effrontery and untruth with which a high official in Russia is allowed to dispose of a charge of this nature. After asserting that he had not written to Cabul above once or twice in the year, and that his letters were sent by ordinary messengers, and had no other character than one of pure courtesy, he goes on to repudiate with an air of indignation the suspicion that he could condescend to any underhand dealings with Oriental States:—

'Mes convictions personnelles n'admettent la nécessité d'aucune ruse ni d'aucun subterfuge pour l'expédition satisfaisante des affaires, et j'ose espérer qu'une longue série d'années a convaincu le Ministère Impérial de l'absence de toute intrigue politique dans mes rapports  
avec

avec les Khanats asiatiques, intrigues contraires à mon caractère personnel, aussi opposé au mensonge dans la vie politique que dans la vie privée.\*

The Government of India could not, in deference to the usages of diplomacy, reply that Kaufmann's whole career in Central Asia had been one of intrigue and dissimulation, from his earliest dealings with Kokand and Khiva to his final mission of Mons. Weinberg to Bokhara in 1877, which, if it meant anything, must have been intended to goad the Amir into resistance, so as to afford a pretext for depriving him of his Government; but they did controvert his statements as to matters of fact with dignity and with force:—

'There can be no doubt,' they said, 'that the communications between General Kaufmann and Shir Ali Khan exceed the requirements of mere exchanges of courtesy, and are regarded as something much more than complimentary by the person to whom they are addressed. The messages from the General to the Amir have not been despatched only "once or twice a year." During the past year they have been incessant. The bearers of them are regarded and treated by the Amir as agents of the Russian Government, and on one pretext or another, some person recognised by the Afghan Government as a Russian agent is almost constantly at Cabul. We desire to submit to your Lordship's consideration whether our own conduct would be viewed with indifference by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, were the Government of India to open similarly friendly relations with the Khans of Khiva and Bokhara; and if, without making to them overtures of alliance, we addressed to those princes frequent letters containing assurances of friendship, coupled with explanations of the policy we deem it desirable to pursue towards the states upon our own frontier.' †

The mischief, however, was now done. It must be borne in mind that we are not to judge of the pressure brought to bear on Shir Ali merely from the contents of the letters that have been made public. These letters were conveyed to Cabul in every instance by Turkistan gentlemen of respectability and intelligence—men of the same class as our own native agents at the Court of the Amir—who were fully acquainted with Central Asian politics, and who, being entirely in the interests of Russia, were able to play upon the weak side of Shir Ali's character, greatly to the advantage of their employers, by inflaming his suspicions of England, while they exaggerated the power of Russia and dwelt on her readiness to assist him in maintaining his independence. During the years 1876 and 1877, a succession of such agents

\* Central Asia, No. 1, 1878, p. 96.

† Ibid. p. 111.

visited

visited Cabul, and it is known that the Amir took counsel with them on all matters affecting his relations with the British Government. That his refusal, at any rate, to receive Lord Lytton's proposed congratulatory mission in 1876 was owing to Russian instigation, is certain; and it is further believed that the delays and difficulties which were introduced at every step into the Peshawer negotiations were dictated by Kaufmann or his officers, to whom constant reference was made during the progress of the conference. Lastly, though we are not acquainted with the *pourparlers* which immediately preceded Stolietoff's own arrival at Cabul in the year 1878, it is stated on the authority of an officer of the mission, that Shir Ali consulted his Russian friends as to the propriety of receiving Sir Nevile Chamberlain's mission, and finally, on their advice, decided on rejecting our overtures and braving the consequences of a rupture. Although, therefore, it might appear, at first sight, from the commonplace character of most of the published Russian letters to the Amir, that it was hardly wise on our part to protest against the correspondence as a serious breach of engagement, the evidence on the other hand afforded by these late events at Cabul of the dangerous uses to which the correspondence, and the mode of conducting it, might be turned if Russia were seeking to injure us, must be held fully to justify our caution. Russia may not have deliberately intended deception, when she gave her first pledge of non-interference in Afghan affairs; the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg, with whom the responsibility really rested, may not have authorized all General Kaufmann's proceedings, and in one case at least the altered state of affairs in Europe, in the spring of the present year, may have seemed at the time to absolve the Emperor from his engagements, and to justify him in sending a mission to the Amir; but still, the whole course which has been traced of the relations established between Tashkend and Cabul from 1870 to 1878—commenced in a spirit of jealousy to England and ending in open hostility, notwithstanding direct promises to the contrary, and notwithstanding a whole series of disclaimers, denials, and so-called explanations, carried on concurrently with the acts of provocation,—must be held to constitute as dark a page in the history of diplomacy as is often to be met with, exceeding, in fact, as an instance of deliberate and sustained bad faith, our previous experience of Russian duplicity in regard to the annexation of a large part of Khiva, the retention of Samarcand, and the extension of Russian dominion over Kokand and its dependencies.

The anxious crisis through which we passed in Europe in the spring of the present year, when war with Russia was for many months

months trembling in the balance, was productive at any rate of one good result, in showing us in what direction and to what extent we were threatened with danger in the East from Russian hostility. It would seem, then, that the two most vulnerable points on the frontiers of our Indian empire are considered to be Herat and Cabul, the former being open to attack from Merv and the Caspian, the latter from the Oxus; the one through the agency of military means, the other by political pressure. Such being the programme revealed by events, it behoves us to gauge the practicability of the Russian schemes, and to consider also our best line of defence. Now, in regard to Herat being endangered from the Caspian, there can be no doubt that Russia possesses a well-equipped and highly disciplined army in the Caucasus, from which a force of 50,000 men of all arms might be detached for service to the eastward—as they were detached in the late Turkish war—without seriously weakening the local garrisons, which, indeed, could be reinforced at any time if necessary by local levies; but to move such a force across the Caspian for service in the steppe, the naval resources at the disposal of the Government are at present quite inadequate. According to the last report upon the subject the total naval force of the Government in the Caspian consisted of only 20 vessels, steamers and transports; and as none of these exceeded 550 tons in capacity, it was calculated that one Cossack regiment with 500 horses would require 4 vessels for its transport across the sea; and a regiment of infantry of three battalions would require no less than 7 vessels. Perhaps the supply might be doubled, or even trebled, by taking up merchant craft from the Caspian and Volga; but with every possible extension of the transport service, it is certain that several months would be required to convey a force of 50,000 men, with their horses, guns, *matériel*, camp equipage, and stores, from Petrofsk and Baku to Krasnovodsk and Chikishlar. To continue, on reaching the east shore of the Caspian the real difficulties would commence. Merv could not be prudently attacked with a smaller force than 20,000 men, and, if a further advance to Herat were contemplated, the force would require to be doubled; but how it could be made possible to feed such a host in the 'Attock,' where nothing would be found but a chain of deserted camps and the ruined walls of mud enclosures, it is difficult to conceive. The march of an army, indeed, along the foot of the hills, sufficiently strong to bear down all Turcoman opposition, and finally to capture Merv, where the united forces of the Tekehs would be drawn up to resist the invaders, may be pronounced impossible, unless  
Persia



Persia would undertake to furnish provisions and carriage at stated points along the line of route. There are two other methods, however, of advance, which would not be so difficult. One of these methods would be to march in columns from Asterabad through the fertile districts of Khorassan, concentrating at the eastern limit of the province; the other—which seems to be the plan now actually in course of execution—is to creep on in small detachments, station by station, through the ‘Atock,’ or Akhal country, from Kizil Arvat to Deregez, from whence the final movement in full force would take place on Merv. But to carry out an operation of this nature would require time—it could not be accomplished under two or three campaigns—and, considering the length and insecurity of the line of communication to be maintained between Deregez and the Caspian base, it could hardly be attempted without the cordial and sustained support of Persia. The reports which have been recently circulated in the English press, and which owe their origin to correspondents at Berlin and Odessa, describing the movements of Llamakin’s columns through the steppe, and asserting the arrival of the Russian troops as far eastward as the Tejen swamp (within 100 miles of Merv), are completely inaccurate. There is no authentic information as yet of any Russian columns having passed beyond the western, or Kizil Arvat group of camps; and the furthest point to which the campaign of the present year was directed was Geuk Teppeh, near Kariz, which is about in the centre of the Akhal country. If it be true that freight has been recently taken up to convey a further reinforcement of 8000 men and two batteries across the Caspian, it is probably intended to endeavour to move this force in detachments up to Kariz or Geuk Teppeh, which would then serve as the base for the campaign of 1879, the ultimate movement on Merv not taking place till 1880. Where boundaries and territorial dependencies shift as rapidly as we have seen to be the case in Central Asia, and especially in the Uzbeq Khanates, it may seem presumptuous to formulate any particular line of conduct upon our part as suited to meet a contingency expected to arrive some two years hence; but there are, nevertheless, certain standard points in our Eastern policy which are immutable, and which require to be asserted on all occasions, whatever may be the local aspect of affairs. One of these standard points is the independence of Herat. We have fought for this principle; we have nailed it to the mast; whether sound or unsound, it is now part of the national faith, and could not be abandoned without the gravest impeachment of our honour and of our power.

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If, therefore, in looking to the future, we see the probability of a Russian occupation of Merv, we are bound to take into timely consideration the best means of providing against the danger which such an occupation would entail on Herat. It would be no consolation to us to learn that injury to British interests was not intended by the movement; that, on the contrary, the Turcomans had been beaten in fair fight, and their stronghold had been occupied by Russia with the exclusive view of exercising a permanent control over the tribes, and improving communication between the Caspian and the Oxus. The facts of the case would not be altered by this explanation. We know that an open road leads from Merv up the valley of the Murghab to the confluence of the Kooshk River, and then along that stream to Kooshk, where an easy pass conducts over a low range of hills to Herat, the total distance being about 240 miles; so that a Russian force from Merv might enter Herat at the invitation of the local authorities, or might capture the place by a *coup de main*, before succour could possibly arrive either from Cabul or from Quetta. It is this evidence of danger, then, which makes us watch the progress of the Turcoman campaign with unflagging interest, and which has led some ardent politicians to advocate our permanent occupation of Herat, as one of the legitimate results of the present Afghan war.

Such an advance, however, of our frontier would seem to us, contemplating the scene from a distance, as a mere precautionary measure, to be premature, while it would be enormously expensive, and, as a military operation, scientifically defective, the projection of a single line above 500 miles to the front and without any lateral supports being opposed to all rules of strategy. What we must look to in the future, it would seem, as the best measure of defence, supposing Afghanistan to retain its administrative independence, would be the acquisition of a treaty right to place British garrisons temporarily both in Candahar and Herat, whenever the interests of India might seem to require such a demonstration, a provisional right in fact to occupy those towns of the same nature as the provisional right to occupy Quetta, which was granted to us in the Kelat Treaty of 1854, but which was not acted on till 1876. The knowledge that we were armed with such a treaty privilege, but should only put it in practice (as far at any rate as regards Herat) in the event of a Russian occupation of Merv, would probably be the strongest deterrent we could bring into play to induce Russia to come to terms with the Turcomans after beating them in the field, taking hostages and imposing any other penal conditions

that might seem proper, but without appropriating territory on the Murghab.

It remains to consider the Afghan division of the subject. As Russia has now withdrawn her Mission from Cabul, and her abortive treaty with Shir Ali expires with that chieftain's fall, the Afghan question has lost much of its practical interest, but it is still incumbent on us to look steadily to the future, and endeavour to see how we can best ensure the security and tranquillity of India. In the first place, then, it is very important that we should not exaggerate the resources of Russian Turkistan, or admit the power of the Russian Government to do us any real harm in India, except by intrigue and underhand means. Russian Turkistan, notwithstanding its great extent, is not in any point of view, in productiveness, in trade, in population, or in military power, to be compared with our one single province of the Punjab. Its administration, moreover, especially in regard to revenue and judicial matters, is in the crudest possible state. The entire patronage being in the hands of the Minister of War, the most incongruous appointments are continually taking place, young military officers without education and without experience being sent to administer Mahomedan law and pronounce decrees of divorce in supersession of the ordinary tribunals, while ambitious clerks are permitted to improvise '*projets de loi*,' which if accepted would alter the whole constitution of society, abolish rights of property, and interfere gravely with personal liberty. In the matter of military strength, which principally concerns us, it was shown during the past summer that, even for a great demonstration, such as that which, in anticipation of war with England, it was intended to deploy upon the Afghan frontier and which probably included the friendly occupation of Herat, it was found impossible to direct upon the Oxus from such a wide-spreading base as Khiva, Tashkend, and Fergáneh, a larger force than 12,000 men of all arms. In the united area, indeed, of the Trans-Caspian Government and Turkistan, it is probable that at the present time, including all the reinforcements that have been recently landed at Krasnovodsk and Chikishlar, the various muster-rolls do not exceed an aggregate of 50,000 men, of whom certainly not more than 20,000 could be concentrated at any given point for operations against the Indian frontier. But, in reality, the power of Russia to injure us must not be measured by the number of troops which Kaufmann and Llamakin may have at their immediate command. These officers are popularly believed to have the whole strength of Russia at their back, and it is certain that the result of the last war with Turkey, by which the Emperor gained a large extent of territory  
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in Asia Minor, and at the close of which he was understood, at the head of a victorious army, to have dictated terms of peace to the Sultan under the walls of Constantinople, was to increase enormously Russian prestige throughout Central Asia, the adhesion of Shir Ali after years of vacillation being an evidence of this wide-spread belief that the Russian star was now fairly in the ascendant. No doubt a serious blow will have been given to this prestige if it is made clear to the Uzbeks and Afghans that English arms and English diplomacy have compelled Russia to retire from Cabul and to abandon for a time all connection with the Amir of the day, but there will still be many opportunities for intrigue with the border chieftains, which it will be necessary to watch with unceasing care. Dardistan, for instance, the country intervening between Cashmir and the Cabul river, which is broken up into a number of petty states, such as Chitral, Dir, Bajore, and Swat, and which for some time yet will be fluctuating between allegiance to Cashmir and its former state of independence, is sure to be invaded by Russian emissaries, ostensibly for purposes of trade, but in reality with a view mainly to political agitation. Already we hear of a party of scientific explorers bound for Gilgit and Chitral. Headed by that intrepid traveller, Mr. Oshanin, they have done good service to geography, nearer to the Russian frontier, by opening up the old road from Chagháníán to Rasht, the limit for many centuries of the Mahomedan world, and they are now pursuing their way from Gharm, the capital of Karategín, to the Alaí, and from the Alaí to the Pamír, intending, according to the last report published in the 'Turkistan Gazette,' to emerge at Sir-i-kul on the Chinese border, or possibly at the Darkut Pass, the scene of poor Hayward's murder in 1870, where their appearance would probably excite some consternation among the Cashmir authorities, but where they would find the ground already occupied by a British officer, Major Biddulph, of the Viceroy's staff. But we may rest assured that the chief efforts of the Russians will be directed, not to Chitral, nor even to Merv, but to regaining their lost ground in Afghanistan. Although obliged to retire from Cabul, in order to avoid an open conflict with England, for which, at any rate in the East, they were manifestly unprepared, it is not to be supposed that they will look with any complacency on our re-assumption of supremacy along the Hindu-kush, or will neglect the many pretexts for interference and protest that, in the nature of things, must be left open to them. In the first place, they will, in all probability, have at their disposal the two last occupants of the Afghan throne, Shir Ali and Abd-ur-Rahman, ever ready to disturb the existing regime at Cabul, whether the



government be administered by a British Resident, or by a native Chief in close alliance with us. These Baruckzye Chiefs, unless placed under restraint by Russia, or at any rate 'internés,' may be expected to give an infinity of trouble in the future, and indeed to compel us to a more prolonged occupation of the country than we at present contemplate. Again, with 400 miles of common frontier, it is impossible that causes of quarrel should not arise between the Afghans and Uzbegs, which Russia might, if so disposed, turn to account against us; and lastly, in regard to permanent frontier arrangements, the time must come, sooner or later, when we shall have to decide whether the two empires are to be conterminous, as Baron Jomini proposed to Mr. Doria at St. Petersburg in July 1875, or whether there is to be a fringe of protected States, acting as 'buffers,' along the line of the Oxus; in either case an amount of forbearance and unselfishness, together with strict good faith, being indispensable to a satisfactory issue, which we have really no right to expect in the present condition of our relations with Russia. Altogether it can hardly be doubted that the true policy of England, notwithstanding Baron Jomini's recommendation to the contrary, is, in the first place, to avoid contact with Russia, as long as possible. What our alternative policy should be if such a contact were forced upon us, either as a military or political necessity, it is more difficult to define, but perhaps, in order to control our adversary and protect our line from insidious attack, it might be necessary to take up strong and commanding positions in front, at Mymeneh, at Bamián, and on the river of Badakhshan, so as to overawe Turkistan, and compel the Russians to act on the defensive rather than the offensive.

With this prospective view of our Central Asian policy clearly before us, we may now consider the immediate matter of the Afghan war, which, although it has of late pretty well engrossed public attention, is after all of no great moment in itself, and is only a factor—and one of many factors—in the general Eastern question. It is now generally understood, although Ministers did not openly assert any such doctrine in Parliament, nor did the Viceroy, except in one pregnant sentence, admit the principle into the Simla Manifesto, that our invasion of the territory of Cabul is a war with Russia rather than with the Afghans. Shir Ali was undoubtedly a bad neighbour. He had an old grievance against us for deserting him in his season of adversity. He was jealous of our power, and suspicious of our designs. He forbade our officers to visit the country, not on account of their lives, as he pretended, being  
endangered

endangered by the fanatical hatred of the people, for there was no national hatred and no especial danger, but because he dreaded the establishment of our influence, as inimical to his own selfish tyranny. Although receiving large and lavish bounties at our hands, a quarter of a million of money, and guns and arms of precision, to an Oriental chief of almost priceless value, he never in one single instance contributed to promote our interests or to strengthen the defences of India. On the contrary, as far as his power extended, by intriguing with the border chiefs and instigating the independent tribes to make raids upon our villages and murder our subjects, he sought to injure and annoy us; and yet, notwithstanding this cumulative ground of offence, we should not have sent a force above the passes if he had only kept clear of a Russian alliance. The reception of Stolietoff's mission was the last straw that broke the camel's back; and, in the same spirit of jealous supervision, however the war may end which has been so auspiciously commenced, we must steadfastly look on Russian exclusion from the country—so far at any rate as human prevision can ensure it—as the most important element in the final settlement. There is, it is well known, a great diversity of opinion, both in England and India, as to the treaty arrangements it may be desirable to conclude, supposing our military operations to be crowned with the most complete success. The maximum line of policy is 'annexation,' with a frontier extending from Badakhshan to Herat, and the belt of country between the mountains and the Oxus to remain as a sort of 'Debatable Land,' subject as at present to Cabul, but free from the intrusion of troops, except for temporary and exceptional purposes. The minimum line of policy, on the other hand, is a slight increase to the terms of the ultimatum, such an increase indeed, only as strategic requirements and the altered constitution of the Cabul government may render necessary. Between these two extremes there is, of course, every possible variety of modification and alternative, the relative desirability or practicability of which must depend in a very great measure on the current progress of events. Shir Ali, as we are informed, dismayed by the victorious progress of our arms, which have not only given us military possession of Candahar and Jellalabad, but have also laid bare an avenue of access through the Koorum valley into the heart of the Afghan country between Cabul and Ghazni, and dreading a total collapse of authority at Cabul which might compromise his personal safety, has followed the example of his father, Dost Mahomed Khan, who in 1839, in almost similar circumstances, abandoned his capital and took  
refuge

refuge beyond the mountains, crossing after a brief delay to the further side of the Oxus. On that occasion we had a ready-made puppet sovereign, familiarly known as 'the father king,' whose privilege it was to gather up the reins of power and for a time at any rate to carry on the government, supported by our arms and cheered by the enthusiastic welcome of his Afghan subjects. Now there is no fair prospect of even a temporary settlement. It may well be doubted if Yacub Khan, transferred suddenly from a prison to a palace, will be able to impose his will upon the seething and turbulent masses of the Cabul population, and if he fails to consolidate his authority, there is positively no one, as far as we yet know, to take his place. When we retired from Cabul in 1842, leaving the boy Shapoor Mirza in the Bala Hissar as the ostensible Governor, a Council of Regency was immediately formed to wield the executive power, and it is probable that, if Yacub Khan, enfeebled as he is said to be both in body and mind by four years of rigid imprisonment, should prove unequal to the task of guiding the popular will in such a great emergency, a similarly self-elected body will be constituted out of the independent nobles of the city; but whether this be so or not, however the local government be carried on, we must await the issue of events in our encampment at Jellalabad. Sooner or later it is presumed that some responsible official must come forward to learn our behests, for it is beyond all belief that another army should be assembled, or if assembled should proceed to attack us in the plain; and for our own part we have no desire or intention, except in the last extremity, to push our way upwards in a hostile manner through the spectre-haunted passes of Jugdellek and Khurd Cabul. Assuming, then, that in due course some national head did appear with whom to negotiate, our terms would probably be very easy of comprehension, and very simple both in substance and in form. They might be thus arranged—1. The foreign relations of the country to be entirely in our hands, no communication being permitted with a foreign power except through the British Resident as intermediary. 2. A British Resident to be permanently located at Cabul, with assistants wherever required; the functions of these officers, however, being entirely political and not administrative. 3. The Cabul Government to surrender formally all claim to the allegiance—virtually they have never possessed any—of the great border clans, the Mohmends, Afridis, Waziris, Orakzyes, Kakers, &c., leaving the British Government to make its own terms with the tribes in question. 4. Certain portions of Afghan territory to be annexed for the special purpose of rectifying

fyng the frontier ; namely, *a*, the Khyber Pass and a tract at its upper end ; *b*, the Koorum and Khost, and possibly other parallel valleys, forming the main line of communication in former times between the Valley of the Indus and the upper plateau of Ghazni and Cabul ; *c*, a similar line of passage, if required, through the Gomal and Sakhi Sarwar Passes, with posts at the upper end of each ; and *d*, the country intervening between Quetta and the Khojak Pass. 5. The right of placing garrisons temporarily in Jellalabad, Candahar, and Herat, whenever the interests of India may seem to require it.

It is, of course, to be expected that many of these provisions would be challenged by political officers with local and practical experience, some being considered too stringent and others too lenient, while the whole scheme might require extensive modification if anarchy continued to prevail at Cabul to such an extent as to necessitate our prolonged occupation of advanced posts at Jellalabad, Ghazni, and Candahar, or if the self-constituted Government at Cabul, after acceding to our terms, were threatened with invasion by an enemy from the Oxus districts, either supported or not supported by Russia. Under either of these latter contingencies, the continued presence of our troops being rendered necessary, a middle course is said to have been suggested in influential quarters, with a view of limiting expenditure and avoiding undue responsibility, namely, that we should draw our line of frontier from Cabul by Ghazni and Candahar to Girishk, following, in fact, the old limit adopted by the Delhi kings, which included within the Indian border all the fertile districts of Afghanistan, knit together by an admirable line of intercommunication down the valley of the Tarnak, but excluded all the hill country to the north which drains into the Arghendab and Helمند upon one side, and into the Heri-rud, the Murghab, and the river of Balkh, upon the other. Although, on the score of military symmetry and strategical defence, there may be something to recommend this scheme, it would, as a political arrangement, be thoroughly faulty, inasmuch as all Turkistan, with the important passes of the Hindu-kush, and all the country of the Eymáks and Hazáreh's, with a complete command over the avenues of access to Herat, would be taken out of our hands and placed at the disposition of Russia. It seems to us that one of two courses must be selected : either we must minimize the effects of our interference, introducing such territorial changes only as are indispensable to the safety of the Indian frontier, while in other respects we revert to the old policy of maintaining a friendly and independent Afghanistan as a barrier against Russia ; or we must obliterate Afghanistan

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from the map of Asia, stretching forward to meet Russia at the Hindu-kush, and entering into direct negotiation with her for the government and mutual relations of the states along our conterminous line of frontier. It need hardly be said that the former course, if possible, would be by far the best practical solution of the present difficulty. The latter alternative, indeed, which has been already more than once obtruded by Russia on our notice, and which in the fulness of time will possibly be realized, had better be left for the present as a mere speculation to be fashioned and moulded into shape by the course of events and the development of local interests.

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ART. IX.—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.* London, 1876-1878.

THE debates of the recent Session, taken in connection with the discussions both in and out of Parliament during the last three years, afford matter for serious reflection. At no time since the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, not even in the agitation attending the repeal of the Corn Laws, has party spirit run so high. It has been a melancholy exhibition. The people of England have seen their foremost statesmen, members of the Great Council of the Realm, overwhelming their rivals with invective which would be unbecoming in vestrymen; glibly imputing to them motives for which, in sterner times, they would have been called to personal account; dragging down great national issues to the level of a personal quarrel. And knowing, as they do, that during this intestine conflict the highest interests of the country have been in danger, they begin to ask themselves what is the meaning of their famous and historical system of party government? Let us see whether an inquiry into the origin and development of party will not throw some light on the recent conduct of Her Majesty's Opposition, and answer the question which is now so generally asked.

We must begin, however, by saying what party government does not mean. It does not mean, what it is often supposed to mean, the government of the country by the alternation of principles, recognised as marking the distinction between the Whig and Tory parties. Nothing is more evident through the history of English party conflict than that, when the Whigs have been in power, they have been forced to govern on principles more or less Tory, and that when the Tories have been in Opposition, they have assailed their rivals with sentiments more or less Whig.

**Whig.** For instance : complete freedom of speech is a Whig principle. But when the Whigs were in office, under Queen Anne, they impeached Dr. Sacheverel for expressing his opinions in a sermon. Frequent Parliaments, in the days when the Whigs were struggling for liberty, were regarded by them as necessary to the safety of the Constitution. But when, in 1715, it appeared almost certain that the approaching general election would return a Jacobite Parliament, the Whigs did not hesitate to sacrifice this safeguard for the purpose of securing themselves against the people. The preamble to the Septennial Bill says : 'The said provision' (viz. for the triennial election of Parliaments), 'if it should continue, may probably at this juncture, when a restless and Popish faction are designing and endeavouring to renew the rebellion within the kingdom and an invasion from abroad, be destructive to the peace and security of the Government.' In the debate on the Bill, the Whigs pointed to the debaucheries of elections, the corruption of the popular morals which they produced, the animosities throughout the country which they created, and the exorbitant expense with which they overwhelmed the candidates. All these were stock Tory arguments. The Tories, on the other hand, affected a panic at the power of the Crown, and a vehement enthusiasm for the liberties of the people. Their assertion of the privileges of the House of Commons seemed to mark them out as the lineal descendants of Pym and Eliot.

There was no article in their creed on which the Whigs, when in Opposition, laid more emphasis than Religious Liberty. The Dissenters had been their chief allies in effecting the Revolution of 1688. When Walpole was established in power, the Dissenters, therefore, naturally hoped that they would be relieved from their disabilities under the Test Act. They began to press the Minister on the subject in 1732. Walpole, however, pointed out to them that the country was then on the eve of an election, and that such a time was highly improper for the redress of their grievances. The Dissenters allowed the force of the plea, and gave the Whigs all their support at the polling booths : but, when the new Parliament was returned, they naturally expected some reward for their fidelity. But now the affairs of Europe were unsettled ; and again the time for action seemed 'improper.' Nevertheless, the Dissenting leaders persevered ; but on the motion for the repeal of the Test Act being introduced in the House in 1736, Walpole joined the Tories in opposing it, and it was rejected by a great majority. In 1738, however, the Opposition seceded from the House, and the Minister appeared to be omnipotent. The Dissenters now pressed their claims with confidence ;

fidence ; but Walpole once more told them their time was not yet come ; and when they asked when it *would* come, he replied bluntly, 'Never.'

Again, in the debate on the reduction of the standing army in 1736, Colonel Mordaunt, a Whig, opposed the reduction, on the ground that the army was 'absolutely necessary for supporting the Whig interest ;' while the Jacobite Shippen claimed for the Tories that they were 'acting a part more consistent with the *Revolution* principles' than the Whigs.

It is needless, though it would be easy, to track the logical inconsistency of the factions beyond the first Reform Bill. It will be sufficient to recal to the recollection of our readers the instance of Lord John Russell, who coalesced with the Protectionists in 1846 to reject the Coercion Bill for Ireland, which he passed immediately he himself came into office ; the passing of the second Reform Bill by the Tories in 1867 ; and the use of the Royal Prerogative against the Legislature by Mr. Gladstone in 1871.

These facts must appear somewhat remarkable to those who believe, with the 'Edinburgh Review,' in the immutable nature of Whig principles. But in truth there is nothing remarkable in the matter. The English Constitution is neither Whig nor Tory. When the Sovereign is crowned, he does not promise to govern by the advice of Ministers chosen in turn from the two historical parties. He promises simply to govern in accordance with the statutes of Parliament and the customs of the realm, to provide for the due administration of justice, and to maintain the Protestant Reformed Church of England.

The Coronation Oath shows that in the English Constitution there is no conflict of principles. Our Constitution is now fundamentally the same as when the nation was in its infancy. It is true that at one period a dispute as to its nature arose, out of which sprang two rival factions, one desiring to set the King above the law, and the other the law above the King. But this contest, being civil, was in itself monstrous and unnatural, and the strife of the parties ought, logically speaking, to have been composed by the settlement of 1688. That settlement involved no triumph of Whig principles. The limits of the royal power and of the liberty of the subject were defined, not by a new agreement, but by a *declaration* of the ancient law. Nor was there any attempt made by the authors of the Revolution to transfer the seat of authority from one part of the Constitution to another, or to prepare the way for the gradual transformation of the Monarchy into a Republic. The right to exercise the prerogative was left, in 1688, where it was before that date, and  
where

where it has been ever since, with the Crown. If then, there was no change made by the Revolution, either in the law or the Constitution, how are we to account for the fact that, since 1688, the Sovereign has conducted affairs by the advice and with the assistance of the two parties alternately?

Party government arose out of the struggle caused by the Act of Succession. The issue raised by that Act was an entirely personal one, and turned on the question, who was to exercise the trust which had been deserted by James II. George I. ascended the throne in 1714 with precisely the same title as Henry IV. in 1599, namely the consent of the people represented in Parliament. But he had, what Henry had not, a formidable rival, strong in the possession of an hereditary right, and in the hereditary loyalty of the larger part of the nation. George I., a stranger both to the language and feelings of his subjects, was entirely dependent on the abilities of the powerful and wealthy statesmen who had procured him the Crown, and these again could only hope to establish the dynasty on which their fortunes rested by close association among themselves. Hence the comparative personal insignificance of the first two Georges; and hence, too, the formation of that Whig 'connection,' which played so important a part through the eighteenth century. The Tories, on the other hand, more or less Jacobite in their sympathies up to 1745, rallied, when the Stuart cause was finally lost, as the champions of the monarchical principle, round the new dynasty. After a time the Whigs, whose services were no longer needed, and whose Republican tendencies were suspected, went into Opposition on their old principles, and remained pretty faithful to them till power once more fell to their share by the formation of the Coalition Government. They then disclosed their oligarchical instincts by the character of their India Bill, and by endeavouring, after their dismissal, to deprive the Monarch of his constitutional right of dissolving Parliament, and of creating Peers.

From 1715 to 1789 the history of party, therefore, resolves itself into a struggle between the two factions of the aristocracy for the possession of power. The question of principle, as was to be expected after the *settlement* of 1688, was entirely subordinate; and we find men of talent choosing and changing sides with great versatility as opportunity offered. Thus Swift, the Tory 'Examiner,' writes to Lady Betty Germaine: 'I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and so am I to this day.\*' Pitt and Canning began their political life with

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\* 'Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk,' vol. ii. p. 53.



Whig sympathies; Fox as a High Tory. The parliamentary system of the eighteenth century was indeed equally fertile in political anomaly and individual genius. Neither the King nor the people exercised supreme power, yet the influence of the King and the sympathies of the people turned the balance in favour of one or other of the two bodies of 'intellectual Titans' who contended in the parliamentary arena before them. The necessity of perpetual appeal to great principles and generous emotions made eloquence a real power in the State; nor can it be said that the statesmen of our day, who are supposed to speak directly on behalf of the people, have reached the same standard of oratory as the groups of high-spirited partisans who fought in the close Parliaments at the side of Pitt or Fox, with the main object of securing power for themselves. Parliamentary government, during the period of which we have been speaking, was a scientific game, conducted by the arts of corruption, influence, and rhetoric, and regulated by the principles of 1688.

But a very different state of things arose in 1789. At that date the Whigs had been out of office five years. The nation had decisively condemned their factious and unconstitutional conduct in endeavouring to usurp the prerogative of the Crown. Their feelings were embittered against their Sovereign, in proportion as they saw their prospects of being employed in his service growing perpetually smaller. Suddenly their hopes were revived by the French Revolution. The commencement of the Revolution was, indeed, viewed with no disfavour by either of the great parties in England. The Tories were offended with France for the sympathy and assistance which she had given to America, while the Whigs saw in the popular movement abroad an influence which could not fail to operate favourably on their own position. Burke alone perceived the real significance of what had occurred. He understood that the Rights of Man, as they were proclaimed by the French Assembly, were absolutely incompatible with the principles of the English Constitution, as they were settled in 1688. As far as in him lay, he was determined that his party should not identify itself with the cause of anarchy. He therefore published his 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' and thereby produced the first great rupture on a question of principle which had occurred in the Whig party. Fox and Sheridan never failed, in opposition to Burke, to extol the principles of the French Revolution, the latter avowing, in his speech of February 9th, 1790, that he revered the Rights of Man, and the former, in the debate on Mr. Baker's motion respecting the armament against Russia, declaring that 'he admired the new Constitution

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of France, and considered it altogether as the most stupendous and glorious edifice of liberty which had been erected, on the foundation of human integrity, in any time or country.' The breach between Burke and Fox occurred in the debate on the Quebec Government Bill, and the Whig party met to determine the merits of the quarrel. Their decision was announced in the '*Morning Chronicle*,' May 12th, 1791:—'The great and firm body of the Whigs of England, true to their principles, have decided on the dispute between Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke; and the former is declared to have maintained the pure doctrines by which they are bound together, and upon which they have invariably acted.'

The decision was in every way lamentable. It was so not only because—as Burke conclusively showed in his '*Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old*'—the judgment was entirely at variance with fact; not merely because the Revolution of 1688 was declaratory of the ancient principles of English monarchy and English law, while the Revolution of 1789 was subversive of all monarchy and impatient of all restraint; but also because it hopelessly alienated the Whigs from the great body of the nation, and left the Government without any regular Opposition at a time when the people had no direct representation in Parliament. By embracing, without qualification, the cause of anarchy, the Whigs drove the Tories in the direction of Absolutism. The former heard, without any apparent horror, of the Revolution of the 10th of August, of the September massacres, of the murder of the King. All these hideous deeds they excused as the natural excesses of a down-trodden people; while at the same time they sanctioned, either by silence or imitation, the style and sentiments of the republican clubs which carried on the agitation outside the walls of Parliament. So completely had they committed themselves to the cosmopolitan principle of the French Revolution, that all the instincts of patriotism seemed to have expired in their hearts. While they exalted each act of revolutionary aggression as a triumph of liberty, they represented the natural measures of self-defence, taken by their own Government, as the violence of despotism; even the victorious valour of their countrymen only roused in them a feeling of disappointment. On the other hand the Tories, fixing all their attention on the excesses of their opponents, and disregarding the enormous power which they themselves derived from the support of the nation, proceeded to harsh and arbitrary measures. They suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, filled the gaols with political prisoners, and gave a fictitious importance to obscure demagogues by trying them for high treason. Parties were  
divided

divided from each other by lines which had no counterpart in the Constitution. Instead of a contest for place between two sections of the aristocracy, both acknowledging a common law, there was now a struggle for bare existence between Absolute Monarchy and Cosmopolitan Democracy. How much of this extreme antagonism is due to the fact that in 1789 Fox was out of office and Pitt was in it?

For in the English Constitution itself there was no room for this harsh antithesis between the King and the people. As far as the term 'people' implied the voice of national instinct, it was recognised alike by Whigs and Tories as describing the sovereign power in the State.

'When great multitudes,' says Burke, 'act together under that discipline of nature' (viz. natural aristocracy) 'I recognise the PEOPLE. I acknowledge something that perhaps equals, and ought always to guide, the sovereignty of convention. In all things the voice of this grand chorus of national harmony ought to have a mighty and decisive influence.'\*

But it was with this very national instinct that the Whigs from 1790 to 1815 were in direct conflict. Had they had the courage to denounce the French Revolution as soon as it was guilty of its bloody excesses, or at least as soon as its aggressive motive once became apparent; had they then rallied round their own Sovereign as the representative of the national independence, and, postponing party differences, supported Pitt in the conflict he was sustaining for the common cause, it is not too much to say that the course of English history would have been materially altered. They would not, indeed, have shortened the terrible and glorious war by which the independence of Europe was achieved, but they would certainly have modified and improved the character of domestic legislation when the war was concluded. Supported by the united Whig party and by the more sagacious of the Tory leaders, Catholic Emancipation could not have been long deferred. The subject of Parliamentary Reform, which had been introduced by Pitt himself before the French Revolution, would have been discussed with all the light which experience had thrown on the theories of democratic representation. A gradual and steady expansion of the existing system might have admitted the people to a direct share in the Legislature, without altogether destroying the varied and aristocratic character of the old Parliament. As it was, there was nothing with which to oppose the personal wishes of the King on the Catholic question; while the views

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\* Burke's 'Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old.'

of the greatest Tories, like Canning, had been so warped by the bitterness of party strife, that they were unable to conceive of any alteration in the electoral system which would not involve an overthrow of the Constitution. Hence both parties, for different reasons, were out of harmony with the nation, and the measures necessary for the general well-being, instead of being shaped by the Legislature for the people, were forced by the people on the Legislature. The spirit of faction had completely reversed the true order of the Constitution.

It is difficult to overestimate the importance of the change in the balance of power produced by the Reform Bill of 1832. On the day when William IV. placed his prerogative at the disposal of a party leader like Brougham, power seemed to pass—for the moment at any rate—from the Crown to the constituencies. The Whigs had borne no part in leading on the people to demand Reform, they merely took advantage of the popular tide when it had risen, to float themselves into office.\* The Tories had met the movement with dogged resistance, and only bowed before it when they perceived that resistance was idle. The nation was, in short, left like a body without a head. Though the old aristocratic party organization remained, the question whether the Whigs or Tories should wield the prerogative was determined, no longer by the superior power of the landed or monied interest in rotten boroughs, but by the votes of the numerical majority of that part of the nation which possessed the franchise. The initiative in legislation to promote the material interests of the country, the final decision as to the influence which England should exercise on the councils of Europe, was, for the moment, removed from the Crown, and vested in the 10l. householder.

The effects of this Revolution were seen both at home and abroad in the weakness of Administration. It appeared as if the Legislature and the Executive had been transformed into machines for registering the decrees of irresponsible bodies like the Catholic and Reform Associations and the Anti-Corn-

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\* To those who derive their knowledge of past events from modern Whig writers, this statement may seem surprising. We therefore quote what even Lord John Russell said in 1819, when opposing Sir Francis Burdett's proposal for Reform:—'I cannot pledge myself to support a measure that goes the length of proposing an inquiry into the general state of the representation, because such an inquiry is calculated to throw a slur upon the representatives of the country, and to fill the minds of the people with vague and indefinite alarms' (Hansard, vol. x1. p. 1440). The writer to whom we are indebted for this quotation, and whose recent death all her friends deeply deplore, adds, 'It is wasting time to dwell upon the ineffective attempts made by the Whig members to nibble at the abuse of the parliamentary system during the period indicated.'—*A Brief Retrospect of the Political Events of 1831-2.* By a Contemporary Witness (Mrs. Grote). Page 7.



Law League. Government was conducted, as regards domestic interests, on the mere principle of concession, and the same spirit gradually manifested itself in matters affecting the real life and unity of England, and determining her position in the European community. To understand this question, we ought first to look to the rearrangement of parties produced by the passing of the first Reform Bill. The Whigs, having finally identified themselves with the democratic movement originating with the French Revolution, dropped their old name, and called themselves Liberals. The Tories, whose ideas of policy were completely negative, and were principally directed to retarding the Liberals as much as possible in their course of destruction, took the name of Conservatives. Borne along with France as the joint head of the revolutionary movement in Europe, the Liberal party in England everywhere espoused the cause of nationality, and strove to diminish the force of Treaty obligations. Spain, Sicily, Switzerland, and Greece, experienced by turns the interference of England with their internal affairs. On the other hand, the Conservatives opposed the policy of intervention on the ground of the injury done by it to the interests of England, a principle reasonable in itself, but which would have appeared much more just and elevated, if it had been included in the higher principle of Treaty obligation.

Such an assertion of England's duty was all the more incumbent on the Conservatives, because, under the brave words and lofty intrusion of English opinion by Liberal Governments, there lurked at bottom an unwarlike spirit. For awhile the middle classes were delighted with the flourishes of Lord Palmerston's trumpet. There was little danger to be apprehended from such antagonists as Spain and Greece; but when the revolutionary ardour began to subside on the Continent, while all domestic legislation tended to one point, the accumulation of wealth, their real sympathies were found to be much more with Mr. Cobden than with their fiery Foreign Secretary. Democratic enthusiasm was rapidly dissolving into commercial peacefulness, and the meeting of the two streams first showed itself in the vacillation and ambiguity which led to the Crimean war. No better reflection of the prevalent disposition of the middle classes can be found than in Lord Aberdeen's speech at the Mansion House, November 9th, 1853:—

‘In a country such as ours, and in a height of civilisation such as that in which we live, the real triumphs of a minister must consist in promoting the progress of industry and the development of the national resources. . . . When last I stood up in this room, as the guest of your Lordship's predecessor, I declared that the policy of Her Majesty's

**Majesty's Government was a policy of peace. I desire now to repeat that declaration; and I go further, and say that no other principle of policy will ever be announced by me.'**

Yet two days before this speech was made a circular had been despatched to her Majesty's ambassadors abroad, stating that the English and French fleets had been ordered to enter the Dardanelles.

A war glorious to the arms of England grew out of the feebleness and hesitation of the English Government in confronting the aggression of Russia. In the year after the close of that war, the suppression of the Indian Mutiny showed that the manhood of the country had suffered no decay. But in 1864 the democratic principle of perpetual interference, and the commercial principle of complete abstention, were brought into unexpected and anomalous collision, and, after a short but painful struggle, the latter asserted its final superiority. We must ask our readers to recal for a moment the position of England in the Dano-German war.

We will not attempt to argue the question, whether the policy of intervention, adopted by the English Government before the action of the German Diet had developed into international significance, was just or expedient. In our own opinion, looking to the attitude of the German Powers, it was both; but at least it was a policy of intervention. Expressions had been used, both on paper and in Parliament, which indicated that the English Ministry were as ready to assert the influence of their country as they had been in the crusading days which followed the Reform Bill:—

'We are convinced—I am convinced, at least,' said Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, 'that, if any violent attempt were made to overthrow the rights of Denmark, and interfere with her independence, those who made that attempt would find in the result that it would not be Denmark alone with whom they would have to contend.'

'The independence of Denmark,' wrote Lord Russell to Lord Blomfield on the 30th of September, 1863, 'forms an essential element in the balance of power.'

'Any precipitate action,' he wrote again to Sir Andrew Buchanan, on the 25th of December, 1863, 'on the part of the German Confederation, may lead to consequences fatal to the peace of Europe, and may involve Germany in particular in consequences of a most serious nature.'

These were expressions which could only be justified on the assumption that the Power which used them was prepared, in the

\* *Hansard*, clxxii. p. 1252.  
Vol. 147.—No. 293.

† *Ibid.* vol. clxxvi. p. 727.  
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‡ *Ibid.* p. 733.  
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last resort, to back them by force. Yet the English Government made no preparation for war. Why was this? Because it reckoned confidently on procuring a peaceable solution of the question by the aid of Russia and France. Yet it had managed previously to give mortal offence to both these Powers, to Russia by the hostile spirit of its despatches about Poland, to France by its curt refusal to take part in the Congress which that Power wished to assemble on the same question. There was therefore every probability that England would find herself but coldly supported by her co-signatories to the Treaty of 1852, in resisting what was acknowledged to be an unjustifiable aggression of the German Powers. Nevertheless she continued to act towards Denmark in the spirit of an adviser who is ready to become a protector; point after point was yielded by her client, at her instance, to the German invaders; at last she convened a European Congress, a High Court of International Justice, in which this question, which was acknowledged to be 'essential to the Balance of Power,' might be peaceably settled. Hear how Lord Russell, the President of the Congress, the spokesman of the neutral Powers, described the situation:—

'We proposed that the King of Denmark should yield to Germany the Duchy of Holstein and the southern part of the Duchy of Schleswig; that the boundary should be drawn as far as the Schlei, and should go along by the Dannewerke; that there should be no menacing fortresses on the boundary; that the German Powers should not interfere any further or any more with the internal affairs of Denmark; and that a general guarantee should be given by the European Powers for the rest of the Danish possessions. With regard to this proposal, the Danish plenipotentiaries made a declaration which I think did that Government the highest honour. They declared that the King of Denmark accepted the Crown of that country according to the Treaty of 1852, thinking that his doing so would tend to the peace of Europe, and to preserve the balance of power; but as the surrender of a great part of his territory was now demanded, he was ready to make that concession, provided that entire independence and self-government was left to the remainder of his dominions.'<sup>\*</sup>

Surely after this Denmark had purged herself of whatever guilt might previously have been alleged against her; surely it was the duty of England to maintain that justice was satisfied by the submission of Denmark to the will of impartial Europe, and that any further exactions on the part of the German Powers would, by her at any rate, be regarded as aggression, and resisted accordingly. Austria and Prussia rejected the proposal. They agreed to accept the King of the Belgians as

<sup>\*</sup> Hansard, vol. clxxvi. p. 311.

umpire, but they declined to regard his decision as necessarily binding. Thereupon England, with the other neutral Powers, declared that they had done all that they could, and that—Denmark must be left to her fate. It was in vain that the Danes pointed out that the German Powers had rejected England's own proposal. Lord Russell replied that the proposal was not that of England, but of the neutral Powers—as if the policy of Russia and France had been from the beginning one of active intervention, like that of England—and that Denmark must sustain the force of aggression alone. How did he excuse this unparalleled act of desertion to the House of Lords? He adopted the principle of Lord Aberdeen, and declared that the first need of England—not of Europe—was Peace:—

‘Look,’ said he, ‘at the great commerce which has grown up in China, where it is necessary for us always to maintain a considerable naval force to protect our interests. Look at our immense possessions in India. . . . It is no longer a question with reference to the balance of power in Europe. There are other parts of the world in which our interests may be as deeply involved, and in which we may some day or other find it necessary to maintain the honour and interests of the country. . . . I think it is the duty of England to show a greater attachment to *peace* than Austria and Prussia have shown, and not, if possible, to light a flame which might extend to every part of Europe.’\*

In the same spirit Lord Palmerston, in his speech of July 8th, 1864, while he showed that he understood as well as ever the nature of the balance of power, glided dexterously over the fact that England had allowed the balance to be disturbed, and engaged the minds of his audience in the contemplation of the national prosperity which the policy of the Government had secured to the country:—

‘More has been done,’ he said, ‘in the five years during which we have had the confidence of the House, in everything connected with the material interests of the country, than perhaps was ever done in the same period of time before; and on that ground alone we may stand, and defy any attacks that may be made on us from any quarter whatever.’†

The issue was decided; and, by a strange irony of fate, the great actor of the part of the *Civis Romanus* found himself, in his closing scenes, declaiming the sentiments of Richard Cobden. The Government had lowered itself to the less honourable instincts of the classes which formed its chief support, and the world supposed that henceforth the foreign policy of England was to be conducted on the principle of peace at any price. As

\* Hansard, vol. clxxvi. pp. 321-2.

† Ibid. p. 1283.



for the sentiments of the commercial classes, they are very accurately reflected in the annual summary of the 'Times' for the year 1864:—

'The conquest by the great German Powers of two provinces which had long formed a part of the Danish monarchy had been generally disapproved, while it has not provoked active resistance. The precedent of abstaining from an extravagantly imprudent war may not improbably be followed hereafter, as it was anticipated in the Polish contest of 1863: yet within ten years of the Crimean War *it is premature to assume that England will never again engage in war for an idea embodied in an invaded territory.*'

Thus was inaugurated the policy of unqualified deference on the part of the Government to the commercial classes at home, of concession on the part of England to aggression in Europe. We do not pretend to admire the part which the Conservative Opposition played on this occasion. It should have been the pride of the Tory party to have appealed to the ancient and honourable traditions of England, instead of seeking, as they evidently did, a triumph over their opponents without committing themselves to a definite policy. But every one will admit the statesmanlike foresight displayed in the predictions of the then Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, as well as the justice of his censures:—

'Sir, it does appear to me impossible to deny under these circumstances that the just influence of England in the councils of Europe is lowered. And now I ask, what are the consequences of the just influence of England in the councils of Europe being lowered? The consequences are, to use a familiar phrase in the despatches, "most serious"; because, in exact proportion as that influence is lowered, the securities of peace are diminished. I lay this down as a great principle which cannot be controverted in the management of our foreign affairs.\*'

If Denmark could have been compensated for her losses by the retribution that fell on her merciless enemies and her fair-weather friends, her satisfaction would have been ample. Out of the disputes which arose between the German Powers after the conclusion of the Danish war came the war of 1866, which excluded Austria from the German Confederation; and out of this again sprang the yet bloodier conflict between France and Germany. On England, as was just, the punishment fell, not in the loss of blood, but in the further loss of honour.

The 11th article of the Treaty of 1856, made at the close of the Crimean War, ran as follows:—

\* Hansard, vol. clxxvi. pp. 747-9.

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‘The Black Sea is neutralised ; its waters and its ports, thrown open to the mercantile marine of every nation, are formally and in perpetuity interdicted to the flag of war, either of the Powers possessing the coasts, or of any other Power, with the exceptions mentioned in Articles XIV. and XIX. of the present Treaty.’

To secure this article England had twice broken off negotiations at Vienna, and had renewed the conflict with Russia, with an immense expenditure of blood and treasure. Russia had, for the time being, appeared to acquiesce in the decisions of Europe consequent on her defeat. But in the winter of 1870, while the Czar's uncle was keeping shut up within the walls of Paris the armies of one of the Powers which had waged the Crimean War, there came a note from St. Petersburg to all the capitals of Europe, announcing that Russia repudiated her engagements contracted in the Treaty of 1856 in respect of the Black Sea. What ought the English Government to have done under these circumstances? The situation was clearly defined. France and Germany neutralized each other ; Austria was opposed to the Russian repudiation ; Turkey could at least have offered no resistance to her old friend. England and Russia were left face to face. If the Government of the day had had the courage which all English Governments ought to have, they would have told Russia that, if she was resolved to break the law, she must take the consequences. Why did they not do so? Mr. Gladstone has incidentally told us in a recent debate : ‘Had we gone to war we should have stood *absolutely alone, without a single ally.*’ \* That is to say, England alone would have had to fight Russia alone. The Liberal Government therefore improved on the precedent of 1864, when they had to deal with the combined power of Austria and Prussia. But the course they adopted was in accordance with the principles approved in that year. The first step was to send to St. Petersburg one of those despatches for which the English Foreign Office had become famous, inflicting upon Russia a severe and dignified rebuke. The next was to send post-haste to Versailles a special envoy to ask for the advice of—Count Bismarck. The situation of Mr. Odo Russell can scarcely have been agreeable. He had to prefer his plea for the public law of Europe, as the representative of a Power which had entirely declined to acknowledge its obligations, contracted under the Treaty of 1815, to the very Sovereign whose Minister he was addressing. But the Count was good-natured. He would do all he could to help us ; and, to show his placability, he suggested a general Conference. The English

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\* Hansard, vol. cccxxii. p. 479.

Ministry were delighted, but were still determined to let the world know the firmness of their attitude. 'There must of course be no foregone conclusions.' 'Of course not,' said the Count, gravely; 'a Congress assembling on such terms would be an absurdity.'

The Powers therefore met in Congress for free and open debate. But what was the basis on which they assembled for a discussion in which there were to be no 'foregone conclusions'? Nothing definite had been arranged. A brilliant diplomatic triumph had indeed been achieved in extracting from Russia a declaration that she had not intended, by her note of repudiation, repudiation without the consent of her co-signatories. But all the world knew that the basis, on which she consented to go through the form of deliberation, was her original note. Meantime it might have been supposed that the representatives of the Power, which had renewed the Crimean War to obtain the 11th Article of the Treaty of Paris, would at least have entered into council prepared to sustain the results which had been achieved by their country at so great a cost. But no. Replying to the argument that the 11th Article was the gist of the Treaty of Paris, Mr. Gladstone said in the House of Commons:—

'That was never, so far as I know, the view of the British Government. In this House, in the year 1856, I declared my confident conviction that it was impossible to maintain the neutralisation of the Black Sea.\*'

That no doubt was Mr. Gladstone's opinion as a private person; but that it was not Lord Clarendon's, the representative of the British Government at the Congress of Paris, is sufficiently obvious from the record of his sentiments expressed on that occasion. In any case, however, it is plain that, with the Russian note on the one hand, and with the Prime Minister of England holding such opinions on the other, the common repudiation of the Black Sea Clauses *was* a 'foregone conclusion.' The proceedings of the Conference were fitly inaugurated by the affixing of the signatures of all the Powers to the Platonic Protocol, in which the grand *new* principle of international honesty was embodied, declaring it unlawful for any party to an engagement to withdraw from that engagement without the consent of the other parties.

'I believe,' said Lord Granville, 'that if this country and the rest of Europe had submitted without *resistance* to the *renunciation* of solemn obligations, to which we were guarantees, a more severe blow would have been struck, not only at the character and position

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\* Hansard, vol. cciv. p. 104.

of this country, but at the validity of all treaties, than it is easy to conceive.' \*

All then that this country secured by its policy of concession to Russia on this occasion was the Protocol to the Treaty of 1871; and the best comment on that Protocol is the Turco-Russian war of 1877. Let us see what Prince Bismarck thought of Lord Granville's great stroke of diplomacy. When he heard of the latter's phrase about 'future complications in consequence of an arbitrary action calling all treaties into question,'—

'Bismarck,' says his biographer, 'burst out laughing. "Ha! ha! Future complications! Parliamentary speechifying and all that! Too timid to do anything! The accent is clearly laid on *future*. That is the sort of phraseology a man employs when he means to do nothing. There is little to fear from these English now, as there was little to hope from them four months ago."

After this came the peaceful settlement of the Alabama Claims. It was desirable, no doubt, that this vexatious question should be settled by arbitration. But it was evident that, if the arbitration proceeded on the ordinary principles of justice, it was at least possible that the decision might be given against the United States; and the English Ministry were well aware that such a result would not give satisfaction to that Power. They therefore arranged the Treaty of Washington, and consented that the cause should be tried by rules which, having a retrospective operation, and being couched in the vaguest terms, practically condemned us beforehand, independently of the merits of our case, to pay whatever award the arbitrators should adjudge. Damages to the amount of 3,000,000*l.* were the results of this second application of the principle of 'foregone conclusions.'

Thus it came to pass that the middle classes, made by the first Reform Bill the sovereign power in the country for the time being, stamped their own commercial character on the foreign policy of England. Their views were aptly expressed in a money-article of the 'Times,' quoted with great approbation by Mr. Rylands, during the debate of March 30th, 1871:—

'The Russian Note has caused a hope to be entertained in the City, that the warning thus given will cause England for the future to have as little as possible to do with treaties or guarantees. Her position in such affairs is regarded as that of an established merchant, who might in good faith enter into a transaction in joint account with a number of partners, every one of whom should simply intend to take any benefit that might accrue, and, in the event of loss, to break

\* Hansard, vol. cciv. p. 248.



off from their liability, and throw upon his shoulders the whole responsibility.'

And just as England under the rule of the middle classes adopted the old Byzantine policy of buying off the strong, so the ministers of England bowed before the supposed sovereign decrees of commercial opinion. Lord Aberdeen acquiesced in them; Lord Palmerston yielded to them with as much grace as he could command; Mr. Gladstone exalted them into poetry. But this un-English fear of the people, this dread of responsibility, this attempt to follow opinion rather than to lead it, was, we believe, quite unconstitutional. And its origin may be traced back, as we have shown, to the factious and unpatriotic opposition of the Whigs to the national policy in 1793. From that opposition came the anti-popular movement among the Tories, which was continued, to the public detriment, after the conclusion of the war, and which in its turn produced the democratic movement, in sympathy with the French Revolution of 1830, resulting in the Reform Bill of 1832. Then, for the first time in the history of England, the prerogative of the Crown was used, without initiative on the part of the sovereign, to give effect to the wishes of the majority outside the legislature; and from that period till 1874 English ministers behaved themselves as if they were delegates of the people rather than as servants of the Crown.

We are happy to think that, as far as the present Government is concerned, we have lately witnessed a return to the old and true paths of the Constitution. For the first time since the Reform Bill, an English Ministry has held to the course which it believed to be right, in the face of the most violent and unscrupulous opposition ever encountered by a Government since the Napoleonic war. But how has it happened that this unprecedented opposition has been offered to a Government which has secured the peace of Europe, given, it may well be, a new lease of life to Turkey, and checked unmistakably the aggressive advances of Russia in Asia? Those who observe how close is the resemblance between the conduct of the Whig statesmen in 1791, and the Liberal leaders during the late Eastern crisis, will be inclined to ascribe the tactics adopted in either case to the spirit of faction.

In 1791, as in 1876, the Whigs were out of office; they had been deprived of power by a national movement, just at the time when their 'connection' seemed to be on the point of establishing a permanent supremacy in the country; and they were thirsting for revenge. In 1791 the Revolution in France provided the Whigs with a new theme of declamation, as fertile as the

the Bulgarian atrocities proved to the Liberals in 1876. At the earlier, as well as the later date, the democratic impulse was communicated from centres outside the Legislature; and the Quintuple Alliance, the Society for Free Debating, and the Corresponding Society, find counterparts in the conference of St. James's Hall, the Eastern Question Association, and the Afghan Committee. In both cases the Opposition espoused the aggressive and cosmopolitan cause against the cause of national independence. But there is one excuse for the followers of Fox, which the modern Liberals cannot plead; in 1791 there was no direct representation of the people in Parliament.

This is the vital point on which our judgment of the Liberal Opposition must turn. For it is evident that throughout the crisis there have been two Oppositions, both acting in concert, but with radically different aims; one the democratic opposition outside Parliament, the other the regular Opposition inside; one with a policy, the other without one; one rushing in where angels feared to tread, the other shrinking from the slightest step which might seem to carry meaning and responsibility. The one connecting link between these strange allies was an irresistible desire to turn out the Tory Government. In order, therefore, to understand the significance of the Liberal tactics it is necessary to appreciate the Ministerial policy.

The main object of the Government was to preserve the peace of Europe, and to secure this end it was of course necessary that their policy should vary according to the contingencies that arose. When the rebellion in the Herzegovina first began, Lord Derby advised the Porte to extinguish the flames with all speed lest the conflagration should spread. When the Berlin Memorandum was proposed, England refused to join with the other Powers, because the measure involved physical coercion. When Servia declared war against Turkey, Lord Derby stated to Sir H. Elliott on May 25th, 1876, that the Turkish Government must not expect from her Majesty's Government more than a moral support. The Queen's Speech of February 8th, 1877, declared it to be her Majesty's desire 'to maintain the peace of Europe and to bring about the better government of the disturbed provinces, without infringing upon the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire.' Even the declaration of war by Russia upon Turkey did not move the Government from their attitude of neutrality. But when the war was over, and the Treaty of San Stefano was signed, England insisted that the settlement of the question must be effected by Europe. She called out her reserves; she brought Indian troops to Malta; she showed at the Congress of Berlin that, while recognising the results of the war,

war, she was ready to fight for conditions that she deemed indispensable to the vital independence of the Turkish Empire. From first to last the policy of her Government was consistent, intelligible, and, under the circumstances, successful.

And now what was the policy of the Opposition? Let us remind our readers, in the first place, what had been the attitude of this country towards Turkey between 1856 and 1874, during nearly the whole of which time the Liberals had been in power. The only symptom of interest shown by Parliament in Turkish affairs was the question put by Sir John Gray, on 27th July, 1871: 'Whether the Sultan's government had recently taken steps in favour of civil and religious liberty; and whether any advance had been made in securing that Christian evidence should be admitted in Courts of Justice on a footing equal to that of the testimony given by Mahomedans.' The notice of this question caused the greatest excitement at the Foreign Office. Search was made in all quarters for information out of which an answer might be framed, but none was found. Lord Granville accordingly telegraphed to Constantinople—

'Let me know by two o'clock to-morrow whether the Turkish authorities generally may be said to be giving effect to the several edicts in favour of the Christians.'

The required information was received in time to enable the Under-Secretary to give a 'satisfactory' reply to Sir John Gray's question, and when the same member repeated his inquiry on 5th August, 1872, Lord Enfield was ready to answer:—

'Sir, the latest report from Constantinople, received two days ago, states that, as a general rule, the edicts in favour of the Christians are fairly carried into effect, and that, as a class, they have no reason of complaint.'

After this we are not surprised to find that, from the outbreak of the insurrection in the Herzegovina till nearly the close of the Session of 1876, the attitude of the Opposition was quiescent. 'With regard to the question of the Berlin Memorandum, I think,' said Lord Granville, 'her Majesty's Government were right in not adhering to that Memorandum.\*' In August, however, the reports of the atrocities in Bulgaria were fairly authenticated, and, in a debate shortly before the rising of Parliament, Mr. Ashley charged the Ministry with being responsible for these occurrences, on the ground that they had refused to join in the Berlin Memorandum—conduct which the Opposi-

\* Hansard, vol. cexxx. p. 417.

tion had previously approved—and that they had sent the fleet to Besika Bay—although it had arrived there after the atrocities were committed. It is noticeable that neither in this debate, nor in the one on the same subject that preceded it, did Mr. Gladstone utter a single word. But the agitation outside Parliament now rose to its height. Undoubtedly a shock of horror and disgust was experienced by the whole nation, and upon this generous and universal sentiment the Opposition endeavoured to found a policy contrary to that of the Government. Mr. Gladstone now came forward, and published his pamphlet on the ‘Bulgarian Horrors,’ thereby making himself the natural centre of the agitation, and proclaiming himself the mandatory of the nation in requiring the expulsion of the Turkish Government from Europe.\*

‘It was the nation,’ he afterwards said, ‘that led the classes and leaders, not the classes and leaders that led the nation.’†

This statement is inaccurate. No doubt the nation had expressed its horror before Mr. Gladstone’s pamphlet appeared, but nobody, with any pretensions to represent the nation, up to that moment, had suggested the ‘bag and baggage’ policy. The suggestion once made of course afforded a rallying-point to all the ardent and impulsive spirits which exult in an agitated atmosphere, to all those sections of the nation whose interest or imagination drives them to thirst for revolution at home or change abroad. Throughout the recess every town in England resounded with execrations of the anti-human Turk and the Tory Government, and the agitation culminated in the famous Conference of St. James’s Hall, which met to settle the foreign policy of England at the same time that the Conference at Constantinople was deliberating on the difficulties of Europe. The policy decided upon in the English Congress, it is needless to say, was a policy of coercion.

Meantime the leaders of the Parliamentary Opposition had studiously avoided committing themselves to any definite expression of opinion. They had not given the slightest sup-

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\* A very suggestive comparison may be drawn between Mr. Gladstone’s pamphlet on ‘Bulgarian Horrors’ and his speech in Parliament on the Cretan Atrocities, 15th February, 1867. The Cretan massacres were of the same brutal kind as those in Bulgaria, but in 1867 Mr. Gladstone knew that he must shortly return to power, and he spoke with the moderation imposed by anticipated responsibility. He said in his speech: ‘I agree in the opinion that the noble Lord at the head of the Foreign Office rightly determined to observe and to enforce the laws of neutrality, even though at the expense of the calls of mere humanity. The calls of mere humanity it was his duty to repress, and he has repressed them.’ (Hansard, vol. clxxxv. p. 444.)

† Hansard, vol. cccxxiii. p. 101.



port to the Government in their difficult circumstances; neither had they positively sanctioned Mr. Gladstone's agitation. Sir Stafford Northcote, in his speech at Edinburgh, seemed to believe that when Parliament met they would be prepared to support or oppose the Government in a regular and constitutional way.

He was greatly mistaken. The debate on the Address showed that the Leader of the Opposition intended to treat the autumn agitation as a genuine expression of national opinion. With reference to the Conference at St. James's Hall, Sir Stafford made some observations in his speech on the necessity of unity. 'What I object to,' said he, 'is the emphasizing of everything that can tell against your own country.'

The interruption that followed is thus reported in Hansard:—

'THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.—"For country read Government."

'THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—"I beg the noble Lord's pardon. He draws a distinction between the country and the Government, a distinction which he is perfectly justified in drawing, and which I think ought to be drawn. The noble Lord will hardly deny that in these matters the country has to maintain an important position. He will hardly deny that this country must be represented by its Government for the time being; and if the noble Lord means to imply, by the correction which he has just now kindly supplied us with, that the Government does not represent the country, the sooner he takes steps to bring that to a proof the better."'

What this meant was plain enough, and Mr. Gladstone showed that he was perfectly aware of the constitutional duties of the Opposition. But he proceeded to make one of the most remarkable statements ever heard in a British Parliament.

'My right honourable friend,' said he, 'said that my noble friend had drawn a distinction between the country and the Government, and that if he did draw such a distinction, it was his duty to take the earliest possible measures for putting that matter to the test. I am not entitled to speak for my noble friend, *but I should like to know in what way it is in the power of my noble friend to do so.* Would it be by a motion of want of confidence in the House of Commons? I suppose it may be said that the House of Commons represents the country, but still it is not the country; and as people have lately drawn a distinction between the Government and the country, so there might be circumstances under which they might draw a distinction between the country and the House of Commons.'

After this suggestion that the opinion of the country was better represented by the Conference of St. James's Hall than

\* Hansard, vol. cccxxii. p. 101.

† Ibid. p. 120.

by the House of Commons, it was evident that Mr. Gladstone could not avoid putting the question to the test. It was equally obvious, after the pointed interruption of Lord Hartington, and the speeches of representative Liberals like Sir William Harcourt, that the Opposition were logically bound to support the policy recommended by that Conference. But what happened? An opportunity for an attack on the Government was soon offered by Mr. Fawcett. The member for Hackney, having confidence in his cause, said, like a man, that 'he wished to state unreservedly that, as long as he had a seat in the English House of Commons, he should despise himself if he said one thing on the platform and had not the courage to say it in the House.' He accordingly moved on March 23rd, 'That in the opinion of the House the misrule, which has brought such misery on the Christian subjects of the Porte, will continue, unless the European Powers obtain some such guarantees for improved administration as they agreed on at the Conference.' This motion, if carried, would of course have involved coercion. Lord Hartington, though he said he agreed with the mover, declined to vote for the motion, as inopportune. Mr. Gladstone presumed that Mr. Fawcett had introduced the motion as 'a peg on which to hang a speech.' He could not support it, he said, as it was not well-timed, but he proceeded himself to hang upon the peg a speech full of the most bitter and eloquent invective. And yet, after all this heavy firing, the Liberals complained of the 'manœuvring' of the Government in forcing a division on a question involving a mere Platonic expression of opinion! Such complaints become intelligible when we find that the motion was rejected by a majority of 171.

On April 13th Lord Hartington himself made an attack. He reviewed the conduct of the Government in declining to promote the European concert for the coercion of Turkey, in terms of such unqualified condemnation as could only have been fitly followed by a motion for a vote of censure. Yet he wound up by moving for—fresh papers! and particularly the draft of the protocol which Russia had proposed! These, he was kind enough to suggest, might explain the otherwise inexplicable conduct of the Government. And this, though he knew that new papers were on the point of being issued, and though he must have been perfectly well aware that the draft of the protocol could not be produced.

The direct challenge of Mr. Chaplin at last brought matters to a point. Mr. Gladstone gave notice of his famous Resolutions, the third and fourth of which plainly embodied a policy of coercion. We all remember how the notice fell like a bomb-shell

shell among the Opposition, how notices of amendment were given, and how, at the last moment, Mr. Gladstone was prevailed on to dilate on his premisses without coming to a conclusion. The first two Resolutions were apparently of a perfectly abstract character. '*But*,' said the Leader of the Opposition, 'if the two Resolutions now before the House are passed, we shall at least be free from the danger of fighting again for the dominion of the Turks in Europe.' Lord Hartington, as a statesman, must have known that we had never fought for the dominion of the Turks in Europe; and yet, for the sake of embarrassing the Government, he was ready to commit the country to resolutions which might have prevented it from maintaining the independence of the Turkish empire. The House understood the design, and defeated it by adopting by an overwhelming majority the dexterous amendment of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff.

When the Session ended, the tactics of the extra-Parliamentary Opposition were resumed. Throughout the country the members of the Government were denounced as the basest of mankind, and the personal abuse that was heaped on them may be illustrated by the speeches of Mr. Trevelyan. On one occasion, at Selkirk, this gentleman told his constituents that 'The noble Lord at the head of her Majesty's Government had never concealed his desire to plunge this country into war.' In another speech he declared that 'her Majesty's Ministers were simulating dread of Russian access to the Mediterranean as a pretext for increasing the number of naval appointments open to the dunces who are the sons of Ministers and their constituents.' At a meeting in Willis's Rooms complaint was made of influence being exercised by the Court, and the tumultuary opposition to Government reached a fitting climax in Mr. Gladstone's speech at Oxford:—

'My purpose,' said the ex-Premier, 'has been to the best of my powers, for the last eighteen months, day and night, week by week, month by month, to counteract what I believe to be the purpose of Lord Beaconsfield.'

But now the end was approaching. Plevna fell. Parliament was summoned to meet nearly a month before its usual time (January 1878). It was announced in the Queen's Speech that, should hostilities unfortunately be prolonged, some unexpected occurrence might render it incumbent on her Majesty to adopt measures of precaution. Not many days after, the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice that he meant to ask for a vote of 6,000,000*l*. The circumstances under which the application

application was made were certainly sufficiently pressing to constitute an emergency. The Russians had crossed the Balkans; the Turks had no army capable of opposing their progress towards the capital. It was believed that Russia was ready to grant terms of peace, but what those terms were, was as much a mystery to the Government as to everybody else. From Lord Augustus Loftus came the telegram, 'Russian commanders have been instructed to state the conditions on which an armistice would be agreed to.' From Turkey, on the other hand, arrived the intelligence, 'Russian commanders have no instructions.' Meantime the movements of the invading hosts were swift and impressive. On the 3rd of January they were at Sofia, marching south; on the 25th of January Suleiman Pasha was defeated; the victors were at Adrianople, and part of their army one-third of the distance to Constantinople.

This was the position of affairs when, on the 31st of January, Mr. Forster moved the following amendment to the proposed vote of credit:—

'That this House, having been informed in Her Majesty's most gracious speech that the conditions on which Her Majesty's neutrality is founded have not been infringed by either belligerent engaged in the war in the East of Europe, and having since received no information sufficient to justify a departure from the policy of neutrality and peace, sees no reason for adding to the burdens of the people by voting unnecessary supplies.'

Such an amendment under the circumstances certainly seemed to indicate a return of the courage which had so long been wanting. Night after night the debate dragged its slow length along, though the speakers were all well aware that, while they were talking, Russia was advancing on Constantinople. Suddenly a message was received from Mr. Layard that the Russians had occupied the lines of Tchataldja, the last defensible position before the Turkish capital. The effect of the announcement was prodigious. Throughout the country, perplexity, amazement, anger, and dismay, alternated in the minds of those who had recently been encouraging Russia on her divine errand, and the public feeling was not long in communicating itself to the leaders of the Opposition. Mr. Forster at once asked leave, under the change of circumstances, to withdraw his amendment. It was in vain that the Chancellor of the Exchequer on one side, and Mr. Fawcett on the other, showed that there was no essential change in the situation; the leaders of the Opposition adhered to their point, and even though the news of the Russian advance was found to be in some particulars inaccurate, even though peace

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was signed and the armistice concluded during the debate, they insisted that they ought to be allowed to withdraw the amendment. The permission was given, but did the Opposition, under 'the change of circumstances,' support the vote? Not they. Lord Hartington found excellent reasons for not voting at all.

'He did not believe the Government would gain weight by this vote; but they might lose weight by strong opposition to it. Having made his protest against the unprecedented nature of the vote, he might have entered again into active opposition, or, as he knew the vote must pass, he might refrain from further active opposition, in order not to weaken the Government in the councils of Europe.'

And choosing the latter alternative, he accordingly left the House with his followers before the division was taken, amid the ironical laughter of the Ministerialists and the Radicals.

It would be useless to track further the windings of the Opposition during the rest of the Session, or to analyse the questions, the innuendoes, and the constitutional axioms, with which they sought to bring discredit on the Government. As is usually the case with waiters upon Providence, they waited too long, and lost all hold on that public opinion, which they had attempted to follow but had not dared to lead. It would be equally superfluous to dwell in detail on the stages of the Afghan question, which are still fresh in the memories of our readers. We merely call attention to some of the leading peculiarities in the recent conduct of the Opposition, to show how faithfully they reflect the temper manifested by them in the earlier stages of the Eastern Question.

When it appeared probable that there would be war with Afghanistan, an agitation began throughout the country, just as it did in 1876. It was said that the Ministry, flattering the popular lust for territory, were about to make war upon a harmless and independent neighbour. It was said further, that the Government were determined to conduct the war without in any way consulting Parliament. On the strength of these two hypotheses, all the disbanded veterans of St. James's Hall flocked round their newly erected standard. Unfortunately for their cause, one of their hypotheses was destroyed by the early summoning of Parliament, and the other by Lord Cranbrook's despatch. But their ingenuity was equal to the occasion. A loud outcry arose that the ninth paragraph of the despatch was intentionally misleading, and that—although the Blue Book was on the point of appearing—the writer had sought to cover the blunders of his own Government by misrepresenting the policy of  
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of his opponents. The Blue Book appeared, and search was made in vain for evidence of that ministerial mendacity which had provoked Mr. Childers to a breach of good manners.

The public, being now perfectly well informed, awaited with interest the debates in Parliament. They saw that the issue to be tried was of the simplest kind. Was the war into which we had entered just, and was it necessary? If it was just to make war on a potentate who, having undertaken by treaty to be 'the friend of our friends, and the enemy of our enemies,' having received at our hands nothing but kindness, having accepted from us moral support and pecuniary assistance, yet admitted to his capital an embassy from a power with whom he thought we were about to engage in war, while he refused to admit an embassy from ourselves—then the war with Shir Ali was a just war. If it was necessary at all hazards to obtain commanding influence over a country, which was about to be made the basis of foreign intrigue against our Indian possessions, then it was necessary to obtain such influence over Afghanistan. These considerations were admitted, even by the Opposition, to be the whole gist of the case. With regard to the first point, it was acknowledged that Shir Ali had acted towards us in a spirit of hostility; it was merely disputed how his hostility was first produced. With regard to the second, Mr. Goschen, who made by far the most statesmanlike speech on the Liberal side, declared that 'there was no room in Afghanistan for both England and Russia.' Nevertheless, the Opposition joined, almost to a man, in a vote of censure on the Government for 'conduct which had led to the Afghan war.' Drawn in terms of studied vagueness, it was obvious that such a motion gave an opportunity to every one who had a stone to fling at the Ministry. 'Post hoc, ergo propter hoc' was the principle of attack, and, exasperated as they were by the certainty of defeat, the blows of the Liberals were delivered without the slightest regard to decorum or fairness. All the stale and refuted arguments of the recess were repeated with additional venom. Lord Cranbrook was again accused of intending to mislead the public by his ninth paragraph; Lord Salisbury, after his own conclusive speech in the House of Lords, was charged by Mr. Grant Duff with deliberate mendacity; Mr. Gladstone exceeded himself in imputing to the Viceroy 'vulgar discourtesy,' and to the Viceroy's Council and the India Office calculated fraud. No inconsistency or inaccuracy appeared too gross for use, if it gave an opportunity for invective. The Government was impeached for not consulting Parliament before declaring war, although, as Lord Salisbury showed, Parliament had only been informed of intended declarations of war once

since 1815. Those who had charged the Ministry during the recess with wishing to govern without Parliament, now abused them for 'summoning Parliament in so unusual a manner about so trifling a matter.' The party, which had used the Indian troops for service out of India, in the 'emergency' arising from the stoppage of the French embassy to China, complained of their employment in a war undertaken for the security of their own country. The valiant statesmen, who had surrendered the Black Sea Clauses of the Treaty of Paris, were indignant at the 'pusillanimity' of the Government in not declaring war with Russia for sending an embassy to Cabul. Lastly, that accomplished master of Parliamentary melodrama, Sir William Harcourt, showed the same intimate and confident acquaintance with the real character of the Ministerial policy, which he had displayed during the earlier stages of the Eastern question.

'Yes, he knew it well. The Government had hoisted the old red flag of the Tory party, the bloody red flag of the Tory party, and he knew what the Tory party was, and the crew that sailed beneath it; it was a gaunt and grisly company. That was no personal observation. The company of which he spoke, which sailed under that flag, was war, taxation, poverty, distress. The Liberal party had its flag too. It was the old flag. It bore very different words, the old words of peace, retrenchment, and reform.'

Now, however, that the fight is over, we have leisure to survey the battle-field; and we doubt whether the public will regard the flying colours of the Liberal party with the same complacency as Sir William Harcourt. At the end of the year 1876 it is evident that this country was in a position of the gravest difficulty. Three policies were open to it. First, it might have joined Russia (we say Russia, for it is obvious that a European concert of coercion was impracticable) in the coercion of Turkey. But such a policy would have been repugnant to the instincts and the sense of justice of the English nation. Secondly, it might have resisted the aggression of Russia; and the Prime Minister himself has admitted that, with more firmness at a certain conjuncture, the war between Turkey and Russia might have been prevented by England. For this want of firmness the Ministry must, no doubt, be held responsible, though we suspect that few of their countrymen, with any sense of candour or generosity, will be inclined, under the circumstances, to judge them severely. Lastly, after the outbreak of the war between Russia and Turkey, the country was free to adopt, and did adopt, the policy of conditional neutrality. Pursued with steadiness, though not without symptoms of hesitation, this policy, by the prudence and sagacity with which it was applied  
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in the most critical stage of the war, has secured, as we may hope, the peace of Europe, and the consolidation of the sounder parts of the Turkish Empire, while it has replaced England in her old and true position as the chief barrier to aggression in Europe. But, whatever we may think of the policy that was actually adopted, the point on which we wish now to insist is, that in the determination of this policy the Opposition can claim no share. The conduct of the Ministry was right or it was wrong. If it was right, in a matter involving the highest interests of the Empire, it deserved the support even of its ordinary opponents. If it was wrong, then, both for their own sakes, and still more for that of the country, the Liberal party should have met it by a steady opposition, and should have indicated the course which ought to have been adopted. But, in point of fact, it shrank from both these alternatives. It gave not the slightest support to the Ministry in their hour of greatest need; on the contrary, as we have seen, it completely identified itself, at the opening of the Session of 1877, with the agitation out of doors. Yet, when an attempt was made in Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions to give that agitation practical effect, the Opposition at once drew back. They agreed to support the Resolutions which would embarrass the Government; but they declined to agree to those which might commit themselves. So, too, in the Afghan Debate, though they advanced, flaunting on their banners a vote of censure, they had not the courage, like Lord Grey, to attack the key of the Government position, namely, the justice and necessity of the war, but confined themselves to mere guerrilla fighting on all sorts of side issues, which had nothing to do with the real merits of the case. Now what has been the meaning of this shifting, timid, impotent, and irresponsible conduct during a crisis fraught with the gravest consequences to England and her Empire? The Chancellor of the Exchequer gave the answer very aptly in winding up the debate on the Vote of Censure. Lord Hartington at the close of his speech had emphatically appealed to the constituencies. Sir Stafford Northcote in his reply said:—

‘I thank the noble Lord for the distinct way in which he has raised the issue towards the conclusion of his speech. We have been, during these long debates, rather at a loss to know what the precise issue was that we were to try. But to-night at the close of the debate, the noble Lord, in his character of party leader, has very frankly stated that the whole and main object of the matter is to turn out the present Government.’

That is, in fact, the gist of the matter. Party Government is now what it was in its origin, what it has been throughout  
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its history, a struggle not, in the first place, for principles, but for power. We do not say this in order to disparage the system ; but it cannot be too clearly understood that it is not an integral part of the English Constitution. We have seen how the factions rising out of the Civil War survived the Settlement of 1688 in consequence of the division produced in the nation by the Act of Succession ; how power under the first two Georges passed into the hands of the aristocracy ; how the distinction between the two sections of the aristocracy was preserved, first by the question whether there was to be a Protestant or Jacobite King ; then by the different relation of the parties to the Sovereign in the first part of George III.'s reign ; afterwards by their opposite opinions on the French Revolution ; and lastly by their antagonism on the question of Reform. Under all these shifting, but more or less genuine, oppositions of principle, can be detected the consistent and abiding passion for power ; and now that the constitutional differences of the parties about Reform have been composed, it is manifest that the passion itself has lost none of its intensity. The question is, where to find for it in future a legitimate sphere of action. If there be still fundamental divisions of opinion as to the manner in which affairs ought to be conducted *under the Constitution*, then no doubt these would be best settled through the machinery of party government. No Englishman can afford to undervalue the regime under which his country has reached its present imperial position. Party spirit, restrained within moderate limits, exercises a beneficial influence on the conduct of affairs. It braces the atmosphere of politics, and encourages a vigilant supervision over all departments of the public service. But everything must depend on the wisdom with which it is used, and the objects to which it is directed. The commercial supremacy of this country, and still more the great position which she occupies among the nations of the world, can only be maintained by a steady exercise of her undivided power and a loyal adherence to her historical Constitution. How far, amid the heat of the struggle for office, will these imperial interests of England be henceforth clearly distinguished from the interests of parties and persons ? Is it to be considered legitimate that the difficulties of a Government, representing the unity of a great but scattered empire, are to be made the stepping-stone by which an Opposition may climb to power ? Or can either of the two parties constitutionally acquire the command of place and patronage by consenting to pull down any structural part of the social fabric under which we live ?

THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*The Holy Bible, according to the Authorized Version (A.D. 1611), with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church.* Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter, Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Vols. I.–VI. The Old Testament. London, 1871–1876.

**I**T would not be easy, we imagine, to devise a more felicitous illustration of the advantages to be derived from the use of continuous commentaries on the Bible, than that which was employed by Bacon to point out how they prevent divinity from becoming 'artificial,' and help to keep it fresh and pure, and in harmony with 'the Scriptures, which are the fountains of the water of life.' 'The interpretation of the Scriptures,' he says, 'are of two sorts,—methodical, and solute or at large. For this divine water, which excelleth so much that of Jacob's well, is drawn forth much in the same kind as natural water useth to be out of wells and fountains; either it is first forced up into a cistern, and from thence fetched and derived for use; or else it is drawn and received in buckets and vessels immediately where it springeth. The former sort whereof, though it seem to be the more ready, yet in my judgment is more subject to corrupt. This is that method which hath exhibited unto us the scholastical divinity; whereby divinity hath been reduced into an art, as into a cistern, and the streams of doctrine or positions fetched or derived from thence.\*' The similitude is wonderfully exact. Texts of Scripture, torn away from their contexts, and incorporated into a theological system as warrants for its dogmas, are apt to undergo a subtle process of transformation. They gradually cease to mean what they meant in the free flow of the original writer's thought; they come to speak a foreign language, in accordance with the demands of the system, instead of their

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\* 'Advancement of Learning,' Book ii.

of any difficulties which his own mind might suggest, as well as of any new objections raised against a particular book or passage,\* was Mr. Denison's happy thought; and it found a congenial reception in the vigorous mind of the Archbishop of York, himself no mean Biblical scholar, as his brilliant and exhaustive introduction to the three synoptical Gospels, which opens the second part of the Commentary, amply proves. At his Grace's suggestion a Committee was formed to organize a plan for making the idea a reality, and as the work was manifestly far too arduous to be committed to any single labourer in the field of scriptural exegesis, it was distributed among nearly forty divines of the Anglican Church, the portion assigned to each being chosen as much as possible with reference to his known qualifications for his special task. To ensure unity of plan and treatment, and to weld together into an harmonious whole the productions of so many different minds, the supervision of a general Editor was needed, who was found in the learned and accomplished Canon of Exeter and Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, the Rev. F. C. Cook: and as serious questions might arise, involving even the rejection of contributions as unworthy or unsuitable, a small body of referees was appointed at the Editor's suggestion, consisting of the Archbishop of York and the Regius Professors of Divinity at Oxford and Cambridge, who should advise with the Editor when difficulties arose during the progress of the work. It was nearly seven years before the first volume appeared, the delay being partly caused, we believe, by the difficulty of dealing with the Pentateuch in a manner worthy of modern scholarship without undue prolixity, and partly by the premature deaths of two of those to whom the opening books had been intrusted. Since that time the issue of the work has gone forward at the rate of a volume a year; and as the first of the four volumes to be devoted to the New Testament is already in the hands of the public, and another is promised for the spring of the present year, there can be little doubt that by the end of two years more the great enterprise will be crowned with a successful termination.

Of the six, or rather seven, thick volumes which are assigned to the Old Testament (the first being divided into two, containing together nearly a thousand pages), it is now our duty not only to express a critical judgment of our own, but also to lay before the reader such particulars as will enable him to test the justice of our verdict for himself. The task, however, is by no means easy. The very character of the work removes it from the class of those which can be exhibited in a summary, or dis-

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\* Preface to Commentary.

posed of by a single decisive sentence of approval or censure. It is not like a treatise on theology, laid out in systematic order, and bound together by unity of thought; it is a running commentary, verse by verse, line by line, on a large number of ancient books, ranging over a thousand years. It is all details from beginning to end, and the few particulars which a review can notice would be no more a satisfactory sample of the whole, than was the brick produced by the ancient *scholasticus* of the house offered by him for sale. Nor is it like the offspring of a single mind, the impress of which is stamped on every part: as many hands have wrought at it, so many styles of treatment and different degrees of merit will be found in it. One writer is richer in illustration than another; one is frank, where another is cautious and reserved; one cleaves timidly to old tracks, while another has the courage to open his eyes to some of the new lights of critical scholarship. Such differences were unavoidable, and perhaps may even be said in one sense to have their value, as reflecting the present state of Anglican exegesis more truly than any uniform line of treatment or tone of comment could have done; but they increase the difficulty of pronouncing a definite opinion on the whole result. In the face of these perplexing characteristics, what we shall attempt to do will be, first, to explain briefly the aim of the work, and show in some measure how far it has been attained; and then to examine in what manner our Commentary deals with some of the questions about which of late years the public mind has been seriously agitated.

The Commentary defines its aim by bearing on the title-page the words 'explanatory and critical.' Throughout it is this, and very little more. Those who wish for devout reflections, and practical applications to the various duties and trials of life, must not expect to find here much of what they want; nor indeed will they have any reason to complain of the omission, since their wants are already abundantly supplied in other works. To exhibit the best text, and its most exact equivalent in English; to draw out the meaning where it is obscure, and in cases of apparent discrepancy indicate the means of reconciliation; to select from the accumulated stores of an ever-widening archæology such facts as can be used to illustrate narratives, customs, and peculiar phrases; to throw light on the date and authorship of those books, concerning which the ecclesiastical tradition has been impugned; to take note of the chief assaults made by infidels or heretics either on the text itself, or the Christian interpretation of it, and suggest the most effectual mode of defence or vindication:—this is the line which was deliberately chosen, these the objects which have been persistently kept in view,



view, and we think in the exercise of a wise discretion. No doubt a commentary conceived and executed after this fashion is apt to appear cold and mechanical; it has no warm glow of religious feeling, and makes little appeal to the heart. Grammar and philology, critical analysis and antiquarian research, are but as dry bones to the soul that is longing for the bread of life: in the dissection of phrases and the balancing of arguments the spirit seems to evaporate, the vital spark to expire, and leave but a dead letter behind. But to look to a commentary for the stirring of the soul's emotions is a mistake; it is to confound the expositor's office with the preacher's. To the pulpit may be left the practical exhortation, the home-thrust of impassioned appeal, the drawing out of divine truths into their countless bearings on everyday duties, perplexities, and fears; within the commentary should reign the severer temper of the intellect, searching out the truth, calmly investigating, judiciously pronouncing, and, without heat or passion, disentangling difficulties and unravelling knotted trains of thought. The first necessity is to know what the Bible really says,—what that Divine Word is, which is the light of our darkness and the ground of our hopes: till this knowledge has been supplied the preacher must be in continual peril of running on wrong tracks, wresting texts from their true sense, blundering into byways of superstition, and doing grievous injury to the sacred cause to which his life is devoted. Dry and unspiritual, therefore, as the mere expositor's work may appear to ardent souls, it cannot safely be dispensed with; nor would it be better done, but certainly worse, were it combined with the very different work of the devotional writer or the pastor of the congregation. Hence we do not make much account of any charges of coldness or lack of unction, which have been brought against the 'Speaker's Commentary': the real ground of its justification must be sought in the ability with which the expository and critical function has been discharged—the success which has been achieved in putting the student in possession of the true words and exact meaning of Holy Scripture.

Judging it first from this point of view, we think that, on the whole, the verdict must be largely in its favour. Of questions belonging to the 'higher criticism,' as it has been called—questions which take a wider sweep about the growth and structure of the Bible, and the relation between the divine and human elements in it—we are not now speaking; these will occupy our attention presently. But we cannot hesitate to say that, in general, the ordinary duty of the expositor seems to have been well performed. Never before, we believe, has so  
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vast an amount of information pertinent to the elucidation of the sacred text been brought together, and exhibited in the concise and orderly form which is most convenient for reference. Here the division of labour has been of great service. Each workman has been able to seek at first hand whatever bore on the part assigned to him; to compare various readings, and bring ancient versions to assist the choice between them; to notice, when necessary, the latest theories spun from the fertile brains of critics; and to add to the usual illustrations from Rabbinical and Patristic sources many new ones from the most recent archaeological and linguistic discoveries. Running over the pages the eye is caught not only by the more familiar Greek and Hebrew characters, but by the stranger Syriac, Arabic, and Coptic, and occasionally even by the Egyptian hieroglyphics and the arrow-headed symbols of the old Assyrian and Persian. To present here any specimens of the purely expository part of the work is scarcely possible; but we may call particular attention to the numerous dissertations, either prefixed to the several books, or inserted wherever there seemed to be need for a fuller discussion of any topic than the ordinary notes permitted. Of course, these differ in thoroughness and insight, some being less valuable than others, and less up to the present level of scholarship, while some are quite models of what such dissertations should be. As an instance of work of the best kind we take Mr. Samuel Clark's treatment of Leviticus, a book which to the general reader is certainly not particularly attractive; and we think it will be seen that it would be scarcely possible to award too high praise to his elucidation of the Ceremonial Law.

We begin with calling attention to the discussion on the historical development of the idea of sacrifice, in the Introduction to the book. In opposition to the common view, that expiation for guilt was from the first the essential meaning of all animal sacrifices, Mr. Clark shows that 'the radical idea of sacrifice is to be sought in the Burnt-offering,' and that 'the truth expressed in the whole Burnt-offering is the unqualified self-sacrifice of the person,' who thereby 'confessed the obligation of surrendering himself, body, soul and spirit, to the Lord of heaven and earth.' Hence the conclusion is reached, that the Sin-offering marked a 'new development of the history of man's spiritual struggle,' and

'is to be regarded as a creation of the Law. It was the voice of the Law that awakened the distinct consciousness of sin in the individual mind. This clearer development of the nature of man's struggle upon the earth required to be embodied in a new form. The institution

tion of the Sin-offering appears in this way as a necessary consequence of the giving of the Law' (vol. i. pp. 504-7).

The division of animals into clean and unclean—a subject which has often furnished theological ingenuity with an opportunity of showing how far it can leave common sense behind, is treated in a very interesting Note, in which the obvious ground of the distinction is accepted as satisfactory, viz. that it 'is in agreement with the laws of our earthly life,' and that 'the animals generally recognised as clean are those which furnish the best and most wholesome sorts of food.' It was indeed time that we should outgrow the older fancies, which wove a web of spiritual symbolism around the selection for food of cloven-footed ruminants, and fish with both fins and scales. The time perhaps will come, when it will seem scarcely credible that 'grave and reverend' expositors should have expounded 'the cloven hoof, standing firmly on the ground, and yet well adapted for locomotion,' as 'a figure of the standing in the world and the walk in the road of life of the believer;' the ruminating process 'as intended to remind the Israelites of the duty of meditating again and again on the divine counsels;' and the fins of the scaly fish as showing how 'prayer and faith are meant to raise the soul out of darkness and pollution,' in contrast to the habits of the smooth-skinned, finless eel, which by its preference for the muddy bottom presented a warning type of the unclean of heart! Such a reading back of recondite meanings into the primitive institutions of Israel is a strange anachronism, from which a little more literary culture would have saved many a well-meaning theologian; and as Mr. Clark pertinently remarks—

'It is strange that its advocates should overlook the facts that the morose and sulky bull and the capricious goat are clean, while the patient camel and the hare are unclean; and that the hoof of the unclean horse and the foot of the unclean camel seem to be better adapted to symbolize the outward life of the faithful believer than the foot of the ox or the sheep' (i. 555-7).

Passing on, we find a copious Note on the 'Scapegoat'—a word now generally considered to be an incorrect rendering of the obscure term 'Azazel,' which more probably is the proper name of a demon, and stands for the Evil One, the enemy of Israel, into whose power their sins were always tending to betray them, unless satisfactory expiation was made. When, therefore, of the two goats, selected jointly for a sin-offering, one was chosen by lot for Jehovah and the other for Azazel, and the latter, after the sins of the people had been solemnly laid upon  
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its head by the high priest, was sent away into the desert to Azazel, it seems natural to see with Mr. Clark in the transaction a symbol of

'the absolute annihilation, by the atoning sacrifice, of sin as a separation between Jehovah and His people, the complete setting free of their consciences. . . . By that expressive outward sign the sins were sent back to the author of sin himself, "the entirely separate one," who was banished from the realm of grace' (i. 591-3).

On this view there is a fine irony in the ceremony of delivering over to the demon, not the guilty nation which was his rightful due, but their representative in the shape of a goat laden with their sins, while the people themselves, absolved and accepted, were restored to the favour of their heavenly King. A symbolism so simple and direct as this seems certainly more in harmony with primitive ideas, and more likely to have been intended, than any prefiguration of Christ, whether as bearing away His people's sins into Hades, or ascending into heaven as their accepted Propitiation.

Every one knows how large a space is occupied by the Levitical laws regarding leprosy, and most persons who have thought about it have probably been perplexed by the fact. The subject has hitherto been obscure, owing to our insufficient knowledge of the varieties and symptoms of that terrible disease; indeed it is only within the last few years that medical investigations, carried on in the countries which are its special homes, have cleared up all the debatable features, except perhaps its supposed contagiousness, in regard to which the Committee of our London College of Physicians 'consider that the weight of evidence is decidedly on the negative side,' although there is a considerable amount of testimony that 'the disease is contagious in a certain stage, when the ulcers are running.' Now all this recent information is condensed in Mr. Clark's Notes on the subject, from which it appears that the true leprosy of the Law was not the common white leprosy, *Lepra vulgaris*, or dry tetter, which unless accompanied by ulcers did not render the sufferer unclean;\* but Elephantiasis, under either of its chief forms, the tuberculated and the anæsthetic, the various symptoms of which in their earlier stages are delineated with remarkable accuracy in the rules laid down for the priest's guidance. Should the student of the Law wonder why a physical disease should be the subject of such minute religious legislation, he will find enough in these Notes to convince him that an ample explanation is to be found in the

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\* See Notes on Lev. xiii. 12-17.



sanitary aspect of the subject. Egypt was in ancient times the chief seat of this most malignant and horrible of diseases, which as a poison in the blood descended from parent to child with a frightful persistence; and the Israelites in their crowded and servile condition must have been peculiarly liable to contract it, and carry its fatal germs in their desert wanderings. Hence the necessity, to their prosperous development, of hedging it round with the most stringent restrictions, and by the laws of uncleanness and separation checking its spread through inter-marriages between the healthy and the tainted. Of course we are not precluded from seeing a religious meaning underlying these sanitary ordinances, and Mr. Clark accordingly sums up his dissertation by adding that

'the proper treatment of leprosy as a disease of the body became a type of the proper treatment of sin, not through a mere resemblance which might recommend itself to the fancy, but through the Law being an inspired interpretation of the truths of nature' (i. 573).

Our next example shall be drawn from the Commentary on that portion of the Old Testament which is perhaps dearest of all to the universal heart of Christendom, the book of Psalms. This has been distributed among three writers, the Editor, Dean Johnson, and Mr. Elliott. There is a peculiar difficulty attending the critical treatment of these Songs of Zion, arising out of the fact that for eighteen centuries the whole tide and volume of Christian emotion has been transfused into them, and has winged its way heavenwards in their matchless strains. The inevitable result has been to lift the Psalms generally above their original native atmosphere of religious experience, and indelibly associate their words with the privileges, hopes, and struggles of the believer in Christ. Thus in the Christian use the temporal conflict becomes spiritual, the patriotic feeling is sublimed into loyalty to the Redeemer. The escape from deadly peril rises into the triumph of the spirit over the power of death, the longing for the sanctuary and its sacred rites expresses the cry of the saint for inward communion with the unseen Father above. To these higher uses the words lend themselves with such perfect fitness, that it requires an effort to break the association, and to realize how much less they must have meant at first to the writers themselves. But it is just this that the critical expositor is bound to do. His office is to bring out the primary meaning, the exact force and application of the strains as they issued from the minds of the Psalmists; and for this some courage is required, for the result is apt to seem like a disenchantment for the worse, a descent to an inferior level, a profanation of the  
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paradise in which ardent souls have found spiritual sustenance and delight. But the difficulty must be faced in any satisfactory exposition of the Psalms, and our writers seem for the most part to have encountered it honestly and without shrinking. As an instance we may refer to Psalm cxviii., which in the Christian use celebrates the Redeemer's victory over death, and lifts us to the highest heaven of Easter joy as we sing the triumphant strain,—‘The stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone of the corner.’ But Dean Johnson in his comment feels bound to bring us down from this lofty elevation, and to trace back the glowing ode to some far humbler occasion and purpose:—

‘It carries us,’ he says, ‘into the midst of a joyous festival, celebrated apparently on account of some signal deliverance. . . . David may have written the first germ of the psalm; Hezekiah may have used it on his recovery from mortal sickness, or his deliverance from peril of the Assyrians. Other additions may have been made in after times to suit occasions which emerged; and a psalm, written in the first instance to thank God for mercies shown to one pre-eminent among his people, may have been used for occasions in which the people, or a chorus for it, speaks and sings’ (iv. 441-2).

On the other hand we notice an occasional yielding to the temptation to find too much in the words of those ancient strains, as for instance in Mr. Elliott's notes on Psalm xcix. Here we have a brief but noble representation of Jehovah's kingdom, and a summons to fall down in worship before Him:—

‘Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at His footstool; for He is holy. Moses and Aaron among His priests, and Samuel among them that call upon His name; they *called* upon the Lord, and He *answered* them. He *spoke* unto them in the cloudy pillar; they kept His testimonies, and the ordinance that He gave them’ (vv. 5-7).

Now it is true that the three verbs of the past tense, marked by italics, are of the present tense in the original; but a circumstance so common in poetry as this change of tense seems to furnish but small ground for throwing over the national application, and making the psalm point to a worship of the future, which it is inconceivable that the writer should have had present to his mind; yet this is what Mr. Elliott does when he annotates as follows:—

‘These verses may contain either a description of the present worship of the redeemed Church, of which Moses, Aaron, and Samuel are the chosen representatives; or a predictive representation of the combined worship of the risen saints, and of those who shall be Christ's at His coming, in that great day of His appearing which the  
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Psalm describes. In the latter case the saints will all have become kings and priests unto God; and Moses who exercised priestly functions, . . . and Samuel who is supposed to have discharged other functions than those assigned to the Levites, as well as Aaron the High Priest, standing amongst, or pre-eminent amongst, their brethren may be considered as representing the Church in its priestly character' (iv. 398).

The copious Introduction to the Psalms by the Editor will be eagerly read by the Biblical student. It deals in a very interesting way with several of the chief questions which must always press themselves on the attention of the critical expositor. Each Psalm obviously presents a threefold problem for solution, for thoroughly to understand it we ought to be acquainted with its date, its authorship, and its occasion; and unfortunately as to all these points we possess for the most part but little information. Were the titles which are prefixed to about four-fifths of the Psalms always to be trusted, and always intelligible, they would no doubt often afford important though very partial aid; but from the following extract it will be seen that Canon Cook agrees with the majority of modern critics in holding them to be far from conclusive:—

'Critics of very different schools have admitted that the authenticity or accuracy of each inscription may be fearlessly discussed without impugning the authority of Holy Writ. The variations of the inscriptions in the Septuagint and other ancient versions sufficiently prove that they were not regarded as fixed portions of the Canon, and that they were open to conjectural emendation; on the other hand, the fact that they were to a great extent unintelligible to the writers of the LXX. is a conclusive evidence of their antiquity' (iv. 151).

Hence we are thrown back to a great extent on internal evidence; and here a new difficulty emerges, for it is almost certain that in some cases the original Psalm is not in our hands, but only the form which it assumed when modified for later use. There would be many occasions of national interest, when an adaptation of an ancient hymn to suit present circumstances would naturally be made by those on whom devolved the duty of providing special services for the sanctuary; and if the adapted form superseded the earlier, the Psalm as it has come down to us might contain allusions to events which happened long after the original author's time and would be fatally misleading if we relied on them to determine its date. In the two extant versions of Psalm xiv., which reappears with slight changes as Psalm liii., we have an instructive specimen of this kind of adaptation, two verses of the original having been curiously altered to form the fifth verse of the later form; a change of  
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which no better account probably can be given than that which Canon Cook gives in his note :—

‘This verse appears to have been added by a later Psalmist, probably in the time of Jehoshaphat or Hezekiah, when Jerusalem was saved from imminent ruin by the sudden and miraculous destruction of invading armies’ (iv. 292).

But, supposing all other difficulties overcome, the real meaning of a Psalm would in many cases still remain to be determined; for the expositor would have to decide whether it commemorates some actual experience of the writer himself or others, or portrays an ideal of his thought, or is prophetic of the Messiah and His kingdom; and, in the latter case, whether its prediction is direct and exclusive, or grows out of the typical nature of the events primarily intended. There is a great deal of interesting matter in Canon Cook’s discussion of this part of the subject, which we should have been glad to quote if our space had permitted, but we must be content to refer the reader to the Commentary, merely saying that the Canon by no means disguises the difficulties which beset the exegesis, especially in regard to the precise determination of the predictive element, as will appear from our concluding quotation from this part of the work :—

‘In dealing with this question,’ he says, ‘we are beset by formidable difficulties. While all critics concur in the general recognition of Messianic hopes expressed by the Psalmists, they differ exceedingly as to the character and extent of this element in the book; nor does this difference exist merely between critics of opposite schools, but between many of those who are fully satisfied of the inspiration of the Psalmists, and who believe with St. Peter, and all Christian teachers, that the Spirit of Christ was in them and spoke by them’ (iv. 163).

Next to the Psalms, Isaiah is the part of the Old Testament which is most intimately associated with the Christian faith and hope—a fact which has long earned for its author the title of the ‘Evangelical prophet.’ With all respect for Dr. Kay’s learning, and without denying that we are indebted to him for light on many obscure passages, we must confess that we rise from our examination of this part of the Commentary less satisfied than we could have wished; it seems to us that, in the endeavour to draw out the mystic and spiritual significance of these glorious strains, too little attention has been paid to their primary bearing on the history, sorrows, and hopes of the national Israel. It might indeed be said with truth, that Isaiah is the commentator’s despair; in the presence of such fire and pathos, such imagery, such splendour of diction, such torrents of burning



burning emotion, all comments alike must appear bald and prosaic. But it is not of this that we venture to complain: it is rather because the Christian use is so often allowed to thrust into the background the original sense and application. In the book itself the Hebrew prophet moves before us as the inspired patriot, reformer, and teacher, denouncing abuses, recalling his people to their allegiance to Jehovah, thundering forth judgments on the nations which oppressed them, pouring out his passionate wail over the fall which he saw to be inevitable, and then in rapturous strains hailing from afar the coming restoration, when Zion should put on her beautiful garments, and be the splendid centre of a theocracy to which all nations should bring their homage. But in Dr. Kay's comment that noble figure seems to be changed into the rapt seer, who, transported by the Spirit out of his own time, gazes on the mystery of a future dispensation, and loses the sense of his nationality in the vision of God incarnate and mankind redeemed. That Zion typified the Church, and the turning of her captivity was a prelude of redemption, is no doubt true; but for the critical expositor it is far from being the whole truth, or the part of the truth which has the first claim on his attention. Not that we would insist, any more than Dr. Kay does, on a literal accomplishment for Israel of Isaiah's glowing anticipations, or extend the horizon of his national hopes beyond their re-establishment after the return from Babylon: Dr. Kay carries us entirely with him when he courageously turns away from the seductive romance of a future Judaic sovereignty over the nations, and ends his introductory treatise with the following note:—

'In the notes on Isaiah no attempt will be made to determine the question how far a literal restoration of Jerusalem is to be looked for. The writer does not see that Scripture supplies materials out of which a definite judgment on this point can be formed. That resuscitated Israel will in some signal way promote the spiritual well-being of the nations, "when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord," may be confidently anticipated. That some position of honour may also be granted them, as the "*gens prærogativa*,"—but of such a kind as will run no risk of encouraging secular pride in them, while it will overthrow the self-exaltation of Christian nations or churches,—seems no improbable conjecture. Beyond this we cannot go' (v. 21).

We have to express our regret that in his commentary on the historical chapters of Isaiah, Dr. Kay has not availed himself of the valuable illustrations he might have drawn from the cuneiform inscriptions. It would appear indeed that he refuses

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to believe in the interpretation of these inscriptions; and we read with astonishment that Dr. Kay

'is satisfied that the whole process of decipherment has not yet got beyond the *tentative* stage. In particular as regards the names of Assyrian kings;—they have not been, properly speaking, *discovered* in the inscriptions, but rather *read into* them. They were found, because it was *assumed* they occurred there. . . . The decipherments cannot be held to furnish materials of authentic history.' (Note on Isa. xx. 1.)

Such a statement shows a strange inability to appreciate evidence; and we are convinced that no well-informed scholar, who has really studied the subject, shares Dr. Kay's scepticism. Canon Rawlinson, in his comments upon the same events in the books of Kings and Chronicles, refers of course to the contemporary authority of the Assyrian inscriptions. In contrast too with Dr. Kay's unreasonable doubts, we may refer to the excellent use which the Editor has made of the interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics in his two essays, 'On the bearing of Egyptian History upon the Pentateuch,' and 'On Egyptian Words in the Pentateuch,' given as an Appendix to the commentary upon Exodus.\*

The critical element which strikes us as deficient in the notes on Isaiah presents itself in most abundant fulness in Mr. Fuller's treatment of Daniel, which may without hesitation be said to be pre-eminently distinguished for laborious and resolute grappling, in a spirit of unimpeachable fairness, with manifold and sometimes almost insuperable difficulties.† Had the whole work been executed with as much thoroughness as this most arduous portion of it, we should indeed have been burdened with a considerably more ponderous set of volumes; but the cause of Biblical criticism within our Church would probably have benefited in a degree, which in the long run would have more than compensated for the inconvenience. Besides a long and learned introduction and very copious notes, Mr. Fuller scatters along his route elaborate dissertations on 'Chaldee Magic,' the 'Musical Instruments' of the 2nd chapter, the identification of 'Belshazzar and Darius the Mede' with known

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\* On the general subject of hieroglyphic and cuneiform interpretation the reader will find some remarks in Art. V. in the present number of this Review.

† We are glad that the Abridgment of the Commentary, of which the first volume has recently appeared (1879) under the title of 'The Student's Commentary on the Holy Bible,' has been undertaken by Mr. Fuller. It could not have been placed in abler hands; and the admirable manner in which he has executed the portion already published amply fulfils his promise, 'to give information sufficient to enable every reader to understand the Holy Scriptures, to acquaint him with the conclusions of learned investigations, and supply him with satisfactory answers to current misinterpretations.'

historical

historical personages, the 'Four Kingdoms' of the visions, the development of the idea of 'The Messiah,' the 'Angelology' of the book, the 'Seventy Weeks' determined upon the people and the holy city, and the sources of the 'Belief in the Resurrection.' Here is an ample feast for the keenest of critical appetites; but we have only space to serve up, as a specimen, a single morsel, which we select on account of its bearing on the general exegesis of Daniel's mysterious visions; it will remind the reader of Bacon's well-known saying, that divine prophecies 'have springing and germinant accomplishment throughout many ages, though the height or fulness of them may refer to some one age.'

'To discern the fulfilment of a promised deliverer,' says Mr. Fuller, 'in the coming of an "Anointed one" at the time of the great persecution under Antiochus Epiphanes, is not to obliterate the higher application, the more purely Messianic reference of the prophecy to the person of the Redeemer of mankind. Chapters viii., ix. and xii. . . . point to a primary fulfilment in the deliverance of Israel from the hand of the Syrian tyrant; they received a second and a greater in the deliverance of sinful flesh by sinless Man; they are to receive a third and the greatest in that final day of victory when the "man of sin" shall be revealed and the "last enemy" destroyed. To Daniel the salvation brought to Judæa at the death of Antiochus Epiphanes formed a primary conclusion to his prophecy, as did the return from the exile to the other prophets. That there was and is more beyond, was left and is still left to time to evolve' (vi. 336-7).

Although the space which we had assigned to notices of individual books is already filled, we cannot refrain from adding a reference to the scholarly treatment by Mr. Kingsbury of the Song of Solomon. Assuming that it is not, as some have suggested, a collection of independent idylls, but a connected composition, the expositor has first to make his choice between the views of the allegorists who hold

'that the Song was in its original purpose an ideal representation of the Communion of love between the Holy One and His Church as first exhibited in the election of Israel;'

and of the literalists who take it as a poetical drama of genuine human love; and then, supposing the latter view adopted, he has still to consider whether the poem is purely ideal, or has an historical basis. But even then the alternatives are not exhausted, for the historical expositor has two very different theories before him inviting his adhesion. The older theory makes Solomon the only lover of the maiden, and represents him as honourably wooing her and raising her to his throne; while the other, 'favoured by a majority of modern interpreters,'

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'assumes that there are two lovers in the Song; one a faithful, simple-minded shepherd, the other a magnificent, voluptuous king, by each of whom the affections of a Shulamite maiden are alternately solicited; while she, faithful in her allegiance to her shepherd-lover, rejects with scorn the monarch's blandishments, and finally compels him to abandon his pursuit.'

Which theory is adopted by Mr. Kingsbury will appear from the following extract:—

'The following Commentary proceeds on the assumption that the primary subject and occasion of the poem was a real historical event, of which we have here the only record, the marriage-union of Solomon with a Shepherd-maiden of Northern Palestine, by whose beauty and nobility of soul the great King had been captivated' (iv. 667-9).

We can only add that whether this scheme of interpretation really accounts for all the peculiarities of the poem or not, there can be no question of the care and ingenuity with which it has been worked out.

Before passing on to the other part of our task, which is to examine how the 'Speaker's Commentary' deals with several questions of peculiar interest at the present time, it is incumbent on us to bestow a word of well-earned praise on the pains which have been taken to correct faulty renderings in the Authorized version. For the sake of ordinary readers that noblest of translations, endeared by long use and hallowed by a thousand sacred associations, has been retained unaltered in the body of the work, and the proposed changes have been consigned to the notes; but those who will take the trouble to search for them there will often be richly repaid by the light thrown on many an obscure passage. In the poetical and prophetic books especially the number of corrections is enormous; and it would not be too much to say that no inconsiderable aid must have been furnished by this feature of our Commentary to the Revision Committee, which almost contemporaneously has been adding a new interest to the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster.

The subjects respecting which we now propose to draw out the views maintained in the 'Speaker's Commentary' are these four:—the doctrine of a future state; the interpretation of some of the leading miraculous narratives; the dates and authorship of certain of the canonical books; and lastly, the inspiration and authority of the Old Testament as compared with the Christian Scriptures. All these are matters of great interest, and our enquiry will bring us into contact with the chief controversies which in the present generation have raged around the older Revelation.



We begin with the question, how far the doctrine of a future state is taught in the Old Testament. That there is no allusion to it in the Mosaic legislation is admitted: and it will be recollected that on this remarkable fact Bishop Warburton founded his proof of the 'divine legation of Moses'; his argument being, that a religion which had no support in sanctions drawn from a future life must have perished, unless it had been supernaturally attested by miracles. The argument, however, is no explanation of the fact on which it rests; a fact all the more remarkable, because even before Abraham the belief in a future state was held in his native land, as we now know from the Chaldee Tablets, and all through the sojourn it was familiar to the Egyptians, and as Mr. Fuller remarks—

'The belief of the Babylonians and Assyrians in the existence and immortality of the soul, in resurrection, in a future life, and in heaven and hell, is no longer disputed' (vi. 396).

That Moses, under divine direction, should have abstained from any recognition of man's destiny beyond the grave, while the belief was more or less prominent in all the religions around Israel, must be confessed to be one of those enigmas which are the trial of our faith. But if the Old Testament begins, it does not end, without recognition of the great doctrine. According to our Commentary, the earliest definite *revelation* of it was reserved for the close of the exile, when the announcement was made to Daniel, 'Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake,' &c. Yet even here Mr. Fuller points out that the passage is of limited significance, and

'refers primarily to events connected with the last days of Antiochus Epiphanes,' when 'in the fierce contest for liberty many Jews would die staunch and true, many would be faithless and trimming. In the hour of the resurrection they would awake to the reward "life" or "shame." This primary reference acquired, as time passed on, a larger and later reference to the last and general resurrection of the dead, a reference assigned to it by our Lord Himself' (vi. 391).

If, however, this was the first revelation, it was not the first intimation of the future destiny of man. In the 'Commentary' several earlier passages are pointed out, as involving a more or less clear conviction of a life beyond the grave. How early the book of Job should be placed is allowed by Canon Cook to be uncertain, his own opinion inclining to its being a composition by one of Job's descendants three or four generations after the patriarch, with a subsequent re-arrangement or revision by an Israelite 'in the Salomonian period.' But whatever its exact date, he considers it to be 'the first attempt to deal with the

the problem,' and to be without any 'distinct proofs or unquestionable traces of an objective revelation.' The Psalms he finds to be more explicit on the subject, the highest point being reached in Ps. xvi., 'My flesh also shall rest in hope,' &c., and Ps. xvii., 'I will behold Thy face in righteousness,' &c., which 'bear witness to a perfectly developed consciousness of immortality in the writer.' Yet even here he says:—

'It may be conceded that no objective revelation had as yet been vouchsafed. What the Psalmists believed or hoped for touching the future state in or after Sheol was, so far as we can judge, even to the last a subjective conviction' (iv. 162).

Lastly, from the prophets preceding the exile, two passages are adduced as involving the belief; one being Isaiah xxvi. 19, 'Thy dead men shall live,' &c., in which, according to Dr. Kay, 'the resurrection is assumed as a foundation truth;' the other, Ezekiel xxxvii. 1-10 (the vision of the dry bones), where Dr. Currey notes that 'the doctrine of the resurrection of the body is at least implied.' A passage more clearly to the point than either of these, because less figurative, would be Hosea xiii. 14, 'I will ransom them from the power of the grave,' &c., if we could trust the translation; but this is rendered very differently by Mr. Huxtable, who bids us to take 'the entire verse as a *commination*.'

On the whole the evidence cannot be deemed other than extremely scanty, considering the immense significance to us of the doctrine of immortality; but it justifies the conclusion endorsed by Canon Cook that the hope, in whatever degree it illuminated the hearts of believers prior to the exile, was not founded on tradition nor on express revelation, but grew out of the sense of that personal relation to God, of which His covenant with Israel was the source and pledge.

Our next enquiry relates to the view taken in the Commentary of some of the miraculous narratives. It cannot be doubted that the tendency of modern criticism is to favour explanations which, without in any way denying supernatural interferences or even visible miracles, yet exhibit God as effecting His purposes rather by means of, than by violations of, the laws imposed by Him on the natural world. It is to show how far the writers in our Commentary have taken this line, that we adduce the few following specimens of interpretation.

Beginning with the Deluge, Bishop Harold Browne tells us that there is no need to believe that it was literally universal, or that the waters rose above the great mountains, for—

'it is pictured as it would have presented itself to the eyes of Noah

and his family; . . . the most natural interpretation is that . . . all that portion of the earth, perhaps as yet a very small portion, into which mankind had spread, was overwhelmed with water,' and 'it may have been a plain country, as many think the region round about Babylon, with few hills in sight, and those not of great altitude; in which case but a moderate depth of water would have sufficed to cover all the highest hills under the whole canopy of heaven' (pp. 76, 77).

Of the mode in which the cities of the plain were destroyed, the same writer says that the verse, 'Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from heaven,' may mean that

'the fire from heaven was lightning which kindled the bitumen, and set the whole country in a blaze;' adding, 'possibly the bitumen, which was the natural produce of the country, volcanic or otherwise, was made the instrument by which the offending cities were destroyed' (i. 129).

Again, in commenting on the plagues of Egypt, Canon Cook takes the view, that not one of them was a mere prodigy, or an event simply outside the course of nature, but that all were natural phenomena, only supernaturally intensified and concentrated. Thus the turning of the Nile into blood was the 'annual discoloration;' the dust becoming lice was the dust swarming with the minute tick which is one of the pests of Egypt; the darkness which might be felt was due to the wind from the desert, which in the spring

'fills the atmosphere with dense masses of fine sand, bringing on a darkness far deeper than that of our worst fogs in winter;'

the phenomena being both natural and supernatural; natural, as being 'such as mark the country where this great history is laid,' but

'supernatural in their greatness, in their concentration upon one period, in their coming and going according to the phases of the conflict between the tyrant and the captive race, in their measured gradation from weak to strong, as each weaker wonder failed to break the stubborn heart' (i. 243, and notes).

By a similar method the passage of the Red Sea is explained, the miracle being seen, not in the dividing of the sea, nor in any heaping up of the waters into a wall on each side (which is resolved into a metaphor), but in the opportuneness of the wind; for—

'it is clear that Moses takes for granted that a strong east wind blowing through the night, under given circumstances, might make the passage quite possible' (i. 308).

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In his notes on the history of Balaam, Mr. Espin finds himself unable to maintain either the literal view of the miracle, or the supposition that it 'passed in a vision,' and falls back on the subjective explanation, that

'the cries of the ass would seem to have been significant to Balaam's mind only. God may have brought it about that sounds uttered by the creature after its kind became to the prophet's intelligence as though it addressed him in rational speech. . . . The words of St. Peter are sometimes cited as shutting us up to this [the literal] view. But they are really only a passing allusion made by way of illustration, and must necessarily be governed by the sense and construction which belong to the original narrative' (i. 736).

Our readers will hardly forgive an omission to refer to the famous passage in Joshua, which was used to crush Galileo. Of course it is scarcely within the limits of sanity that it can now be quoted to prove the revolution of the sun round the earth; but the question still remains, whether we are bound to believe, on the statement of the sacred historian, that the rotation of the earth was really arrested for 'about a whole day.' Many divines still reply in the affirmative; and we have recently noticed a calculation of the force (so many horse-power!) which applied, first as a brake, would in a few minutes reduce the earth to rest, and then reversed would reproduce its rotation, without in either case disturbing the inhabitants! The late Mr. E. Greswell thought it not unworthy of his learning to maintain, in an elaborate dissertation, that the derangement of solar time, occasioned by the stoppage of the earth's rotation in Joshua's days, was set right by the subsequent reversal of the rotation in Hezekiah's reign, when 'the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees it had gone down' (Isaiah xxxviii. 8).<sup>\*</sup> These conceits may be compared with an older one mentioned in the Commentary, that the miracle of Beth-horon happened exactly 365 weeks of years after the Creation, when the sun, having completed a sevenfold cycle, was entitled to a day of rest! The modern spirit, however, has too strong a hold on Mr. Espin to permit his belief to be controlled by the letter of the passage; for while he allows that the writer of it 'believed in the actual occurrence of the astronomical prodigy,' he asks, 'are we bound by his belief?' and replies—

'Answer may perhaps be reasonably given in the negative. . . . The judgment of the writer need not necessarily determine ours. We may claim liberty to think that the poet who wrote in the book of Jasher the ode, of which a few words have come down to us, did not

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<sup>\*</sup> 'The Three Witnesses,' pp. 103-108.



dream of a literal standing still of the heavenly bodies, and to side with him rather than with the later writer who quotes him' (ii. 58).

It would take far too much space for us to examine, whether such explanations are tenable or not; we only quote them, because they clearly indicate a considerable departure from the ground occupied by commentaries of the preceding generation.

Proceeding with our enquiry, we have now to examine what views are put forth in the Commentary respecting the dates and authorship of certain books of the Old Testament, in regard to which the ecclesiastical tradition has been impugned by modern critics. We scarcely need say that such sweeping assertions as Kuenen's, that there is not a book which can safely be ascribed to an earlier time than the eighth century B.C., are unhesitatingly rejected, and that the serious discussions are limited to a few books, of which the most important are Zechariah, Isaiah, Daniel, and those of the Pentateuch, especially the third and fifth.

The question about Zechariah is, whether the whole book is the production of the post-captivity prophet whose name it bears, or whether only the first eight chapters are to be assigned to him, and the remaining six to an earlier prophet before the captivity. English divines have long been divided on the question, and the arguments on both sides may be found in Dr. William Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' where the conclusion is reached that

'it is not easy to say which way the weight of evidence preponderates.'

This conclusion is adopted in our Commentary by Canon Drake, but much more important, because of their general bearing on the whole subject, are the remarks with which he accompanies it:—

'To whatever hand,' he says, 'we owe the final recension of the Canon of Hebrew Scripture, in the form in which it has been handed down to us, it is plain that exact chronological arrangements of the several books, as well as questions of authorship, were not looked upon as of the same importance as they are wont to be regarded now. The attribution of all the parts of the book of Ezra to Ezra, the confused arrangement of the prophecies of Jeremiah, are evidences of the slight value attached to these points by the last revisers of the Hebrew Canon' (vi. 704).

The controversy about Isaiah is of far higher interest, in proportion to the grandeur of the book and the amazing fulness and force of its Messianic predictions. From the peculiarity that its prophecies are arranged in two divisions, separated by four chapters of historical narrative, and that in the main those of  
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the second division seem to have for their standpoint the later years of the exile, while the others correspond to the time of the historical Isaiah, the inference has been very widely drawn that in the latter part may be traced the hand of a 'second Isaiah' or great 'unnamed prophet' of the captivity, raised up in Israel's darkest hour to predict the approaching return. Dr. Kay, however, insists with unflinching positiveness on the traditional view of the integrity of the book, and certainly succeeds in showing how difficult the problem is which has to be solved.

What to think about the remarkable book of Daniel is one of the chief perplexities of modern expositors. In its local scenery, in the character of its miracles, in the strangeness of its visions, in its employment of angelic machinery, in the almost impenetrable darkness in which its prophetic chronology is wrapped, and in the singular fact that it is written partly in Hebrew and partly in Chaldee or Aramaic, and contains Greek words of late date, the book stands by itself among the prophetic books of the Old Testament; among which, indeed, the Jews refused to place it, when at a comparatively late but unknown date they admitted it into the last subdivision of the last section of their canonical Scriptures, in company with Ezra, Nehemiah, and Chronicles. On a close inspection peculiarities are found, which suggest the work of more than one hand in the composition; there are marks apparently of compilation, addition, revision. Modern critics accordingly have been severely exercised over the book, and the theories afloat about it vary between the traditional one which esteems it a holograph of Daniel written in Babylon, and that which regards it as a pious romance indited in Palestine by some nameless Maccabæan scribe. In the thorough examination which the book undergoes in our Commentary, the influence of the historical school of criticism is very discernible, and the conclusion reached with some hesitation will be seen in the following extracts from the Introduction:—

'The question which seems to suggest itself, after an impartial study of the critical phenomena of the text, is this: Did Daniel himself put what he wrote into its present form? or did he hand down to his countrymen records which they preserved, and united together after the Return? . . . It is not difficult to conceive such a man as Daniel treating in separate records; first, the events of general history in that vernacular dialect which was freely spoken in the streets of Babylon; and secondly, the special fortunes of God's people, in the more sacred language, the Hebrew. At the Return these revered fragments were collected and brought into one whole, acquiring

acquiring at the hands of Ezra and his contemporaries that unity and yet particularity which distinguish the present Book of Daniel' (vi. 230).

Only the Pentateuch remains to be noticed under this branch of our enquiry, and we may say at once that, after such discussion of the various current theories of its composition as the limited space will allow, the traditional view is generally adopted, but with some modifications important enough to indicate the influence of the modern critical school. Thus Bishop Harold Browne allows it may not have been Moses'

'autograph. He may have dictated much, or all of it, to Joshua, or to some secretary or scribe. He may have merely superintended its writing; . . . might have allowed others to write some things he would not have been likely to write himself.' 'It may have undergone some recension in after times;' he may have 'had certain documents or traditions referring to the patriarchal ages, which he incorporated into his history' (i. 2).

As an instance of such documents, the bishop mentions the account of the Creation in Gen. i. ii. 1-3,

'which was very probably the ancient primeval record of the formation of the world. It may even have been communicated to the first man in his innocence' (i. 27).

Of Leviticus we are told by Mr. Clark that

'there appear to be in it, as well as in the other books of the Pentateuch, præ-Mosaic fragments incorporated with the more recent matter. . . . It is by no means unlikely that there are insertions of a later date, which were written, or sanctioned, by the prophets and holy men who, after the captivity, arranged and edited the Scriptures of the Old Testament' (i. 494).

Once more, of Deuteronomy, which is described as more 'rhetorical' than the other books, and exhibiting in parts 'a remarkable similarity of style and treatment' to Jeremiah, Mr. Espin writes, that there may be in it

'insertions by a later reviser, perhaps a much later reviser; . . . glosses added by Ezra, who would certainly regard himself as fully authorized thus to interpolate;' and that 'the second, and much the shorter part of the book, containing the 31st and three following chapters, was probably added to the rest by Joshua, or some other duly authorized prophet or leader of the people, after the death of Moses' (i. 790, 791).

To urge these modified views is undoubtedly within the legitimate limits of criticism; but we could have wished that the writers on the Pentateuch had abstained from prejudicing the investigation

gation into its authorship by asserting that the whole question has been definitively settled by our Lord's divine authority. Many will recollect with what keen though half-veiled sarcasm a similar assertion was treated by Bishop Thirlwall in one of his later charges:—

'I suspect,' he says, 'that even a layman, little acquainted with the manifold aspects of the question, and the almost infinite number of surmises which have been or may be formed concerning it, would be somewhat disappointed when he found that the proof of this statement consists of three passages, in which our Lord speaks of Moses and the prophets, of the Law of Moses, and of the writings of Moses.'—*Charge*, 1863.

It may be imagined how the Bishop would have characterized the quotation of the text, 'The law was given by Moses,' as helping to prove that Moses *wrote the narrative* of the delivery of the law, and indeed the whole Pentateuch (*see* i. 14); and what he would have thought of the astonishing statement with which Mr. Espin closes his Introduction to Deuteronomy, to the effect that this book has in a singular manner the attestation of our Lord to its Mosaic authorship, to question which is

'to impeach the perfection and sinlessness of His nature, and seems thus to gainsay the first principles of Christianity' (i. 800).

Very different is Mr. Fuller's cautious language in the Introduction to Daniel, as to the force of our Lord's reference (Matt. xxiv. 15).

'The words have but one plain meaning, and one plain reference. As spoken by Christ, they invest with dignity and inspiration the author He is quoting. This can be maintained without for a moment excluding the legitimate use of intelligent and scientific criticism. Christ has said nothing which shall bind us to believe that Daniel reduced the book to its present form' (vi. 221).

For our own part we frankly confess that we think it both reasonable and reverent to say with Bishop Thirlwall—

'If the process by which the Pentateuch was brought into its present shape has not been revealed to us, but affords room for manifold conjecture and endless controversy, however we may wish it had been otherwise, our part is humbly to submit to the divine will.'—*Charge*, 1863.

We have reserved to the last our enquiry into the view on which the 'Speaker's Commentary' proceeds, of the inspiration and authority of the Old Testament generally, when considered in its relation to the Christian Revelation. It will readily be  
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seen that this is the most difficult and delicate part of our task, in the execution of which we shall have to touch on some burning questions, and perhaps to make a large demand on the reader's candid consideration; but it cannot fairly be avoided in any review which undertakes to examine, honestly and thoroughly, any modern Commentary on this part of the Bible.

For these are certainly not days in which an earnest student of the Bible can be satisfied with a merely grammatical elucidation of its text. The interest of what the earlier Scriptures say must depend very much upon what they are, in respect of their inspiration and authority; and it is towards a settlement of this primary question that guidance and help are just now especially needed. For the air is full of controversy on the subject. It is not, as it used to be, that the believer has one answer to the question, and the sceptic another; within the pale of orthodox Christianity itself very divergent replies are now to be heard, and as Bishop Thirlwall remarked, when speaking of Inspiration,

‘If we refer to the Church's standards of doctrine, we find that she has pronounced no decision, has laid down no definition on the subject. It was indeed hardly possible that she should have done so. For the whole question as to the nature and extent of the Inspiration of Scripture is one of modern, and amongst ourselves of very recent, origin.’—*Charge of 1857.*

The time has certainly passed when the whole Bible could be practically esteemed a single book, miraculously communicated in successive portions from heaven, put into writing no doubt by human hands, but at the dictation of the divine Spirit, so that every word from Genesis to Revelation stood on exactly the same level of divine authority and perfect infallibility, and the voice of any portion of it, no matter where or on what subject, was held to be conclusive and without appeal. Within the Church it is especially around the ancient Scriptures that debate has arisen, owing to the strong contrast which in many ways they present to the sacred documents of Christianity. The achievements of the new method of historical criticism have stimulated enquiry into the origin, structure, and accretions of the Old Testament, and the contemporary circumstances which gave shape and colour to its various parts. The growth of the physical sciences has brought into question the literal accuracy of its notices of the phenomena of Nature, and suggested that as to such matters its writers were left to use the current language of their age, instead of being guided supernaturally into an anticipation

anticipation of modern discoveries. The authority asserted for itself by the moral sense within the domain of theology has originated the view, that of the earlier teaching, especially, of the Bible much may have been lowered to the intelligence, or have reflected the imperfection, of the rude and uncultured race to which that teaching was originally addressed. The increased acquaintance with primitive religions and their gradual developments, derived from their monumental and literary remains, has suggested such analogies and points of contact between them and ancient Hebraism, as to make the line of separation between them seem less sharp and clear, than that which formerly appeared to divide a fabulous mythology from a supernatural revelation. Thus there seems to be a growing persuasion that there is present throughout the Old Testament, in addition to the divine element of revelation, a real and large human element mingled in varying proportions with the divine,—an element by means of which its several parts, as they sprang into existence, were in vital contact with the language, thought, knowledge, moral and religious conceptions, of the times in which respectively they originated.

The recognition of such a human element in the ancient Scriptures could not fail, wherever it gained a footing, to effect a revolution in the critical study of them. It was fatal to the arbitrary despotism exercised over them by the theologian, by which texts were forced into yielding dogmatic meanings altogether alien from their historical purport, and which in any other connexion would have been branded as preposterous anachronisms. The expositor, being delivered from the necessity of justifying everything, in defiance of protests from the moral or religious sense, and no longer bound to refine away discrepancies even when most stubborn, or to maintain a constant warfare against advancing science, was able to look on the sacred pages with a freer eye, and trace in them the record of a progressive education of mankind by God ;—an education which could not be characterized at every stage by the inculcation of a perfect morality, or the guidance of infallible teachers, but which stooped to their weaknesses, engrafted itself on their ideas, tolerated for a time much that was imperfect, partial, and afterwards to be corrected or purged away ; and which, by its mature and final result, rather than by each imperfect yet necessary step in its progress, vindicated the divine wisdom that guided it to its glorious issue in Christianity.

Indeed there was no department of Biblical study, and no practical use of the divine Word, into which a sensible relief was

was not brought by distinguishing between the revelation which was of God, and the external forms with which the divine element became clothed, as it incorporated itself in human thought, feeling, and language. The inspired story of Creation, for example, could now freely lift the heart even of the keenest votary of science to the eternal Author of all, without any marring of the emotion by an uneasiness lest some of the details should be inconsistent with our modern knowledge. The fervent devotional utterances of the ancient saints could find an echo in the soul of the devout reader, undisturbed any longer by the suspicion that they were mechanically dictated, or the perplexity of finding them occasionally mingled with the imprecations of unholy passion, or with carnal delineations of the all-perfect God. The mixed character, again, of actions or commands, ascribed to the supreme Lawgiver and King, put the moral judgment to a less painful strain, when they were viewed in the light of the principle that God may be pleased to condescend to human infirmity, in order gradually to educate the conscience to a higher level. And, once more, while an enlarged acquaintance with the natural order of the world was making it increasingly difficult to take strictly to the letter such records as those of the Deluge, the passage of the Red Sea, and the arrest of the sun and moon in the mid-heaven for an entire day during the battle of Beth-horon, and thoughtful minds were being driven into revolt by the imposition of such a heavy burden of belief, deliverance was found in the freer interpretation, which discerned in the sacred narratives, not rigidly accurate relations of absolute facts from the stand-point of Omniscience, but popular descriptions of the phenomena as they appeared to the spectator's senses. In these and similar cases of intellectual or moral difficulty, relief was obtained by means of the fruitful principle, that God, in giving to mankind an historical, progressive Revelation, was pleased to adapt it to their needs by blending it at each stage of its course with a genuine human element, from the imperfection of which it more and more disengaged itself, as it approached its full-orbed brightness in the words of Him who is the Light of the world.

No one who observes the tendencies of modern thought will doubt that the more rigid conception of Inspiration is fast yielding to this newer view, in favour of which may to some extent be pleaded the authority of the New Testament. The Jewish law of divorce was given as proceeding direct from God; yet our Lord excuses its imperfect morality by saying, 'Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts, suffered you  
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to put away your wives.\* Equally from God were derived all the ordinances of the law, moral and ceremonial alike; yet parts of it are stigmatised by St. Paul as 'weak and beggarly elements,'† and 'rudiments of the world;‡ and the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, 'There is verily a disannulling of the commandment going before, for the weakness and unprofitableness thereof.§ Such expressions point so unmistakably to a lowering of both moral and religious teaching in the Old Testament, to accommodate it to minds in an early stage of spiritual culture, as to make it seem surprising that the principle has not been more extensively applied by our divines since the Reformation, to lighten the pressure of Biblical difficulties. Here and there, as in the writings of Burnet|| and Paley,¶ we light upon a relaxation of the more rigid view of inspiration; but it was only under the impulse of rapidly accumulating knowledge that wider applications of the principle were gradually forced upon reluctant theologians. So long, to take one instance, as the sciences were in their infancy, the ingenuity of expositors might possibly squeeze them into the narrow garments of the ancient Hebrew phraseology. But what fits the infant soon becomes too strait for the growing child. The phraseology was stretched and strained, time after time, till it gaped with rents around the expanding limbs of knowledge, and even the most conservative theologians began to perceive that further attempts in the same direction could only discredit the Bible in the eyes of reason. One of the latest evidences of the change may be found in Dr. Pusey's recent University sermon, from which we extract the following remarks on the freedom which theology allows to physical science:—

'Why,' he begins by asking, 'is the study of the physical sciences at this time so often adverse to the faith in God, and in His Son Jesus Christ our Lord? . . . It is not that the book of God's works contradicts the book of God's Word, or even that man's interpretation of the one book contradicts his interpretation of the other. They move in two different spheres, and cross each other's paths only in the most elementary points. The sphere of the Bible is the revelation which God makes of Himself to man. . . . The sphere of physical science is the material. The basis of a lasting peace between physical science and Theology is, that neither should intrude into the province of the other. This is also true science. . . . The facts on which theology rests are spiritual facts; those of physical science are material. . . . Theology is concerned only with the religious aspect of creation. . . . To theology creation is equally

\* Matt. xix. 8. † Gal. iv. 9. ‡ Col. ii. 20. § Heb. vii. 18.

|| 'Exp.' Art. VI.

¶ 'Evidences,' Part III. chap. 2.

magnificent,



magnificent, whether the earth started into existence at once at the command of God, . . . or whether God created matter in countless molecules, to be attracted together through a property which He imparted to them, each and all. Theology looks with equal impartiality on all geological theories, "atomism, plutonism, neptunism, convulsionism, quietism." . . . To theology all explanations of the details of the six days of creation are indifferent. . . . In what sense the word "day" is to be explained, . . . whether even the works of the Hexameron took place in the order in which they are related, . . . on all this and more, genuine theology says nothing, and is even jealous over herself lest she should seem to invest any physical theory with the sacredness of Divine truth."—*Unscience, not Science, adverse to Faith*, pp. 5-11.

Of the view that early revelation was progressive, and conditioned by existing circumstances, and that the Biblical record of it exhibits similar features, we cannot perceive any reason to be afraid, provided it be *carefully guarded and legitimately applied*. But it is on the satisfactory fulfilment of this condition that everything depends. So long as the critic is filled with profound reverence for the Word of God, and is sensitive to every breath of His Spirit, his comparative freedom from bondage to the mere letter will have little tendency to tempt him astray. The Bible itself will be his safeguard and guide. As he follows its historical development, he will find the stream of revelation flowing purer and fuller, its light becoming brighter and steadier; and each step gained will put him in a better position to discriminate between the imperfect and the mature, between the human and the divine. Reading the Law in the light of the Prophets, and judging the Old Testament by the standard of the New, he will have the very Spirit of Truth for his teacher, and complete in the school of Christ his education in the knowledge of God. For him liberty will never degenerate into licence. It is when reverence has evaporated, and the heart has ceased to respond to the divine voice, that the critical intellect is left free to run riot in that ungoverned libertinism, which has been the opprobrium of Biblical criticism during the last half-century. The root of the mischief has been the claim to treat the Bible like any other book. Plausible as this canon of criticism may at first seem, it really involves a pre-judgment of the Bible to be destitute of any divine element, and to contain nothing more than the evolution of human thought,—the results achieved by the endeavours of the religious sense to formulate its impression of the mystery of Being, and to give what shape could to the yearnings of the ethical and ideal side of human nature. To treat the Bible as we treat the Decades of Livy, and from both

both alike the supernatural will be eliminated, and relegated to the region of legend and superstition. And this seems to sceptical critics a fair and reasonable treatment of a book which occupies an absolutely unique position, by virtue of its being organically linked in with the noblest, divinest sequence of events to be found in all history! Surely till the rise and growth of Christianity shall be demonstrably reduced to the level of a merely natural phenomenon, such as the origin of the Roman republic, it can never be a dictate of sound sense to claim to treat the Bible as books of common history are treated. Nor will the commentator be able to maintain an attitude of neutrality by limiting himself to an investigation of the literal grammatical sense of each passage, as it passes through his hands. To those who approach the Bible from the diametrically opposite stand-points of naturalism and supernaturalism, its meaning cannot be the same, despite their having a common text, and the same lexicons and other apparatus of critical exegesis. Its great characteristic words, if indeed they be charged with a divine thought, must soar above the ordinary human use into a higher region, and become pregnant with a divine sense, which not even the most searching analysis of the letter could avail to seize and appreciate. To claim, therefore, the right to treat the Bible as any other book, is really to claim to have proved that from other books it does not essentially differ.

There would have been little difficulty in foreseeing from the first that a rigorous treatment of the Bible in accordance with this critical canon would, sooner or later, subvert most of the old views about the growth and structure of the Old Testament. We have only to imagine our venerable record of the divine dealings with mankind during forty eventful centuries, falling into the hands of a court of critical Inquisitors, who inaugurate their work of torture by a total rejection of revelation and miracle, and who, in consequence of the antiquity and isolation of the sacred books, are left to carry on their operations without restraint. What a slashing and mangling of the victim would be inevitable! How many of the books would be disintegrated, and pounded into fragments of diverse dates! how many dislocated from their place in the canon! What a ghastly transmutation would be made of history into legend, of the supernatural into the mythical, of prophecy into political allusion, of divine mysteries into human juggleries! Well, all this has happened; but to exhibit the result in detail would fill volumes, for *quot homines tot sententiae*; each critic has had his own scheme of dismemberment and re-arrangement, and each scheme its amendments and supplements. Nor would it be to our purpose

to attempt any sketch, however meagre, of the theories which have seen the light, especially in Germany and Holland, within the last fifty years. 'Let the dead bury their dead!' No doubt enormous mischief has been done to the cause of revealed religion, but the worst seems to be over, and a reaction to have set in. What is most urgently wanted now, in this time of transition, is to appraise the permanent results of those years of audacious unbridled speculation. For results they must have; Biblical criticism can no more go back to what it was before them, than Europe can become again what it was before it passed through the fires of the Revolution. The light shed upon every part of the Scriptures has been too fierce, the critical spirit which has explored every nook and corner of them has been too keen, the stores of new learning brought to bear on them have been too vast, not to have made them far better known than ever before, and thereby to have shaken many old notions, and opened out new views of the 'divers manners'\* in which it pleased God to speak to our fathers. Thus again 'out of the eater came forth meat;'<sup>†</sup> the storm which threatened ruin has cleared the air; and men of understanding, who know how to surrender what is found untenable, and to take possession of every new treasure brought within their reach, may in the end find themselves better equipped than ever to carry on the warfare of faith against the hosts of unbelief.

It is from the midst of the agitations and doubts, stirred by the critical onslaught on the Old Testament, that Englishmen of ordinary culture, with whose religion the sacred volume is inextricably intertwined, look to such a Commentary as the Speaker's for information and help. While Christendom is in conflagration with questions which involve the very possibility of a revelation from God, they cannot be content to sit at the feet of well-meaning but feeble expositors, who, in their ignorance of the very elements of critical science, think to stay the flames by piping forth their little, worn-out commonplaces, which simply take for granted that the Biblical writers were, one and all, the divine secretaries, and every word they wrote was as entirely God's as if it fell on our ears out of heaven, and as authoritative as that word of Christ which shall never pass away. They want real scholars, the masters of well-digested knowledge, to tell them how matters actually stand; how much of the old must be given up, and how much of the new may reasonably claim acceptance. They cannot shut their ears to the difficulties which are proclaimed on the housetops: they

\* Heb. i. 1.

† Judges xiv, 14.

cannot solve them themselves, for it is the work of a lifetime, and requires a special training; neither dare they leave them alone, lest their faith should be paralysed by a cankering suspicion of its soundness. Of counsel and guidance they are in sore need; and if these are to be had anywhere, they are entitled to expect them from the masters of our Israel, the most cultivated of our Anglican scholars and divines.

Yet too much in this line might easily be expected from the 'Speaker's Commentary.' To consult it with a sanguine hope of finding the leading Biblical controversies thoroughly handled and finally closed, would be almost certain to entail disappointment. In many cases the time has not yet arrived for a settlement, the balance of evidence being still too indecisive; in some probably it will never come. Nor could any commentary afford space for an exhaustive discussion of these great questions; the business of exposition must always be the prominent feature of such works, and little room could be left for more speculative subjects. But there is another reason, peculiar to this Commentary, not altogether to be overlooked, why it must, almost of necessity, fail to satisfy those on whom modern critical difficulties press most heavily. It is from beginning to end the work of 'bishops and other clergy of the Anglican Church.' Now this stamps a certain impress on the work. It ensures its being in a high degree conservative of the old, and repugnant to the admission of new ideas so far as they can be honestly barred out. As a class, such writers would be more than human if they always appreciated at its full value the cogency of arguments directed against old-fashioned ideas, or the real magnitude of difficulties which their school has been in the habit of glossing over with conventional but inadequate explanations.

Something also might be said about the predominance of the theological over the literary element, in a considerable portion of the Commentary. Such an expert, indeed, in history as Canon Rawlinson is quite at home in dealing with the historical books of Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther; but frequently elsewhere we seem to miss that subtle instinct which plays no mean part in criticism, and which nothing but an extensive acquaintance with literature can produce,—the instinct which discerns genuine interpretations from those which are far-fetched and fictitious, and seizes at once on the true force of expressions and narratives moulded by types of thought far different from our own. In the absence of this instinctive discrimination, the theologian is liable to be led astray by the mere



forms of language, and to imagine recondite and mystical meanings in phrases which are only idiomatic or decorative.

While, however, we frankly point out that the plan of the 'Speaker's Commentary' seems to have made its authority somewhat less than it might have been, in regard to the questions which in our day have given a new aspect to Biblical criticism, we are by no means insensible to the difficulties and even dangers which would have beset the adoption of a wider scheme. We do not forget that on many salient points there is still much to be said on both sides; the final word is far from having been spoken; how the vibrating balance will settle down is yet veiled in uncertainty. In such a time of transition, to incline to the side of caution is far wiser than to be rash; and on none is caution more imperative, than on those who may be considered as virtually representing the present Biblical scholarship of the English Church. That these should be too conservative, too much addicted to the old paths, is surely better than that they should be over-hasty in taking up with immature theories and doubtful results, and thus in a manner commit us to novel views which may fail to stand the test of future investigations. On the whole, therefore, though we cannot hide from ourselves that the Commentary has, by force of circumstances, been kept—at least in some parts—a little below the level of modern scholarship, and is less useful than it might have been to students of the divine Word, we are not so much inclined to blame it on this account, as to be grateful for the courageous honesty with which not a few of the writers have in particular instances, as we shall presently see, allowed their exposition to be moulded by the demands of 'intelligent and scientific criticism.'

We now put our last and most fundamental question, and ask the 'Speaker's Commentary' to tell us what is the right view for Christians to take of the Old Testament as a whole. Given revelation and inspiration as the factors, and the Old Testament as the result, what is the view of the relation between them which is best supported by facts? It is of course a practical answer that we want, an answer not theoretically complete, but sufficient to guide us to the right mode of interpreting the ancient Scriptures, and to a just appreciation of their authority over our faith. We find, for instance, a large part of the Old Testament occupied by the recorded sayings of God Himself, and we wish to know exactly in what light we are bound to regard these; whether as being of necessity absolutely and eternally true, because they proceeded direct from Him who  
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is the eternal Truth; or whether as sometimes only relatively true, or true for the time, and open to be modified or corrected by later revelations: and again, whether they are always to be taken without qualification as the very words of God, or whether in uttering them with the formula, 'Thus saith the Lord,' the prophets may sometimes be considered as clothing in their own words their general idea of the messages which God would have them deliver. Then, as to the writers of the Old Testament, we want to know what we are bound to believe about their inspiration: whether it dictated their very words, or guaranteed their infallibility in every or in any respect; whether it ensured that their representations of God should always be above question, or their views of morality always in accordance with the eternal righteousness; or whether it still left them men of their age, illuminated indeed by the divine Spirit so far as was needful for their office, but in other respects subject even in their writings to the influences of their times. To put the question more generally, we want to know on which view the Commentary proceeds: whether the view that the voice of Scripture, or the Church's doctrine of the supremacy of Scripture, or both, require us to hold that the Old Testament, *by itself and apart from the New*, is infallible in all its statements, and divinely authoritative in all its teaching; or the view that it is subordinate to the New, of inferior authority and lower inspiration, and may on sufficient evidence be held to contain rudimentary and imperfect statements and teaching, which need to be tested, corrected, or superseded, by the more accurate knowledge and higher revelations of the future.

Such enquiries as these are continually forcing themselves on the thoughtful reader of the Old Testament, and we have already given Bishop Thirlwall as our authority for saying that they have never yet been answered by the Church. Even the Church of Rome, so addicted to defining the faith of her members, seems to have abstained, at least in modern times, from pronouncing on this subject. Whereas once she was ready to burn for heresy those who refused to bind science in the fetters of the Old Testament phraseology, now she appears to look with undisturbed complacency on physical sciences and theories of every kind, even down to Evolution; and, as her distinguished representative of science in this country, Prof. St. George Mivart, says, allows her members perfect freedom to assert, as he himself does, their belief in the gradual development of man's bodily structure from an apelike ancestor. The words with which he ends his array of witnesses for the truth of his statement are worth quoting:

'I think that it must now be plain to all readers, from the passages referred to, that there is perfect freedom for even the very strictest Christians, not only as regards the question of the six days, but also with respect to the full doctrine of evolution.'—*Lessons from Nature*, p. 444.

Unless we are much mistaken, this silence of the Vatican about science is part of its present policy of leaving open to free discussion such questions as those now before us.

Now, in our application to the 'Speaker's Commentary' to discover what sort of answer, if any, it makes to our final question, we shall have to search for it here and there as best we can. There is no formal statement on the subject. No single writer probably considered that it came within his scope; and it is perhaps not quite inconceivable that any close agreement about it between so many divines might have been found unattainable. Happily there are numerous passages with which it is scarcely possible for a commentator to deal, without affording us a glimpse of what we want.

Beginning with the old battle-field in Genesis, we find Bishop Harold Browne telling us that the language is popular and anthropopathic:—

'The sacred writer would use the common language of his people, and not go out of his way to devise one which would be philosophically accurate' (i. 33). 'The earlier the records, the more we find in them of anthropopathic language, as the best suited to their simple understandings' (p. 32).

The days of creation may be of any length:—

'The English version would seem to confine it to natural days, but the original will allow much greater latitude' (p. 36).

Small divergences between the sacred record and modern science need not be made much account of, supposing them to exist, for

'It is plain that a miraculous revelation of scientific truths was never designed by God for man; and 'as physiology must have been nearly, and geology wholly unknown to the Semitic nations of antiquity, such a general correspondence of sacred history with modern science is surely more striking and important than any apparent difference in details' (p. 30).

Even creation by Evolution might be admitted, should science require it, for

'it deserves to be borne in mind, that even if it could be made probable that man is only an improved ape, no physiological reason could touch the question whether God did not, when the improvement reached

reached its right point, breathe into him "a living soul," a spirit "which goeth upward" when bodily life ceases' (p. 43).

As to the antiquity of man,

'It is quite possible to believe that Genesis gives us no certain data for pronouncing on the time of man's existence on the earth. The only arguments are to be drawn from the genealogies,' and 'if the genealogies, before and after the Flood, present us only with the names of leading and representative men, we can then allow no small latitude to those who would extend the duration of man upon the earth to more than the commonly received 6000 years; . . . in fact the time which it would allow is almost unlimited' (pp. 30, 64).

As to 'the extreme longevity of the patriarchs' science must control our belief, for,

'supposing that physiology should ultimately decide that it was not possible without a continued miracle, we should only be driven to the principle, already conceded, that numbers and dates, especially in genealogical tables, are liable in the course of transcription to become obscured and exaggerated' (p. 62).

From these extracts it will be readily seen that the Bishop of Winchester, though not quite abreast of the venerable Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, is considerably in advance of the position which within the last forty years was commonly held by such as cared to be reputed orthodox. Of a kindred nature also are the interpretations of the miraculous narratives already adduced.

The next branch of our enquiry concerns the treatment of passages which, by presenting grave moral difficulties, have always furnished the most formidable objections to the absolute plenary inspiration of the Old Testament. In regard to the imperfect morality of some of the precepts ascribed directly to God, such as those relating to concubinage, divorce, and slavery, the statement of our Lord is of course allowed to establish the principle that the divine law was lowered because of 'the hardness of the hearts of the people' (i. 346); but Mr. Clark shrinks from explaining by the same principle the clause in the Second Commandment in which God reveals Himself as 'visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.' On this point we would refer our readers to the masterly discussion in Lect. V. of Canon Mozley's last work, 'Ruling Ideas in Early Ages,' where it is maintained that the clause in question was a lowering of the true idea of justice, in accommodation to the undeveloped morality of the age; and that as the conscience became enlightened it lifted up (so to speak) the commandment to a higher level, and replaced the original sense by the truer idea of an inheritance of consequences



quences through the action of natural laws. The timid reader of traditional theology would be startled at the boldness with which this Oxford Professor of Divinity, of unimpeachable orthodoxy, speaks of

'the rough, incipient stages of the divine dealings with man' (p. 110); 'all the imperfections, the crudities, the coarse legislation which is stamped on the Law' (p. 105); the need 'to separate one part of the Jewish Law from another, the permanent part from the temporary part, the accommodation to imperfect morality from the moral truth' (p. 104); and says, 'when the visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the children is interpreted in the sense of the Old Testament history, we see that it is *not* in the sense in which the phrase is used when it figures as a law of providence . . . it is not by a mere physical medium that the punishment is inflicted, but by a distinctly judicial medium' (p. 115); and 'when Ezekiel proclaimed a more perfect idea of the divine justice, as checked by the inherent limits of human individuality and responsibility, the whole of the judicial interpretation of the Second Commandment became necessarily obsolete' (p. 125). 'We see then,' he adds, 'that the imperfect parts of the Law slipped off naturally from the old stock, as the Law entered into an age of higher morals' (p. 110).

We have already alluded to the importance of knowing what force necessarily attaches to the formula of direct revelation in the Old Testament, 'Thus saith the Lord,' and its equivalents. Now in the sublimest instance of God's speaking to be found in the whole range of Scripture, the Commentary hesitates to affirm that the expression is to be taken literally. Of the giving of the Law from the midst of the smoke and fire of Sinai, Mr. Clark says—

'While it is here said that "God spake all these words," and in Deut. v. 4, that He "spake face to face," in the New Testament the giving of the Law is spoken of as having been through the ministration of angels. We can only reconcile these contrasts of language by keeping in mind that God is a Spirit, and that He is essentially present in the agents who are performing His will' (i. 330).

The commentary on Job carries us still further from a literal interpretation, for when we reach the divine reply, 'Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind,' the Editor tells us that 'the meaning may be that the voice entered the heart, where it shaped itself into the methodical, and, so to speak, artistic form which pertains to the highest order of Hebrew poetry; thus, even in this direct address attributed to God Himself, presenting a combination of the human and divine elements' (iv. 130).

A similar lowering of the meaning of the formula pervades the entire comment on the Mosaic legislation; for whereas all the

the minute directions for the construction of the tabernacle, and the countless details of moral and ceremonial jurisprudence, which make up more than half the Pentateuch, are said to have been orally delivered by God to Moses, our commentators habitually use language which ascribes the framing of them to Moses himself under divine illumination. We hear of—

‘the ideas revealed by the Lord to Moses’ (i. 360); of ‘the inspired legislator setting forth,’ &c. (p. 342); of ‘the legislation and conduct of Moses’ (p. 353); of ‘his formal legislative decrees,’ his ‘injunctions’ (p. 794); his ‘carrying his demands on the self-control of the people to the utmost they could then bear’ (p. 873).

Taking all the foregoing admissions together, we seem to have a principle of interpretation adopted, which makes room for the presence of a human element generally, even in utterances said by the sacred writers to proceed direct from the mouth of God. Even in the case of the Decalogue, Mr. Clark holds that neither of its two forms is the real original, and that the commandments delivered on Sinai, and written by the finger of God, were ten short sentences of but a few words each, all the rest being subsequent amplification.

The following passages show that no verbal inspiration or absolute infallibility is claimed in our Commentary for the writers of the Scriptures. Thus the erroneous classification of the coney and hare as ruminants is excused by the remark—

‘It was not the object of the legislator to give a scientific classification of animals’ (i. 546).

The apparent mistake of the Chronicler about the ships of Tarshish elicits the comment—

‘The author of Chronicles may perhaps have misunderstood the expression “ships of Tarshish,”—which merely meant ships of a certain make and size—and have changed it into “ships to go to Tarshish,” without suspecting that the two expressions were not equivalent’ (iii. 326).

Lastly, we take two important passages from Mr. Huxtable’s commentary on Hosea, one bearing on the interpretation of prophetic narratives, the other on St. Paul’s use of the Old Testament:—

‘The minds of prophets were generally understood to be so familiar, when under the prophetic afflatus, with the visionary or the imaginary, that men would naturally take what fell from their lips bearing the character of narration, not as literal statements of real occurrences, but as being simply forms in which the prophetic spirit was for the occasion clothing its communications, to make them more graphic and impressive’ (vi. 418).

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'The Apostle often, especially in his more animated passages, weaves into his discourse words, which he borrows indeed from the Old Testament, but with the utmost freedom of application, moulding them not seldom with a plastic hand into a sense, which can neither be with any degree of probability attributed to them in their original place, nor, so far as appears, was regarded by the Apostle himself as being their original meaning . . . This being so, to assume that, in the use which the Apostle thus makes of Old Testament texts, we have his inspired guidance in determining their proper purport in the Old Testament itself, may be simply misleading' (vi. 488).

Such are the materials which the 'Speaker's Commentary' supplies, to enable us to judge whether it maintains unaltered the stricter view of the inspiration and authority of the Old Testament, or yields in some degree to the influence of modern critical science. Some of our quotations may perhaps seem trivial; but it may be suggested that even these, and much more the rest, may be likened to the little rifts and flaws which presage the breaking up of the ice-bound surface of the waters. To us they appear plainly to indicate a giving way of the more rigid conception of God's earlier revelation of Himself, and its inspired record, and an acceptance in principle of that freer view of which we have spoken, which discerns in the ancient Scriptures a continuous fusion of divine and human elements,—a revelation lowered at first in accommodation to human infirmity, committed to 'earthen vessels,' and gradually rising to higher levels of truth, as men were able to bear it.

Here we lay down the volumes which have been so frequently in our hands during this prolonged examination, and hasten to draw our remarks to a close. It will have appeared that we consider the functions, which the 'Speaker's Commentary' might justly be expected to discharge, to be of two kinds: one, the office of expounding and illustrating the sacred text; the other, the office of guiding the perplexed and wandering through those controversies, which in our generation have enveloped the Old Testament, and excited 'great searchings of heart' respecting its growth and character, and the degree in which it possesses authority to command our faith. Of the way in which the former function has been fulfilled, no one, we think, can speak otherwise than favourably; and our opinion is confirmed by the numerous testimonies borne, both in this country and in the United States, to the general excellence of the work, and its usefulness to ministers and students of the sacred Oracles. It is about its discharge of the latter function that opinions are most likely to differ. To those whose minds have been disciplined in that school of historical research and critical analysis, which

which in the present age has won so many triumphs in unveiling the secrets of the Past, and unfolding the laws of human progress, our Commentary will perhaps seem to walk with halting steps, and to cast longing lingering glances back to various traditional ideas and modes of thought, which it is unable honestly to retain, and yet can scarcely bear to surrender. Such readers, by no means deficient in reverence for revealed truth, yet claiming freedom to enquire into the order and methods of God's historical manifestation of Himself to mankind, may possibly wish that the Commentary had spoken with more decision, more consistency, more courageous frankness, in maintaining the mixed and progressive character of the Old Testament revelation, and defining its relation to the crowning knowledge of God imparted in Christianity. On the other hand, readers of a different cast of mind, to whom antiquity is sacred, progress an abomination, and critical science an invention of the Evil One, will be likely to look with suspicion and alarm on the innovating tendencies with which our Commentary has been shown to be infected, and will be ready to accuse it of playing into the hands of the enemy, and betraying the sacred cause which it was its duty to defend.

To those who take the former view, we venture to address a word recommending patience and thankfulness. Let hurry and rashness be left to such as have yet to learn how unspeakably precious is every fragment of the knowledge of God, and what sobriety and caution are demanded in moving any of the ancient landmarks with which our fathers in the faith have mapped out the wide field of Biblical exegesis. There are in our Commentary marks enough of progress to animate the hope, that at no very distant day a view of the Old Testament will be generally adopted, which will equally satisfy the devout heart and the critical intellect. What form the final solution of our difficulties will assume, it may be impossible to foresee; but, if we may be permitted to hazard a forecast, we should anticipate that it will be based on an acknowledgment that in those venerable and sacred documents, which are incomparably the most precious heirlooms bequeathed to us by the pre-Christian past, there are two contrasted elements—one earthly, the other heavenly—not merely running side by side, but inextricably woven together as parts of the same indivisible texture. Then God will be heard speaking in them, but in human language, through human institutions, by means of human conceptions and hopes. God will be discerned in them gradually revealing Himself, but under images and representations suited to imperfect intelligences; guiding His people towards the truth, but slowly,



slowly, partially, and with permitted admixtures of error; training them for a purer worship and a loftier morality, but by methods which for a time were tolerant of much that was carnal and defective; until in the days of the Gospel 'grace and truth came,' the letter was replaced by the spirit, all things became new, and to the children of the kingdom it was given with open face to behold the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

To readers of the other class, who dread the consequences of the slightest relaxation of the dogma of absolute verbal infallibility in the Old Testament, and are inclined to give Solomon's warning against strife a new application, and to say, 'The beginning of *criticism* is as when one letteth out water, therefore leave off *enquiry* before it be meddled with;' to these, whose very jealousy for the truth sets them in antagonism to our Commentary, we hope that we may without presumption address a few words to allay their alarm. Most earnestly would we urge them to remember, that the questions answered by the Commentary in a sense which is obnoxious to them lie entirely within the boundaries of the Christian faith, and touch not an article of the Creed, nor a doctrine of Christianity, nor a formulary of our Church. Decide them whichever way we will, the whole fabric of divine truth remains exactly as it was, unimpaired and complete. On either view the dealings of God with the Jewish Church formed a gradual divine preparation for Christianity, and the Biblical record of them reveals to us the methods by which from ancient times the way of the Lord was made ready. Instead of depreciating the value of the Old Testament, a thorough examination of it by our modern critical apparatus of research really makes it appear more precious, and at the same time suggests a way out of the numerous difficulties which have hitherto surrounded it. Wise and weighty were the words on this subject recently spoken from the University pulpit at Cambridge by the occupant of the first chair of Divinity, Canon Westcott, a few of which we venture to reproduce:—

'I wish to lead some who may be troubled by difficulties of detail in the Old Testament to strive after a more comprehensive view of its character, to consider what St. John encourages us to call its spirit. There are difficulties in the Old Testament, difficulties which perhaps we cannot explain. We have no desire to extenuate or to hide them. It would be strange if we had; for it is through these, as we believe, that we shall in due time learn to know better God's way of dealing with us. . . . The records in which this history is contained are strangely contrasted in style, in composition, in scope. They are outwardly

outwardly disconnected, broken, incomplete; they belong to different ages of society; they are coloured by the natural peculiarities of different temperaments; they appeal to different feelings. But still, in spite of this fragmentariness which seems to exclude the possibility of vital coherence; in spite of this variety which seems to be inconsistent with the presence of one informing influence; they show a continuity of progressive life which is found nowhere else, even in a dream. They enable us to see the chosen people raised step by step through failure and rebellion and disaster to a higher level, furnished with larger conceptions of truth, filled with nobler ideas of a spiritual kingdom, fitted at last to offer to the Lord the disciples who should be the first teachers of His Gospel, and to provide a home where, as we read, "Jesus increased in wisdom, and in favour with God and man." The world can show no parallel to this divine growth, no parallel to this divine narrative of a divine growth, in all the stirring annals of time.—*Sermon on Rev. xix. 10, in the Church of England Pulpit, Dec. 7, 1878.*

Is it possible, we ask, that these grand lessons of the Old Testament can be rendered more impressive by utterly indefensible assumptions? To us, we confess, every attempt to place the older Scriptures on the same supreme pinnacle on which the New Testament stands, leads inevitably to a disparagement of the later Revelation, in which the power and wisdom of God find their consummate manifestation. We have already appealed more than once to the authority of the late Bishop Thirlwall, of whom after his death the Primate remarked that any age of the Church might have been proud to possess him; but we are sure of being pardoned for once more recalling his words, weighty with the calm wisdom of 'old experience.' Speaking of the fierce controversies over the Old Testament, he says:—

'The numbers, migrations, wars, battles, conquests, and reverses of Israel, have nothing in common with the teaching of Christ, with the way of salvation, with the fruits of the Spirit. They belong to a totally different order of subjects. They are not to be confounded with the spiritual revelation contained in the Old Testament, much less with that fulness of grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. Whatever knowledge we may obtain of them is, in a religious point of view, a matter of absolute indifference to us; and if they were placed on a level with the saving truths of the Gospel, they would gain nothing in intrinsic dignity, but would only degrade that with which they are thus associated. Such an association may indeed exist in the minds of pious and even learned men; but it is only by means of an artificial chain of reasoning, which does not carry conviction to all besides. Such questions must be left to every one's private judgment and feeling, which have the fullest right to decide for each, but not to impose their decisions, as the dictates of an infallible authority, on the consciences of others. Any attempt to erect

erect such facts into articles of faith would be fraught with danger of irreparable evil, to the Church, as well as with immediate hurt to numberless souls."—*Charge*, 1863.

Only let critical researches into the origin and character of the sacred documents be conducted on the principle here laid down, which combines reverence for spiritual truth with freedom of intellectual enquiry, and we need have neither bitter recriminations between our divines, nor apprehensions for the faith which is equally dear to all. It is, indeed, only through the combination of the open eye with the devout heart, that the highest truth can be obtained. But these, working harmoniously together, have the promise of the future, and will ever bear richer and richer fruits, to the silencing of unbelief, the vindication of the divine wisdom, and the building up of the church of God in the more perfect knowledge of His holy Word.

- ART. II.—1. *Life and Works of Michelangelo Buonarroti*. By Charles Heath Wilson; the Life partly compiled from that by the Commend. Aurelio Gotti, Director of the Royal Galleries of Florence. London, 1876.
2. *Vita di Michelagnolo Buonarroti, Pittore, Scultore, Architetto e Gentiluomo Fiorentino, pubblicata mentre viveva dal suo scolare Ascanio Condivi*. Seconda Edizione, corretta ed accresciuta di varie annotazioni. In Firenze, MDCCXXXVI.
3. *Vita di Michelagnolo Buonarroti in Vite de' più Eccellenti Pittori Scultori et Architetti di Giorgio Vasari*. Vol. XII. In Firenze, 1846–57.
4. *Life and Literary Works of Michael Angelo Buonarroti*. By Rich. Duppa. London, 1806.
5. *The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, &c.* By John S. Harford, Esq., D.C.L. 2 vols. London, 1857.
6. *Life of Michael Angelo, by Hermann Grimm*. Translated, with the Author's sanction, by Fanny Elizabeth Bunnett. 2 vols. London, 1865.
7. *Le Rime di Michelangelo Buonarroti, Pittore, Scultore e Architetto, cavate dagli autografi e pubblicate da Cesare Guasti, Accademico della Crusca*. In Firenze, MDCCCLXIII.
8. *The Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarroti and Tommaso Campanella, now for the first time translated into rhymed English*. By John Addington Symonds. London, 1878.

THE name of Michael Angelo, if not the greatest in art—an unfruitful question which we gladly pass by—is assuredly the

the greatest among artists. For his greatness is not merely derivative, a reflection from statues and paintings cherished among the choicest treasures of the human race. It was a remark of Victoria Colonna, 'Those who admire Michael Angelo's works, admire but the smallest part in him:' the merely æsthetic spectator or technical critic misses their highest lessons. Supreme examples of the power of the arts of design to convey thought, they are fraught with teaching which such as can receive it will never tire of pondering: teaching which we apprehend but dimly and in rudiment at first, and learn more perfectly as the years pass away, and our inner eye is purged by the sad experience of life, and our judgment matured by its stern discipline. They are revelations, as by broken words and half sentences, in the language of the gods,\* of one of their own offspring—the divine master,' as his countrymen love to call him, who here, not less than in his verses, has left us fragments of his own life. It has been remarked by Alfred de Musset:—

'Il n'y a pas d'art, il n'y a que des hommes. Appelez-vous art le métier de peintre, de poète ou de musicien, en tant qu'il consiste à frotter de la toile ou du papier? Alors il y a un art, tant qu'il y a des gens qui frottent du papier et de la toile. Mais, si vous entendez par là ce qui préside au travail matériel, ce qui résulte de ce travail; si, en prononçant ce mot d'art, vous voulez donner un nom à cet être qui en a mille: inspiration, méditation, respect pour les règles, culte pour la beauté, rêverie et réalisation; si vous baptisez ainsi une idée abstraite quelconque, dans ce cas-là, ce que vous appelez art, c'est l'homme.'†

A great truth is here worthily uttered, in words of which we gladly avail ourselves as an introduction to what we are about to write. It is not our object to offer any criticism of a dilettante kind upon the works of Michael Angelo. We wish rather to endeavour to look at the man and his inner life through the memorials of himself which he has left us, and to see what was really his position with regard to the important movement, vaguely termed the Renaissance, which in some of its chief stages was worked out in his time. Great men are truly 'Lux Mundi,' as in other senses, so in this, that from them radiates the light, in which the spiritual and intellectual characteristics of their age are most clearly discerned. History has been said to be 'the essence of innumerable biographies.' But

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\* It is a remark of Sir Joshua Reynolds: 'The style of Michael Angelo . . . may, poetically speaking, be called the language of the gods.' See his 'Fifteenth Discourse.'

† 'Mélanges de Littérature et de Critique,' p. 2.



from how few lives is anything to be learnt beyond one monotonous lesson! It is only through those gifted souls

‘Whom a thirst,  
Ardent, unquenchable fires,  
Not with the crowd to be spent,  
Not without aim to go round  
In an eddy of purposeless dust,’

that any really philosophical study of history is possible.

With respect to the materials for obtaining a knowledge of Michael Angelo, we may reckon ourselves well off. There are few great men, of whom we possess so many and such authentic documents. It is true that of his statues and paintings not a few have perished or are lost, while some of his principal works, which have come down to us, are marred by the neglect and dishonour of centuries. But still, what remains to the world of his labours in the arts to which he dedicated his life is much, and has of late years received valuable additions in the various drawings from his hands, which have been rescued from secret repositories and made accessible in Galleries and Museums. It is the good fortune of the world too, in the present generation, to possess for the first time the genuine text of his poems in Signor Guasti's admirable edition, of which we shall have to say more hereafter. Then, again, much peculiarly interesting information has been opened to us, in the collection of his autograph letters, acquired a few years ago by the British Museum, and in the still larger collection bequeathed to the city of Florence, with many other priceless relics of the master by his far-off kinsman, Cosimo Buonarroti. Mr. Heath Wilson has drawn largely upon these sources, in his volume recently published, and has thereby been able to throw much light upon many events in Michael Angelo's life, hitherto partially or erroneously understood. He has given us, too, the results of his very careful inspection of Michael Angelo's greatest paintings, together with a number of plates and facsimiles of important documents, all of which are useful as helps and illustrations. We cordially recommend this work to our readers; but extremely valuable as it is, it contemplates Michael Angelo only from one point of view. It is ‘devoted to his history and thoughts as an artist.’\* And we imply no disparagement of the labours either of Mr. Wilson, or of the other biographers of the ‘divine master,’ from Condivi and Vasari to Grimm and Harford, when we say that his life still remains to be written.

‘The more I advanced in my researches for the biography of

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\* Page 402.

Michael Angelo,' writes Herr Grimm, 'the more numerous were the threads I discovered emanating from this one man on all sides, or which, proceeding from the men of his age, united in him. Not that his immediate influence was pre-ominent, but the connection of his progress with that which took place around him was evident. . . . In truth they were one—he and the events he witnessed. The more elevated the mind of a man, the more extensive is the circle which meets his eye; and whatever meets his eye becomes a part of his being; and thus the further I advanced, the more imperfect appeared my acquaintance with the things I was witnessing. For when I had at length grasped the idea of them on one side, it became evident to me, at the same time, upon how many others I had to view them, in order to obtain an impartial judgment.' \*

In these words Herr Grimm has set forth, if somewhat mistily, yet with substantial truth, what the ideal of the biography of a great man involves. Admirable as his work is in many respects, it must be confessed to fall very far short of that ideal. His greatest defect springs from his intense subjectivity. He colours his subject with the hues of his own time, looking at it through a haze of Teutonic transcendentalism. He signally fails to understand the popular Italian mind of the period with which he is concerned: a grave failing: for in education, feeling, habits, belief, Michael Angelo was essentially a man of that period; a citizen of sixteenth-century Florence, not a nineteenth century professor or doctrinaire. Something of this seems to have crossed Herr Grimm's mind, indeed, for he owns, with creditable modesty and ingenuousness, that 'to write a life of Michael Angelo as it might be written, presupposes a life of study, knowledge, and experience, which the years I have attained to would not allow me to acquire.' Study, knowledge and experience are good, but we doubt whether, in amplest measure, they would have greatly improved his book. To form in the mind a true image of a man's life, and to represent it in words, demands, in addition to these endowments, a peculiar literary gift, analogous to that of the portrait painter, of whom, as of the poet, 'Nascitur, non fit' is the true account.

It may be said of the several parts of Michael Angelo's life, as was said of his works by the friend who knew him best, that they 'stand altogether, as if one.' He is 'whole in himself:' from first to last that unity, which is a token of the highest natures, is impressed upon his long career. Still there are three periods in it, which are in several respects distinctly marked off, and it may be well to take note of them, bearing in mind the essential identity of his character, his supreme indi-

\* Grimm's 'Life of Michael Angelo,' vol. i. p. 69. (Eng. Tr.)

viduality throughout. They correspond respectively to the seasons of youth, manhood, and old age, according to the old Roman reckoning yet current in Italy in his day. Born in 1475, his first five-and-twenty years were his period of discipleship in various schools and under very different masters. It is not, perhaps, until the year 1500 that he can be regarded as fully formed and his bent as taken. The next thirty years are the epoch of his matured powers. The world owes to them the works which are judged his greatest. For him those years were full of almost unintermittent trouble and suffering, of intolerable humiliations, blighted hopes, ungathered harvests; much even of what it was permitted him to accomplish, thwarted and marred—

‘Not answering the aim  
And that unbodied figure of the thought  
That gav’ ’t surmised shape.’

In the ultimate scene of his life, which we date from his sixtieth year, these ‘protractive trials of great Jove’ are well-nigh over, and the ‘persistive constancy’ which they have formed has its reward. His last three decades in many respects realize that fine ideal of old age which Cicero has sketched in ‘Cato Major.’ For this final period of recognised greatness and clear fame is built upon the foundations of virtue and piety laid in youth, and established in manhood. It is fruitful in noble activity and lofty thought; it is cheered by true and illustrious friendships, until in its fulness it is crowned by—

‘The sweet wise death of old men honourable.’

Not until 1564 did the summons to depart come to him. He had then almost completed his eighty-ninth year.

It will be no slight help in a study of Michael Angelo if we can obtain some real apprehension of the scenes and influences among which his youth was passed and his character moulded. Happily, abundant sources are open to us for forming a view of Florentine life at the period of which we speak. In the frescoes with which Ghirlandaio has covered the walls of Santa Maria Novella we have the outward semblance of the men and women of the time, and even portraits of some of the most famous. Machiavelli is the exponent of the dominant political ideas of the age. Politian presents the highest point attained by its scholarship. Guicciardini is its candid and dispassionate historian. Marsilio Ficino and Pico della Mirandola unfold its fashionable philosophy. The sermons of Savonarola tell us of its moral and spiritual condition. The treasures of art and literature, which were before the eyes of men then, are for the  
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most part before our eyes now. Of the crowd of chroniclers, versifiers, and pedants, from whose intrinsically worthless writings facts of interest are here and there to be gathered, the time would fail us to speak. Nor of the numerous works, differing very widely in knowledge and in literary skill, which have done so much of late years in every country of Europe to illustrate the condition of human society at this epoch, can we mention more than one. It is to our greatest living writer of fiction that we owe the book, so slight and unpretending in form, in which is to be found the best picture of the Florence of Michael Angelo's youth: a picture executed with an accuracy and completeness worthy of an exact scholar, and an insight and delicacy and creative power which the poet-soul alone commands. The Florence of the closing fifteenth century, still free and encircled like a queen with her diadem of towers, still able to 'ring her bells with the solemn hammer sound'—'il dolce suono della libertà'—that used to beat on the hearts of men; Florence, with her grave, black-robed burghers, passionate alike in their love for their commune and in their party hatreds; Florence, the home of Christian art, and the treasury of recovered antiques; the last rallying-place of medieval Christianity, and the nursery of the New Learning, lives before us in the pages of 'Romola.'

This was the Florence of Michael Angelo's early years. Little on which it is worth while to dwell has come down to us regarding his boyhood, beyond the fact that his indomitable force of character and passionate devotion to art asserted themselves very early. Condivi, the most authentic and authoritative of his biographers, tells us how books were to him 'a dull and endless strife;' how he was very often marvellously beaten ('bene spesso stranamente battuto') because he would neglect his appointed tasks to handle a pencil or to wander about in the workshops of artists. He appears to have acquired little in Francesco da Urbino's school, beyond the ability to read and write his own vernacular Tuscan. It is certain that he knew no other language. Even with Latin,\* then the *lingua franca* of

\* Direct and conclusive evidence of Michael Angelo's ignorance of Latin occurs in a conversation between him and certain of his acquaintances, in 1545, recorded by one of them, Donato Giannotti, and first published at Florence in 1859. Signor Guasti, in his introductory 'Discorso,' gives a long extract from this very valuable document. (See pp. xxvi-xxxiv.) Giannotti, it may be observed, was upon terms of considerable intimacy with Michael Angelo, and used to help him by revising his verses. (See 'Madrigal' lxxix, Guasti's edition; also 'Madrigal' lxxxvii.) In the course of the conversation a certain Messer Francesco Priscianese is mentioned, who had published a Latin Primer in Italian. Michael Angelo says that the facility thus offered for learning Latin almost makes him wish to betake himself to the



of educated men, he never possessed any acquaintance beyond the knowledge of a few words and phrases, derived chiefly, no doubt, from attendance at the public offices of religion celebrated in that tongue. At last his father, Ludovico—described as a good, devout man, of the old school \*—yielded to the inevitable, although not without many a pang, for the arts of painting and sculpture were not held in higher esteem then, as callings in life,† than is the art of music among ourselves at the present day.

Michael Angelo had just attained the age of thirteen, when, in 1488, the decisive step was taken, and he was apprenticed 'to Domenico and David Conradi, commonly called Ghirlandaio.' A better choice could not have been made. Domenico Ghirlandaio was reckoned among the first of Florentine artists then living. And justly. For his works, if not distinguished by profound originality or subtle and delicate feeling, are marked by accuracy of execution, dignity of manner, and exquisiteness of finish. Thoroughly versed in 'the science collected by his predecessors,'‡ he belonged to a school of eminent men who were no mere specialists, but artists in the widest sense of the word. Like Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Verocchio, and Donatello, Ghirlandaio regarded the whole field of the arts of design as his own, and passed from one department to another with the ease

the study of it. 'Cato the Censor, a Roman citizen, learnt Greek, as I have heard, when he was eighty years old. Why should not Michelagnolo Buonarroti, citizen of Florence, learn Latin when he is seventy?' 'Quasi mi fate venir voglia di studiare questo suo libro per imparare lettere latine. Io ho pur sentito dire, che Catone Censarino, cittadino romano, imparò lettere greche nell' lxxx anno della sua età. Sarebbe egli però così gran fatto, che Michelagnolo Buonarroti, cittadino fiorentino, imparasse le latine nel settantesimo?'

There is in Gualandi's collection of 'Lettere Artistiche'—it is No. 6—a letter in very bad Latin, purporting to be addressed by Michael Angelo to Francesco Fortunati, in 1504. Apart from all question as to the language, the tone and sentiments of this letter are, as it seems to us, absolutely conclusive against his authorship of it. At the same time we do not agree with Grimm (vol. i. p. 496), that the letter is not authentic, or that the request for money which it contains is fatal to it. We believe it to have been composed *for* Michael Angelo, either by a friend or a professional letter writer, whose aid he thought fit to seek, according to a common custom, to supply his own ignorance of the polite tongue, in addressing a dignified ecclesiastic.

\* 'Uomo religioso e buono e piuttosto d' antichi costumi che nò.' Condivi, 'Vita di M. A. B. c. iv.

† To Michael Angelo's father and uncle, Condivi says, 'come imperiti dell' eccellenza e nobiltà dell' arte pareva vergogna ch' ella fosse in lor casa.' Ibid. c. v. It may be observed that this feeling did not arise, as Mr. Harford imagines ('Life of Michael Angelo,' vol. i. p. 7, 13), from any notion of the obligations of noble descent or of the consideration due to 'the blood of the ancient counts of Canossa.' Mr. Wilson has shown very clearly (p. 4) that this genealogy, although believed by Michael Angelo himself, on what he might justly regard as good authority, was not put forward before his time, and is untenable.

‡ 'Renaissance in Italy. The Fine Arts,' p. 259.

of the master, familiar not only with the practice but with the principles of art, and imbued with the knowledge and the sentiment of form.

As a pupil of the Ghirlandaii, Michael Angelo came under influences which it is important to apprehend correctly. Mr. Symonds with reason regards Domenico Ghirlandaio as summing up in himself the whole tradition of the Tuscan school. And the mighty works of that school were before the youthful Buonarroti, to illustrate the lessons taught him by Domenico, and doubtless to convey to his keen æsthetic perceptions profounder lessons than any that Domenico could teach him. We know how earnestly he used to study the frescoes of Masaccio in the Brancacci Chapel, and that far greater work of Giotto's, so rich in depth of feeling and creative power, the Entombment in Santa Croce. We know, too, how reverently he would contemplate the saints and angels whom Fra Angelico seemed to have drawn down from heaven; how greatly he esteemed the incomparable gates of Ghiberti, and the all but animated types of that prophetic anticipation of himself—Donatello. These were the masters by whom his earliest studies were governed, men whose conception of their vocation was the highest and noblest. The dominant note of them all is the same. Whatever the personal shortcomings of some, the spirit in which they worked was religious. Art was not to them its own end. It reached forward to something beyond. They thought of it as an instrument to body forth the forms of things unknown, to manifest a deeper verity and a nobler beauty than external nature yields. Mr. Ruskin has tersely summed up the difference between them and those who came after them. These early masters, he says, 'used the power of painting to show the objects of faith;' whereas the later schools 'used the objects of faith that they might show the power of painting.'\*

But the medieval Tuscan was not the only art school in which Michael Angelo studied. There were other artistic influences, very powerful and attractive, and of a very different kind, under which he came at this period. It was the age of excavation, and nowhere were the relics of antiquity more eagerly collected and more highly prized than in Florence. In his fifteenth year Michael Angelo left Ghirlandaio's studio, to become an inmate of the palace of Lorenzo de' Medici—that first and most magnificent of dilettanti—who had discerned the boy's genius, and was anxious to foster it. In 'the Garden at St. Mark's,' which Lorenzo had 'adorned with various ancient statues and figures,' †

\* 'Stones of Venice,' vol. iii, p. 119.

† Condivi, 'Vita di M. A.' c. vii.

Michael Angelo found examples of technical perfection such as the modern world was powerless to offer, and he threw himself with all the intensity of his nature into the study of the antique. He continued in the Medici Palace until Lorenzo's death in 1492, 'every day,' as Condivi tells us, 'showing some fruits of his labours to the Magnifico,'\* and associating with the 'learned baskers in the same princely patronage,' conspicuous among whom were Ficino and Landino, Pulci and Politian. It was here chiefly that Michael Angelo acquired whatever information he preserved regarding the philosophy and poetry of the ancients. All the evidence available to us goes to show that such information was very limited. Politian, we are told by Condivi,† used to tell him stories out of the classical mythology, and to propose them to him as subjects for his work; and this is, apparently, the sum of what Mr. Wilson calls his 'study of literature'‡ under that scholar. Of the Platonic doctrine, or rather of the neo-Platonic, to which Lorenzo was so devoted, Michael Angelo doubtless heard much. It was ever his wont to delight in the conversation of learned men,§ and this was the favourite topic of discussion in Lorenzo's circle. But there is nothing to show that he ever gave himself seriously to its study, and there is a very strong presumption to the contrary. Plato and Plotinus were inaccessible to him, whether in the original Greek or in Ficino's Latin version; and no vernacular translation was in existence.|| Nor can we agree with Mr. Harford, that their influence is to be traced in his 'lofty idealism, love of allegory, and mystical views of art and nature.'¶ It is certain, indeed, that these qualities are among his leading characteristics. But it is not to the disputations of the so-called Platonic Academy—mere echoes, for the most part, of the sterile jargon of Byzantine sophists—that we can refer them. Doubtless his finely organised and eminently receptive nature was keenly sensitive to the intellectual atmosphere in which he lived, and for the three years of his residence in the Medicean palace he breathed an air of classical Paganism. Still, the permanent effect upon his character appears to have been largely exaggerated. We shall have occasion to say more upon this subject later on, in discussing the alleged 'Platonism' of his

\* Condivi, 'Vita,' c. x.

† 'Vita,' c. x.

‡ pp. 14, 16.

§ Condivi, 'Vita,' c. lxiv.

|| A 'Compendio della dottrina di Platone in quello che è conforme con la Fede nostra,' was published at Rome in 1544 by M. Francesco de' Vieri; and in the same year Ereole Barbera published at Venice an Italian version of the 'Symposium,' with Ficino's comment. This is the earliest Platonic literature, we believe, to which Michael Angelo could possibly have had access.

¶ Vol. i. p. 71.

**Sonnets.** At present we break off from it to touch upon the third great influence which was brought to bear upon his youth.

While still a resident with Lorenzo de' Medici, Michael Angelo had begun to feel the enchantment of the greatest of his countrymen, and had commenced that study of the 'Divine Comedy' which he continued with such devotion throughout his life. It was when he had returned to his father's house, after the death of his patron, that he was brought fully under the spell of one in whom the soul of the poet might seem to have revisited Florence to do the work of a prophet, and to receive a prophet's reward. Savonarola is the true spiritual successor of Dante, in the austerity of his temperament, in the loftiness of his thought, in his keen realisation of the unseen and his terrible power of depicting it, in his love of country and hatred of injustice, in the fierceness of his denunciations and the rigid orthodoxy of his faith. In any epoch a high, ardent, and impulsive nature like that of Michael Angelo would have been drawn to such a soul by the irresistible attraction of spiritual affinities. But the greatness and purity of Savonarola stood out in clearer splendour and a more imperious winningness from the moral littleness and spiritual corruption of the generation to which he delivered his ineffectual message. There are many ages of the world, of which the historian will judge with the greater caution and hesitation in proportion as his knowledge is wide and accurate. Good and evil are ever closely blended, and the effect of a more intimate acquaintance with the facts of some periods, once reckoned among the darkest in the annals of the human race, has been, to a certain extent, to re-habilitate them. But the more thorough our investigation, the more extensive our knowledge of the condition of society in the second half of the fifteenth century, the more terrible is the picture which presents itself to us, in the whole of Europe, but especially in Italy.

Nor is this matter for surprise. Great periods of transition are invariably periods of religious deadness and of dissolution of manners. And in this period the world was passing through a great revolution, spiritual, moral, and political. The middle ages had run their course and were to give place to a new order. The supernatural principles, out of which their greatness and vitality had come, had in large measure died out, and the social framework was falling to pieces. Religion had imperceptibly lost its hold as the standard of right and wrong universally recognised, even when most widely departed from, and lived on chiefly in that dread of retributive justice, which



is so ineradicable an instinct of human nature. The deities of the ancient Pantheon once more asserted their empire. Venus and Bacchus, nay, Priapus and Silenus, were worshipped with the truest cult: even in the sermons of the time, the poets and philosophers of Paganism are cited more frequently than the apostles and prophets. It was an age of unblushing grossness and unrestrained debauchery. The world had lost the simple rude virtues of earlier centuries, and had not learnt the self-restraint, the decorum, the politeness of more modern times. The decadence was just as great in the political order as in the religious. The franchises and immunities which had been the bulwarks of liberty in the middle ages were everywhere openly attacked or secretly undermined; and the ecclesiastical power, once the nursing mother of civil freedom, had sunk into the accomplice of secular tyranny. Perhaps there is no better mode of correctly estimating the change that had come over Christendom than by considering attentively its spiritual chiefs. The throne of Gregory VII., of Alexander III., of Innocent III. was occupied in succession during the last thirty-five years of the fifteenth century, by Pietro Barba, Francesco della Rovere, Giambattista Cibo, and Roderigo Borgia. The pontificates of these four men supply the measure of the depth to which the Papacy had fallen. In the long line of their predecessors in the Chair of Peter, some doubtless may be found in whose lives it is equally hard to discern "the signs of an Apostle." What peculiarly distinguishes these and other Popes of the same period is, not their immeasurable remoteness from the ideal elevation of their great position, but their disregard, their apparent unconsciousness, of the duties and responsibilities which the very theory of that position involves. In them the Vicar of Christ is merged in the Italian Prince, as deeply engaged as any of his neighbours in the blood-stained politics of the peninsula, as regardless of civic rights or chartered liberties: the object to which their ecclesiastical administration is directed, and all the awful sanctities of their spiritual primacy are prostituted, is the acquisition, no matter by what means, of territory for themselves or for their worthless families.

It was in this age of profound corruption in the Church and the world that Girolamo Savonarola arose, as one born out of due time, to lift up a last voice on behalf of religion and liberty, which seemed to be departing from among men. To Florence, the most beautiful of Italian cities, and the most corrupt, the very centre of the brilliant Paganism which had fascinated the souls of men, the stern ascetic preacher came to testify of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. In the yoke  
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of the Medici he saw, as he thought, the very root of the evil which paralysed religion and morality in the city: the *festas*, the intellectual and sensual gratifications, so profusely provided by the predominant house, were, as he discerned, the mess of pottage for which the citizens were bartering their birthright of freedom. The office said in his honour for well nigh a century after his death in many of the Tuscan churches, where he was honoured as a Saint and a Martyr, makes mention of the swiftness of his speech, the sublimity of his eloquence, the majesty of his aspect. "The Word of God," he cried, "is in my heart like a consuming fire, and if I do not speak, it will consume the very marrow of my bones." The fire did indeed consume him; another fire than that whereof he spoke; and with him the liberties of Italy and the last hope of the conservation of the unity of Christendom. But his words lived on in the hearts of those who had listened to him—to the last Michael Angelo used to recal vividly the tones of his voice—and they were handed down, from generation to generation in Tuscany, to keep alive remembrance of the past and hope for the future, during the three centuries of the enslavement of Italy. Well does Signor Guasti remark:

'Here was the school in which the ardent spirit of Buonarroti composed his youthful thoughts to an unwonted gravity. In such a training ground did he strengthen his heart and his genius. When I see Michael Angelo among the Piagnoni, I understand how, in the decay of faith and morals, he kept himself believing and pure: how among the satellites of tyranny he remained a child of freedom, and could still infuse into art a breath of religion and liberty.'\*

These, then, were the chief features of Michael Angelo's spiritual and intellectual training, the influence of the art schools of medieval Christendom, and especially of the Tuscan school, the influence of the art poetry and philosophy of antiquity, and the influence of Dante and Savonarola. In speaking of these influences we have followed the order in which they came into his life. Let us now see what his early productions disclose to us of the workings of his mind and the course which his thoughts took.

Among the many precious things in the Casa Buonarroti, there are two bas-reliefs of especial interest, as being the first original compositions of Michael Angelo. The one represents the Battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ; the other the Madonna with the Holy Child. These works of the boy of fourteen are very valuable revelations of him at the beginning

\* 'Discorso,' p. xi.

of his career. Of the two, the battle is by far the more meritorious performance. We are told that Michael Angelo highly prized it, and took pleasure in it, even to old age. And well he might, for although not free from the technical defects, inseparable, even in the case of the greatest genius, from want of experience, it is instinct with power, daring, and originality. But it is more important to us, for our present purpose, as showing how thoroughly his mind had grasped the antique conception which he set himself to represent. The spirit of the work is as truly classical as the subject. The scene lives before us as vividly under his chisel as in the verses of Ovid.

The Madonna, executed at the same period, is a work as inferior to this in inspiration as it is in execution. It is perhaps not too much to say that it reveals no trace of any real apprehension of the subject; there is no insight, no touch of religious feeling. It is an imitation—and not a successful one—of Donatello.

These two creations may both be referred to the year 1490, when Michael Angelo was most fully under the influence of Lorenzo and the Medicean coterie. The one is instinct with that influence. The other is a faint echo of past studies in Christian Art. We now proceed, starting from these two types, to glance at his artistic career through the ten years which remain of the first period of his life, as we are considering it—that is until 1500. It will be well to set down here in the briefest way the chronology of that decade. In 1492 Lorenzo de' Medici died, and Michael Angelo, now seventeen years of age, returned to his father's house. In the course of the next year he began those profound anatomical studies, to which he owed his perfect knowledge of the human form. It was at this time that he was most powerfully drawn towards Savonarola. It was probably then, too, that he began to give himself to that diligent perusal of the Sacred Scriptures, of which Condivi speaks.\* In 1494, the year of the flight of Pier de' Medici, the son of his patron, he withdrew to Bologna, where he sculptured the beautiful figures of a kneeling angel and St. Petronius, which still enrich the shrine of St. Dominic. In the course of the following year he returned to Florence. He remained there until 1496. The next five years he passed in

\* 'Ha similimente con grande studio ed attenzione lette le sacre Scritture sì del Testamento vecchio, come del nuovo, et chi sopra di ciò s'è affaticato, come gli scritti del Savonarola, al quale egli ha sempre avuta grande affezione,' &c. 'Vita,' c. lxxv. For his Biblical studies Michael Angelo must have used the Italian version of Nic. Malermi, a Camaldulense monk, printed at Venice, in two volumes, in 1471.

Rome. It will be remembered that 1498 was the date of Savonarola's martyrdom.

It was during these ten years that Michael Angelo's character was fully formed. Many of his productions, which would have been most helpful to us in tracing its development, have perished,—the Hercules in marble, the wooden Crucifix which he made for the church of S. Spirito, his statue of the youthful St. John,\* the sleeping Cupid, bought by the Cardinal of St. Giorgio, as an antique. But of his works on classical subjects we have remaining, the Cupid, which, after so many years of loss, was so strangely discovered,† and which now adorns the South Kensington Museum, and the Bacchus, formerly in the corridor of the Uffizi, but at present in the Bargello. It is worth while to pause a little over these statues.

They were executed in the same year, 1496, and are both very beautiful; the Cupid singularly so. But they display very little of the classical inspiration which we find in such ample measure in the bas-relief of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ. There the Greek idea is really expressed. In these statues we have, indeed, technical correctness and perfection worthy of the antique, but the thought is not that of the ancient world. The Cupid is no divinity of Greece or Rome, but a young hunter, 'a muscular youth of about nineteen years of age, a figure of perfect early manhood.'‡ The Bacchus is not the 'Candidus Bassareus' of the ancients, with the thyrsus and the sacred cista, its mysterious contents veiled by vine and ivy leaves, the 'great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth,' but an exquisitely modelled and beautifully finished representation of bibulous humanity, 'the countenance joyous, the eyes distorted and wanton, as of those overcome with love of wine.'§ These two works are sufficient to show how, in the six years which had seen Michael Angelo ripen into early manhood, the influence of classicalism had waned in him. They are, with one inconsiderable exception,|| the last Pagan subjects which he ever treated in marble. And

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\* Unless we are to recognize this work in a statue now at Pisa, of which no account is given in Mr. Wilson's volume, p. 25.

† Some years ago the Professor Miliarini and the eminent sculptor the Cavaliere Santarelli visited the gardens of the Oricellari, in Florence, to look at some works of art. . . The attention of Santarelli was attracted by a figure in a dark corner, and, after peering at it in the uncertain light, he called to Miliarini, and said, 'Look at that.' After an earnest and startled look he said, 'It is his'; and the sculptor replied, "Certainly it is his." This is the statue which is now the chief ornament of the South Kensington Museum.' Heath Wilson, p. 33.

‡ Heath Wilson, p. 32.

§ Condivi, 'Vita,' c. xix.

|| Viz., the Apollo which he began in 1530 for Baccio Valori, the Pope's Commissary at Florence, but never finished; as to which, see Wilson, p. 353. The statue



And as the influence of classicalism had been dying away, the deeper and sterner teaching which had come to him had been doing its work by forming his mind in the mould of great and grave truths. It was in the year 1499 that his first proper work of Christian sculpture was executed, the *Pietà* placed originally in a side chapel of old St. Peter's, and now the chief artistic treasure of the new Vatican Basilica. The wonderful perfection of this group has been acknowledged by every competent critic, from the day it was unveiled until our own. We will not dwell upon its 'purity of style, deep feeling and knowledge of anatomy, combined with a grandeur which Michael Angelo drew from himself.'\* No language can do it justice; it must be seen, studied, felt, to be appreciated. And how eloquently does it speak the thought of the mind that conceived it! The sacred subject has become to him a living fact,† since the time when he first essayed to treat it. The fiery words of Savonarola and his fiery death have burnt into his soul as realities what before were to him but notions.‡ The things of which he has read in the most earnest of books—the Bible and Dante—are apprehended by him with the keenness and directness of a new sense, for the eyes of his understanding have been opened:—

'Deep feelings had impressed  
So vividly great objects, that they lay  
Upon his mind like substances.'

Here is the artist fully formed, and the law of his working fixed.

Michael Angelo was twenty-five years of age when he produced this work, and it is interesting to turn to the records which remain to us of his life at that period. His own letters and Condivi's narrative enable us to picture it to ourselves pretty

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statue of the Dying Adonis\* must be regarded as another exception, if [Mr Wilson (p. 31) is right in his judgment that it cannot have been executed much earlier than 1517.

\* Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors,' vol. ii. p. 13.

† This comes out in his reply to the objection that he had made the Madonna too young-looking. 'Non sai tu' (Condivi reports him to have said), 'che le donne caste molto più fresche si mantengono, che le non caste? Quanto maggiormente una Vergine, nella quale non cadde mai pur un minimo lascivo desiderio, che alterasse quel corpo? Anzi ti vo' dir di più, che tal freschezza e fior di gioventù, oltracche per tal natural via in lei si mantenne è anco credibile, che per divin' opera fosse aiutato a comprovare al mondo la verginità e purità perpetua della Madre. . . . Pertanto non t' hai da maravigliare, se per tal rispetto io feci la Santissima Vergine, madre d' Iddio, a comparazion del Figliuolo assai più giovane di quelchè quell' età ordinariamente ricerca.' Upon which Condivi remarks, 'Considerazion dignissima di qualunque Teologo.' 'Vita,' c. xx.

‡ The difference between real and notional apprehension—a most true and important difference—is brought out with equal power and beauty by Dr. Newman in his 'Grammar of Assent.' See, especially, chap. iii. and chap. iv. § 2.

faithfully.

faithfully. The earliest piece of writing in his hand which we possess is a letter addressed to Lorenzo de' Medici, the distant cousin of his old patron, a few days after his first arrival in Rome, and it is very characteristic in its simplicity and directness :—

'I have been without delay to visit the Cardinal of St. Giorgio,' he says, 'to whom I presented your letter. He appeared to be glad to see me, and immediately expressed a wish that I should go to see certain figures, which I spent the whole day in doing, so that on that day I delivered no other of your letters. Afterwards, on Sunday . . . the Cardinal asked me if I was disposed to make something beautiful. I answered, that I could not do such fine things, but that he should see what I could do. We have purchased a piece of marble large enough to make a figure life-size, and on Monday I shall begin to work.\*'

He could not, indeed, afford to remain idle. Small as were his own wants—for his habits were always of Spartan frugality—his relatives at Florence were poor, and he devoted himself to the supply of their needs from the produce of his own labour. This continued throughout his life. From the first he appears to have worked incessantly.

'To scorn delights and live laborious days,'

was, indeed, the rule which the imperious necessities of his own nature prescribed to him. 'I have no friends, I need none, and I wish to have none,' he writes to his father.† But his solitude was peopled by 'thoughts, shapes, and forms,' far transcending the realities of 'this working-day world,' and captivating his ardent imagination. Of the verses which we know he wrote at this period, very few remain to us. There are, however, scattered throughout his poems, vague references to these visionary loves, upon which certain recent writers have based a theory that his early years were marked by sensual passion and carnal indulgence.‡ But, as Signor Guasti well remarks, 'Che volesse vedervi indicata una donna piuttosto che un' altra, farebbe de' sogni,'§ and Condivi's testimony as to the stainlessness of his youth, is very direct and emphatic.|| The mistress of Michael

\* This letter is dated this 11th of June, 1496. Grimm gives a translation of it in vol. i. p. 141 (Eng. tr.), and Mr. Wilson, at p. 30.

† Grimm quotes this letter, vol. ii. p. 257. It was written shortly after his arrival in Rome.

‡ Thus Mr. Pater: "All tends to make us believe in the vehemence of the passions of his youth. . . . He had not always been a mere Platonic lover." 'Studies in the History of the Renaissance,' p. 70.

§ 'Discorso,' p. xxi.

|| 'So bene . . . che avevan forza d'estinguere nella gioventù ogn' incompuesto e sfrenato desiderio che in lei potesse cadere.' 'Vita,' c. lxxv.

Angelo's thoughts, his 'fancy's queen,' was seen only by his inner eye. Long years were to pass away before a soul as high and noble as his own was to be manifested to him in a form of lofty and tranquil beauty. It was not until old age had overtaken him that the dreams of his youth were realised in the pure and equal friendship of Victoria Colonna. Of those dreams, indeed, a singularly beautiful and touching memorial remains to us. There is, in the Oxford Collection of his drawings, one\* which may with certainty be referred to this period, representing the head of a woman, young, majestic, spiritual, the thoughtful, downcast eyes, the pure outline of the features, full of a grave, unearthly loveliness. It is, we think, the most striking of his early sketches.

Michael Angelo's pure and peaceful 'Pietà' marks the attainment of his artistic maturity. It closes the first epoch of his life, and ushers in the second—the thirty-five years from the opening of the sixteenth century, which we have reckoned the period of his manhood. He spent the first six years of this period at Florence, executing the Bruges Madonna, the bas-reliefs of the Madonna now in the Uffizi and our own Royal Academy, and the David and St. Matthew. Of his perished productions referable to these six years, the most considerable was the great Cartoon of Pisa, known now very imperfectly by the chiaroscuro picture at Holkham. The year 1505 is the date of his summons to Rome by the newly elected Pontiff, Julius II., a somewhat singular Vicar of Christ, but a true lover of art, in some sort, too, a lover of Italy, and, notwithstanding grave infirmities of temper, a kind and sincere friend to Michael Angelo. It is in 1505 that what Condivi calls 'the tragedy of the sepulchre' begins; that long-protracted, oft-thwarted project of the Mausoleum of Julius, only partially realised even in the event, to which we owe the Moses, the Slaves in the Louvre Gallery and Boboli Gardens,† and, indirectly, the Vatican Basilica itself. The painting of the Sistine ceiling was begun in 1508, and occupied over three years.‡ In 1513 Julius died, and was succeeded by Leo X., whose reputation as a patron of art, whatever else it may rest upon, certainly is not merited by his treatment of Michael Angelo. Six of the best years of the great master's life were frittered away by this Pontiff in abortive schemes for a façade to the Church of St. Lorenzo at Florence, and in the opening of marble

\* It bears the number 10 in the collection.

† Mr. Wilson is of opinion that the four statues in the Boboli Gardens were executed for the front of St. Lorenzo; not for the monument of Julius, p. 242.

‡ Not twenty months, as is usually stated. See Mr. Wilson's 'Life,' p. 167.

quarries

quarries at Serravezza for the benefit of Tuscan trade.\* The only work of his, accomplished during Leo's pontificate, is the statue of Christ in S. Maria sopra Minerva. Leo died in 1521, and the twenty months during which his successor Adrian occupied the Papal chair were for Michael Angelo a period of freedom, religiously devoted by him to the work in which he regarded his honour and reputation as involved—the monument of Julius Giulio de' Medici, the cousin of Leo X., became Pope in 1523, under the name of Clement VII., and for the next twelve years Michael Angelo was employed by him at Florence upon the Medicean tombs, the sacristy of St. Lorenzo, and the Laurentian library. Within these years the woe denounced by Savonarola upon Florence at last came, the extinction of her liberties—'il caduto del governo civile.' In 1527 the citizens resolved that Hippolytus and Alexander de' Medici should leave the city, and consign the fortresses of the State into the hands of the popular party. Two years afterwards the plans of Clement had been concerted with Charles V. Alexander the Moor, Clement's nephew,† was to wed Margaret, the Emperor's illegitimate daughter, and the enslavement of Florence was the condition of the ill-starred union. The citizens, hearing of these things, prepared for their defence; and among other appointments we find that of Michael Angelo, as Commissary-General of the Fortifications, and 'one of the Council of Ten for the Militia.' Meanwhile, the Imperial forces in the pay of the Pope—they were, for the most part, the brigands who had recently sacked Rome—had advanced under the Prince of Orange, and in January, 1530, the investment of the city was complete. Michael Angelo, who had for a brief time withdrawn to Venice, on account of the perfidy of the Florentine Commander, Malatesta, had been persuaded to return, and found full scope for the exercise of his military functions; it is well known how highly the fortifications which he erected were in after-times appreciated by Vauban. It is not for us here to write the history of the siege, to chronicle the divided counsels, the folly, the treachery, which paralysed the heroic efforts of the last defenders of the liberties of their country. In vain did the Dominicans of St. Mark take up the work of Savonarola by fervent appeals to the religious instincts of the citizens; in vain did the ancient patriotism of the Florentines assert itself in the patient endurance of hunger and disease; in vain was the heroic Ferruccio 'prodigal of his great soul.' The fraud of Mala-

\* On this subject Mr. Wilson has some very just remarks, p. 229.

† Or son, according to some authorities. The paternity of Alexander appears to have been matter of much dubiety.

testa,



testa, the overwhelming force of the besiegers, prevailed. The struggle was protracted until the month of August, and then Florence fell. The Medici were restored, and a *régime* of tyranny, destined to last for three centuries, was established upon the ruins of the republic. In the proscription which followed, Michael Angelo narrowly escaped with his life. Nor was the dagger of the Medicean assassin his only danger.

‘He has fallen off in flesh,’ writes his friend Giovanni Battista Mini, in September 1531, ‘and . . . he will not live long. He works very hard, takes little nourishment, and that of a poor kind, and does not sleep at all. For a month past his sight has been impaired, and he has been suffering from pains in the head and vertigo. In fact, his head is affected and so is his heart.’\*

It was then that Clement, who had no desire for useless vengeance, and who, besides, wanted the Medicean tombs finished, came to his assistance, protecting him by a brief from the importunity of those who were overwhelming him with commissions, arranging his difficulties with the heirs of Julius, and even compelling the Florentine Government to repay him money advanced to the Republic to carry on the struggle against the Medici.\* Until the September of 1534, Michael Angelo devoted his time, without interruption, to the monuments in the sacristy of St. Lorenzo. Then he left Florence—never to see it again—for Rome, at the summons of Clement, who died two days after his arrival. In another month Alexander Farnese was elected Pope, under the title of Paul III. A year afterwards Michael Angelo was nominated chief architect, sculptor, and painter, to the Apostolic Chamber. He was sixty years old when this honour came to him. This recognition by the greatest in the Christian world of his mastery in the arts of design, found him on the threshold of old age. Let us look back over the long series of works which filled his manhood, and endeavour to read, however faintly and fragmentarily, the story they tell us about the artist.

They begin with the Madonna, now at Bruges,† and end with the Madonna in the Medici Chapel at Florence. A comparison of these two great productions is full of instruction. Both have the special notes of Michael Angelo in ample measure: power, dignity, ideality. Both are endowed with a majestic tranquillity. But in the earlier work the peace is as that of the unruffled sea when ‘morning breaks without a

\* Wilson, p. 368.

† Ibid. p. 380.

‡ We have no hesitation in referring this work to the year 1503. See vol. 103 of this Review, p. 450

sound’

sound' upon its serene infinity. In the later, it is the 'great calm' after storm and tempest have raged and have done their worst, and are now hushed: a calm more profound, and solemn, and awful. The one is as the song of a hero before the battle of life has begun: the outpouring of a noble, fresh, and resolute heart. The other is a deeper strain, and in a minor key. The fight has been fought, hopes have been destroyed, dearest affections have been wounded unto death; 'all that seems' has suffered shock. But the living will has endured, invincible, and 'as from out the dust' is lifted

'A voice as unto Him that hears,  
A cry above the conquered years.'

There is all this, and far more than can be set down with pen, in these two great works. More even than can be interpreted in the words of poets.

And if we turn to the magnificent embodiments of the 'divine master's' thought and inner life, which fill up the space between, each has its lesson of profound significance. To speak of them all, or, indeed, of any of them in detail, is impossible within our present limits. We can do no more than glance hastily at the chief of them.

The first which claims our attention is the colossal David. It was completed in 1504, and, as is observed by Mr. Wilson, who considers it to mark the commencement of Michael Angelo's second manner:—

'in it are seen the thoughts which agitated him, as he sculptured the Deliverer. It expresses, with a force which can be only felt in its presence, the calm deliberation of a being totally fearless and deeply conscious of what depends upon the deed which he is about to do.\*

Vasari tells us that in this work Michael Angelo wished to remind the rulers of the commune, by an example, how to defend the city courageously, and to govern it justly. Certainly it is 'fraught with patriotic meaning' and instinct with the spirit of freedom.

We go on several years to contemplate a work of very different character—the statues of the Captives, now in the Louvre. Originally designed to adorn the monument of Julius, these figures were probably begun by Michael Angelo soon after he was called to Rome by that Pontiff in 1505, and worked at from time to time during the next ten years, when they were left unfinished, as too large for the reduced proportions of the tomb:—

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\* Page 50.

' Among

'Among all Michael Angelo's works,' remarks Mr. Perkins, 'there is probably none more beautiful than the sleeping prisoner, who, worn out with futile efforts to escape, rests with his noble head thrown back so as to expose his throat, his left arm raised and bent over his head, and his right arm reposing on his breast. In striking contrast to this image of sleep, the other prisoner is struggling to rend his bonds asunder, every muscle in action, and every limb contorted. His head is covered with thick masses of matted hair, and raised with an expression of rage and agony, which light up his roughly blocked out features.'\*

It is a composition of infinite pathos—a true expression of the sadness and sufferings of the mind which conceived it. It is at this period of his life that Michael Angelo writes to his father: 'I endure great weariness and hopelessness. So it has been with me for fifteen years: never an hour's comfort.' And in an earlier portion of the same letter he says: 'It is enough to have bread, and to live in the faith of Christ, even as I do here, for I live humbly, nor do I care for the life nor the honours of this world.'† It was in 1512 that these words were written. The cabals of his enemies, the clamours of his family, who preyed upon him all his life, the interior trials and conflicts of his most sensitive and scrupulous mind, were well-nigh enough to overwhelm him. And to these was to be added the vehement, inconsiderate impetuosity of the Pontiff. Five years before, when driven from Rome by an affront which he deemed unbearable, he wrote to the Pope:—

'A te son dato come i raggi al sole;  
E del mio tempo non t'incresce o duole,  
E men ti piaccio se più m'affatico.'‡

That quarrel was healed, and for the rest of Julius's life *concordia discors* reigned between them. There was too much in common between their fiery temperaments for more.

It was in the years immediately following the death of Julius, in 1513, that most of the work was done to the statue of Moses (never quite finished), which still attracts the world to his tomb—an appropriate tribute to the Pontiff who coveted the glory of delivering Italy from the 'barbarians.' There is something of Julius in this incomparable figure. There is still more of Michael Angelo himself. The kingliness of the artist's intellect comes out in this work in a supreme degree. There is in it an imperious self-conscious greatness, which is more than human. It is—

'the front of Jove himself,  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.'

\* Perkins' 'Tuscan Sculptors,' vol. ii. p. 41.

† Quoted in Wilson, p. 186.

‡ Sonetto iii.

As Grimm observes: 'What need we information, letters, suppositions, records, respecting Michael Angelo, when we possess such a work, every line of which is a transcript of his mind?' \*

Worthy to be ranked with the Moses and the Captives are the colossal figures in the Medici Chapel, so marvellous in their individuality. There is nothing in ancient or modern art like those suffering super-human creations. Florence had fallen, and it was in these statues that Michael Angelo found vent for the thoughts of which his heart was full. 'He laboured at them with such energy,' says Condivi, 'that he accomplished them all † in a few months, urged rather by fear than by love.' Fear is not the emotion which at first strikes one as being expressed by those heroes and virgins, those ineffable types of Twilight and Day. The artist, indeed, may well have feared while Medicean assassins were going from house to house, shedding, like water, the blood of the noblest citizens, and seeking his life also to take it away. And those tragic figures, in the wealth of profound subtle meaning latent in them, resemble a Psalm of David. Yes, there is a deep under-tone of fear in that divine shape of the Thinker, or rather all the dreads of human life, all the inexorableness of fate, rise before him as he looks far away into infinity, and in his ears is the din of greedy Acheron. These are the works in which Michael Angelo has recorded the death of the hopes so vigorous and rich in promise when he sculptured his David. They are his monuments, not to the ignoble scions of the evil-hearted race whose names they bear, but to Florence, the 'donna d' angelica forma,' once in the glory of her freedom, the joy of a thousand lovers, now silent and in darkness, no more to be called 'the lady of kingdoms.' Mr. Wilson sees in the statue of Day, half-shaped as it is from the marble, a trace of 'mighty resolve and resistless power,' a 'prophecy, vague and obscure like all prophecies,' ‡ of a far-off day when the city should awake from her death-like trance, and shake herself from the dust, and loose the bands of her neck, and again put on the beautiful garments of liberty. It may well be that these thoughts arose in the artist's soul as in his sadness he brooded, over his work, upon things to come. And thus in his verse he strengthens his brethren, the Florentine

\* 'Life' (Eng. tr.) vol. i. p. 370.

† 'In pochi mesi feci tutte quelle statue.' 'Vita,' c. xlv. It seems from the next chapter that Condivi is speaking of the four statues only of Lorenzo and Giuliano, Day and Night (Le statue son quattro, &c.). Only the statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano are finished. Of the four symbolic statues those of Night and Dawn are most nearly complete.

‡ Page 392.



exiles. Their sorrow is not as that of those who have no hope. It is 'una miseria di speranza piena.'\*

Let us now turn to gaze on the great work of painting of Michael Angelo's manhood—the frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Perhaps the first emotion of those who go to study them is one of horror at the barbarous maltreatment to which they have been subjected.† Still, even in their ruins, they strike us with astonishment and awe. We look at that long series of solemn figures, covering the hundred and thirty-two feet of the vault; the primal mysteries of man's creation

\* Madrigale I.—The following is the text, as Signor Guasti gives it, of this noble poem :—

'Per molti, donna, anzi per mille amanti,  
Crea fusti, e d' angelica forma.  
Or par che 'n ciel si dorma,  
S' un sol s' appropria quel ch' è dato a tanti.  
Ritorna a' nostri pianti  
Il sol degli occhi tuo', che par che schivi  
Chi del suo dono in tal miseria è nato.

'Deh! non turbate i vostri desir santi :  
Chè chi di me par che vi spogli e privi,  
Col gran timor non gode il gran peccato.  
Chè degli amanti è men felice stato  
Quello, ove 'l gran desir gran copia affrena,  
C' una miseria di speranza piena.'

Mr. Symonds has given in his volume on the Fine Arts (p. 393), the following translation of this madrigal. He has been especially happy, we think, in his rendering of the first seven lines, which contain the address of the Florentine exiles to their dear city; the last six are her reply :—

'Lady, for joy of lovers numberless  
Thou wast created fair as angels are.  
Sure God hath fallen asleep in heaven afar,  
When one man calls the boon of many his.  
Give back to streaming eyes  
The daylight of Thy face, that seems to shun  
Those who must live defrauded of their bliss!

'Vex not your pure desire with tears and sighs;  
For he who robs you of my light hath none.  
Dwelling in fear, sin hath no happiness;  
Since amid those who love, their joy is less  
Whose great desire great plenty still curtails,  
Than theirs who, poor, have hope that never fails.'

† Mr. Wilson gives the following account of their present condition :—'The frescoes of the Sistine . . . are so darkened by the effects of the smoke of tapers that, seen from the floor, the real colours are imperceptible. . . . Numerous cracks of the plaster run lengthway in meandering lines on the ceiling like the rivers on a map, with many affluents. Some portions of the plaster have fallen down. Other parts have been clumsily mended and coloured by working plasterers. But grievous as these facts are, more remains to be told. The ceiling has been at one time washed by labouring men with water in which a caustic has been mixed. Thus, great brushes or sponges have been swept over the skies and backgrounds, and have not only removed the dirt in a coarse, unequal way, but have eaten into the colours and destroyed them in a variety of places' (p. 189).

and

and fall are brought before us; we gaze upon the majestic prophets and mysterious sibyls, held in almost equal reverence by medieval Christianity, and at the world of mighty super-human beings of their company, and we think what must have been the mind of the man who has left us this record of the things which he saw 'in clear dream and solemn vision' as he lay there in solitude day after day and month after month. It has been observed by M. Taine, 'An artist's soul bears within it a whole world, and all the soul of Michael Angelo is here.'\* Nor is it difficult to find traces of the several influences which had lastingly impressed themselves upon that soul: of Giotto, of Ghirlandaio, of Masaccio; of Savonarola, whose genius, as Michelet says,† is imprinted in these frescoes; of Dante, whose 'spirit aflame with patriotism, passionate for justice,'‡ Mr. Symonds, with good reason, finds in them. We cannot, however, deem Mr. Symonds equally happy when he seeks to see in them, too, 'the philosophy of Plato,' and gives sentence that 'the creative God who draws Adam from the clay, and calls forth the new-born Eve in awful beauty, is the Demiurgus of the Greek.'§ We still venture to think, as all the world had hitherto supposed, that by this awful type of plastic power, Michael Angelo intended the Almighty Father of the book of Genesis, in whom he undoubtedly believed with his whole heart, and not the Demiurgus of the 'Timæus,' 'working upon necessity by persuasion, but able neither to compel nor to overcome it,' of whom we take leave to doubt whether he had so much as heard. We do not for one moment question that Mr. Symonds is impelled by mere admiration in his endeavour thus to paganize this great work. But we entertain a strong opinion, that the artist would have been more astonished than delighted, if any contemporary admirer had sought thus to do him service. Unversed in what Signor Guasti aptly terms 'la sapienza di un'età corrotta,' Michael Angelo was content to accept unquestioningly, and to teach by his art, the great verities of Christianity, as they came to him in the formulæ of his hereditary creed.¶ And, in our judgment, if there is any painting which simply embodies the primary religious conceptions of his age and country, it is this painting on the Sistine vault. As a matter of fact, the fresco in

\* 'Voyage en Italie,' vol. i. p. 226.

† 'Savonarole vécut toujours dans la pensée de Michelange. . . . Le génie des prophètes qui fut en lui, il s'est envolé de son bûcher, fixé aux voûtes de la chapelle Sixtine,' &c. Michelet, 'History of France,' vol. vii. p. 96.

‡ 'Renaissance in Italy: Revival of the Fine Arts,' p. 344.

§ Ibid.

¶ Signor Guasti has some very judicious observations on this subject in § viii. of his 'Discorso,' pp. xxxiv.-xl.

which Mr. Symonds has discovered the Platonic Demiurgus is, as Herr Grimm \* has pointed out, a development of an idea of Ghiberti.

We must not pass away from the period of Michael Angelo's manhood, without noticing how austere, solitary, and laborious his life was throughout it. Condivi† tells us he made use of food rather from necessity than for delight. Ofttimes he was satisfied with a piece of bread which he would eat while he went on working. He slept little, and would frequently lie down with his clothes on, and rise in the night, after a few hours' repose, to go on with his labour. Of all great artists it may be said that they are not their own, they belong to their art; and in proportion to their greatness is their self-devotion. Michael Angelo lived apart, because necessity was laid upon him. But his detachment was not selfishness or moroseness. No greater mistake could be made than to suppose him unkind or unfeeling. His biographers dwell upon his fondness for children, his goodness towards his old servant Urbino, his princely munificence to his acquaintance. To his brothers, notwithstanding the furious outbursts of anger and impatience which their misconduct sometimes provoked, he was ever most generous and affectionate. His tender piety towards his father is evidenced in many of his letters,—perhaps in none more touchingly than in one written 'in much distress and fear,' to his brother, Buonarroto, in 1516, upon the occasion of the dangerous illness of old Ludovico:—

'I would by all means wish to see him again before he dies,' Michael Angelo says, 'even if I should die with him. . . . Arrange that nothing whatever is wanting to him needful to his soul and of the Sacraments of the Church, and let him settle what we shall do for the good of his soul.‡ Of the things needful for the body, see that he wants for nothing, for I have laboured but for him, to aid him in his need, before he dies. Arrange so that thy wife shall attend him lovingly; I will restore to all of you whatever is required.'§

But truly as he loved his family he could have had little in common with them. None of his relatives shared his home, nor did any woman's face brighten it. He dwelt alone, 'wedded,' as he was wont to say, 'to his art, a wife who was too much for him.'|| No call less imperious than that of the last effort of his country to maintain her liberties availed to draw him from the exclusiveness of his solitude. It was indeed the artist as much as the patriot that fought in Michael Angelo. He knew well

\* 'Life,' vol. i. p. 31.

† 'Vita,' c. lxvi.

‡ I.e. after his decease.

§ Wilson, p. 218.

|| 'Io ho moglie troppa, che è questa arte, che m' ha fatto sempre tribolare,' &c. Vasari.

that the cause of art and liberty is the same; that the yoke sought to be laid upon his country was one 'under whose inquisitorial and tyrannical dunsergery no free and splendid wit can flourish.'\* And even then, amid the din of arms and the horrors of famine and pestilence, he would steal secretly at night to work on his Medicean monuments.† It was in beleaguered Florence, too, that he took up his brush again after twenty years' disuse, to paint his Leda, that wonderful picture, tragic, heroic, colossal; now known to us only from copies and engravings and the cartoon in the Royal Academy, for the original has perished, in which the mystic substance of the old legend is expressed as neither poet nor artist has expressed it before or since. That Michael Angelo could paint such a picture at such a time, is a striking evidence how really great he was:—

'Fortis, et in se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus,  
In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.'

And now Fortune was to 'turn her wheel.' Michael Angelo's sixtieth year, from which we date the last period in his life, is memorable, not only for his appointment to an honourable office by the Pope, in recognition of his artistic supremacy, but also from the beginning of that 'pure and most sweet friendship,'‡ as Condivi speaks, which for eleven years was to illuminate his austere and lonely life with a brightness not of this world. It was probably early in 1536 that he first met the childless widow of Ferdinando Davolos, Marquis of Pescara, Victoria Colonna, the most gifted and illustrious woman of her age, and still in the maturity of her beauty. He has himself recorded in his verse, how 'that happy spirit renovated and raised him who was almost numbered with the dead.'§ No one ever so entered into the inner sanctuary of his thoughts, or was so helpful to him: 'Una grand' amica,' he says, writing of her some three years after her death; 'la quale mi voleva grandissimo bene, e io non meno a lei.'|| We know from Condivi how he mourned her, how oftentimes he was 'overcome and as if bereft of reason,'¶ at the remembrance of her. And we have four Sonnets of his—every line of them as a tear of immortals—in which he describes what she was to him, what her loss is. Other friends he had, some of the noblest and best in Rome, Contarini, Maffeo, Ridolfi, and our own Reginald Pole. And his last years were cheered

\* Milton, 'Reason of Church Government.'

† Mr. Wilson doubts the fact (p. 349), but, as it seems to us, on insufficient grounds.

‡ 'Onesto e dulcissimo amore.'

§ See especially Sonetto xii.

|| Quoted in Guasti's 'Discorso,' p. xxiv.

¶ 'Sbigotito e come insensato,' c. lxiii.



by the bright youthful devotion of Tommaso de' Cavalieri. But Victoria Colonna's place was never filled.

It is strangely significant, that the years which the friendship of this noble woman made the brightest in Michael Angelo's life should have produced the most terrible of all his works. His 'Last Judgment,' in the Sistine Chapel, was begun in 1535 and finished in 1541. This painting was judged by his contemporaries to be his greatest. The general verdict of the present day is otherwise. It is not a question which we are ambitious to decide. But we must lament how little it seems to be understood that, in order to be in a position to judge of a work of art, these two conditions are of primary necessity: a certain amount of æsthetic cultivation, and a correct appreciation of the artist's end. The perception of beauty does not come by nature. It is even more difficult than the perception of goodness or of truth. The eye requires education as much as the voice, in order to attain high excellence; the eye, or rather that æsthetic sense of which the eye is the organ: and the higher the art is, the higher is the education required to understand it. 'The grand style,' observes Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'is artificial in the highest degree; it pre-supposes in the spectator a cultivated and prepared artificial state of mind.'\* But it is certain that in our own days of incontinence of words, the great majority of those who favour the world with 'art criticisms' possess no such cultivation. Superficial observers, they see superficial faults, or what they imagine to be faults. The high powers beneath escape them. Nor, apart from the matter of æsthetic cultivation, can it be admitted that the claim of very small men, to judge summarily of very great ones, carries with it its own sanction. The works of an illustrious master are to be approached, not indeed in the spirit of blind and indiscriminate admiration, not with an abiding readiness

'To wonder with a foolish face of praise.'

but, at the least, with diffidence, with modesty, with a feeling that, at all events, the presumption is in favour of the master being in the right.

Again, the object that the artist had in view ought to be carefully ascertained and kept in mind. Mr. Ruskin, in a passage which we quote with unreserved assent (he uses the words indeed in another connection), divides artists as searchers after truth into three classes; the first taking the good and leaving the evil, the last perceiving evil only, while,

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\* Fifteenth Discourse.

\* the

'the second or greatest class render all they see . . . unhesitatingly, with a kind of divine grasp or government of the whole, sympathising with all the good, and yet confessing, permitting, and bringing good out of the evil also.'\*

Foremost in this greatest class he places Michael Angelo. And with reason; for Michael Angelo's prime characteristic is absolute veracity. Not beauty in any lower sense than the beauty of truth is the object at which he aims, and pain oftener than pleasure is the feeling produced in us by his attainment of it. His supreme accuracy is, indeed, at times almost intolerable, as in his expression of the human form in the Last Judgment. But such accuracy was the object which he proposed to himself—not the gratification of the senses nor the titillation of the fancy. And here is the principle on which many of the criticisms directed against this great work are rightly met. Thus Duppa objects that in it Michael Angelo 'adopted the unphilosophical notions of the darker ages.'† The answer is that to Michael Angelo those 'unphilosophical notions' were tremendous verities, which he depicted as his inner eye saw them. It is the most baseless of fancies to conceive of him as going 'beyond the ecclesiastical standing-ground, and reaching one where philosophy includes the Christian faith.'‡ The secret of the terror of the 'Last Judgment' is, that no shadow of doubt rested upon the artist's mind as to the tenableness of that ecclesiastical standing-ground; that he intensely believed in what he painted. The things which he set down above the altar of the Sistine were as real to him as they were to Dante, whole passages of whose 'Inferno' and 'Purgatorio' he has embodied. His fresco is the translation into visible form of the solemn hymn, used with such awful impressiveness by the Latin Church in masses for the dead, and so doubtless very familiar to him, of which it has been well said that 'every word is as a peal of thunder.'§ Here is indeed the Dies Iræ of which Psalmist and Sibyl testified, that 'day of calamity and misery,' that 'great and exceeding bitter day' with all its terrors: the trumpets of the angels sending their dread blast through the sepulchres, and compelling all before the Throne; the book opened and the works enquired into; the hidden things of darkness brought to light, nought escaping the recompense it has earned. The Saviour of Men is lost in

\* 'Stones of Venice,' vol. ii. p. 187. Mr. Ruskin is speaking of 'naturalness,' the pursuit of external truth.

† 'Life and Literary Works of Michael Angelo,' p. 197.

‡ As in Mr. Symonds' 'Revival of the Fine Arts,' p. 346.

§ 'Cujus quot sunt verba pondera, tot immo tonitrua.' Daniel. 'Thes. Hymnol.' vol. ii. p. 112.

the Rex tremendæ majestatis, the justus Judex ultionis: Mary ceases to intercede: the Martyrs point to the tokens and instruments of their passion, but to enhance the confusion of their murderers. Even the just is scarcely secure: for the wicked there are the pitiless demons, the horrible abyss, the inextinguishable flame. It is the outcome of the tradition of fifteen centuries. The painter turns away from 'the blind world' where 'evil triumphs over virtue,' where 'light and courage are quenched,' where 'lies reign and truth dares not show his face,'\* and sets down in this stupendous composition his vision of the ultimate retribution.†

Michael Angelo had almost attained his sixty-seventh year when he completed the 'Last Judgment,' but he had still enough energy to undertake another great work of painting in the frescoes of the Pauline chapel—grand and severe productions, presenting, as Kügler remarks, no trace of old age except perhaps in the execution of details. In 1547 he was appointed architect of St. Peter's, an office which he preferred to hold without salary, devoting himself to it, and to the conflicts with stupidity and dishonesty which it entailed, 'pro salute animæ.' A model made by him still exists—the last work of his aged hands—which shows the Church as he conceived it. Unhappily his design was subsequently departed from, to the irreparable loss of the building. But the unrivalled cupola, too far advanced before his death to admit of material alteration by his successors, is no unworthy monument of his pious labour. Among the other architectural works of his old age are the Farnese Palace, the cornice of which is judged by many to be the 'grandest architectural feature of modern Rome,' and the stately edifices crowning the Capitoline Hill, which assumed their present form from his designs. But of higher interest still are the Church and Carthusian Convent of St. Mary of the Angels on the Viminal. The Church is in fact the *calidarium* of the Baths of Diocletian, 'a vast hall with red Egyptian granite monolithic columns, adapted by Michael Angelo for Catholic worship.' 'Nothing exists,'

\* 'Il mondo è cieco, e 'l tristo esempio ancora  
Vince e sommerge ogni perfetta usanza  
Spent'è la luce, e seco ogni baldanza;  
Trionfa il falso, e 'l ver non surge fora.

Sonetto lxix.

† The present condition of this painting is even more lamentable than that of the frescoes on the vault of the Sistine. Generations of sacristans have done their worst upon it: iron brackets to support tapestry have been driven into it: ladders have been rested upon it to its irreparable disfigurement; and from time to time it has been subjected to processes euphemistically called restoration. Mr. Wilson is of opinion, after very careful examination, that 'any successful cleaning of it would be hopeless' (p. 431).

writes

writes Mr. Wilson, 'which excels the plan of this Church in beauty and variety of form. . . . The eye is delighted by the evidence, on all sides, of imagination, taste, and skill.\*' Unfortunately, like so many other of the chief Christian monuments of Rome, it suffered grievous things in the reign of Benedict XIV., that learned and pious Pontiff, the most considerable figure among the Popes since Sixtus V., whose very learning and piety were perverted by the taste of the age into the service of destruction. But the great cloister still remains in all the grand simplicity of Michael Angelo's design; a vast quadrangle, surrounded with a hundred white and slender columns, upon which rest arches of inexpressibly graceful curve, supporting a range of monastic cells covered with pale red tiles. In the centre is a fountain, low murmuring, clear, and placid, lending to the scene perennial freshness and a deeper calm. Four mighty cypresses overshadow it, touching memorials, fitting types of the great master who in his green old age planted them, an old age of unwithered leaf and seasonable fruit to the last.

Among the most precious of the productions of Michael Angelo's last years, we must reckon his Sonnets, most of which were written when he was past seventy. A great authority, half a century ago, recorded his judgment, that 'these compositions do not fulfil the anticipations of the lofty bold originality to which Michael Angelo's name gives birth.'† But Frederick von Schlegel had not Michael Angelo's genuine text before him. His criticism was directed to the *rifacimento*,‡ the editor of which had done his best to remove or veil whatever was most characteristic of the great author. His success was indeed only partial. Even in the *rifacimento* one finds the 'disjecta membra poetæ'—profound and striking thoughts scattered among shallow and common-place lines. Wordsworth, who also of course had only the *rifacimento*, judged more truly than von Schlegel. He writes, 'So much meaning has been put by Michael Angelo into so little room, and that meaning sometimes so excellent in itself, that I found the difficulty of translating him insurmountable.'§

More fortunate than these illustrious critics, we now possess the original text of Michael Angelo's poems, in Signor Guasti's volume, well described by Mr. Symonds as 'a masterpiece of laborious and minute scholarship.' It is from Signor Guasti's text that Mr. Symonds has executed his English version, essaying,

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\* Page 542.

† F. von Schlegel. 'Æsthetic and Miscellaneous Works,' p. 227 (Eng. tr.).

‡ First published in 1623 by Michael Angelo the younger, a far-off kinsman of his great namesake.

§ See his note to his English version of some Sonnets of Michael Angelo.



not without a considerable measure of success, the task which Wordsworth thought so arduous, and which must have been more arduous still in respect of Michael Angelo's authentic compositions. An unlearned man, the poet knew little of the laws of metre or even of grammar. His verses are therefore technically faulty, unpolished, and rude, 'the rough-hewn blockings out of poems,' as Mr. Symonds expresses it, 'rather than finished works of art.\*' But, like everything that he produced, they bear the impress of his peculiar power. Every word has a true meaning, and stands as the symbol of a thought. 'Ei dice cose,' says Berni,† and so it is. In his verses, as in his sculpture and his painting, he seizes the very essence of the thing, and presents it in its living reality.

Signor Guasti, in the very valuable discourse which he has prefixed to his edition, remarks that Love and Art, Religion and Country, are the arguments of Michael Angelo's poetry, the first two ideas blending into the idea of Beauty, the last two into the idea of Virtue.‡ This is undoubtedly true, but perhaps it would be even truer to say that Beauty§ was the supreme object of desire to Michael Angelo's artist-soul, and that his conception of beauty was the highest. Like St. Augustine, from examining|| whence it is that he admires the beauty of bodies celestial or terrestrial, whence that he forms true judgments on mutable things, he reaches up to 'That which Is,' the uncreated Beauty, the absolute Truth—'the Truth who is Eternity, the Love who is Truth, the Eternity who is Love.'¶ 'Comeliness of the body, the fair harmony of time, the brightness of the light, so gladdening to the eyes, sweet melodies of every kind, perfumes of flowers, and ointments, and spices, manna, and honey, the delectableness of lovely limbs,' are to him, as to the greatest of the Latin Fathers, but the dim shadows, the faint emanations of the Creator, whom they proclaim, and to whom they lead.\*\* Symbolism

\* Symonds, 'Sonnets of Michael Angelo and Campanello,' Int. p. vi.

† See his 'Capitolo,' printed at p. 290 of Guasti's edition.

‡ Page xxxiv.

§ So Condivi: 'Egli non solamente ha amata la bellezza umana, ma universalmente ogni cosa bella, un bel cavallo, un bel cane, un bel paese, una bella pianta, una bella montagna, una bella selva, ed ogni sito e cosa bella e rara nel suo genere, ammirandole con maraviglioso affetto; così il bello dalla natura scegliendo come l'api raccolgono il mel da' fiori,' &c. c. lxxv.

|| S. Augustini 'Confess.' l. vii. c. x.

¶ Ibid. c. x.

\*\* 'Non dubia, sed certa conscientia, Domine, amo te. Percussisti cor meum verbo tuo, et amavi te. . . . Quid autem amo, cum te amo? Non speciem corporis, nec decus temporis, nec candorem lucis, ecce istis amicis oculis, non dulces melodias cantilenarum omnimodarum, non florum et unguentorum et aromatum suaveolentiam, non manna et mella, non membra acceptabilia carnis amplexibus. Non hæc amo, cum amo Deum meum; et tamen amo quamdam lucem, et quamdam

bolism is not to him a mere play of the fancy. That the things seen are the doubles of the things unseen, he regards as the first and the greatest of truths. It is beauty—la beltà—as he holds,—

‘Che muove  
E porta al cielo ogni intelletto sano.’

But thus to ascend, the mind must be purged from earthly desires and drawn by divine grace—

‘Ascender senza grazia ò pensier vano.’\*

With this mysticism Michael Angelo was penetrated—this Christian mysticism, whose aim it was to realise that union of man with the Divinity, of which Plato nourished the dim pre-sentiment, and which his unworthy successors of the Alexandrian school so monstrously transformed. This is, in effect, the underlying thought of his poetry, the key to his philosophy, the explanation of what Duppa calls his ‘jargon of Platonism and crude metaphysical divinity,’† and Mr. Harford, less opprobriously, his ‘Platonic sentiments and tendency,’ ‘a consequence,’ in the judgment of this writer, ‘of the early bent imparted to his mind by his intimate connection with the Platonic Academy of Florence, and of his having become familiar with the finest parts of Plato’s writings in the translation, probably, of Marsiglio Ficino.’‡ We have already observed that Michael Angelo would have been unable to avail himself of Ficino’s Latin translation if he had desired to do so, and that the ‘permanent influence of Lorenzo de’ Medici’s literati upon his mind has been much overrated,§ partly, doubtless, through want of apprehension

of

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dam vocem, et quemdam odorem, et quemdam cibum, et quemdam amplexum, cum amo Deum meum, lucem, vocem, odorem, cibum, amplexum, interioris hominis mei; ubi fulget animæ meæ quod non capit locus, et ubi sonat quod non rapit tempus, et ubi olet quod non spargit flatus, et ubi sapit quod non minuit edacitas, et ubi hæret quod non divellit satietas. Hoc est quod amo, cum Deum meum amo. Et quid est hoc? Interrogavi terram, et dixit: Non sum; et quæcumque in eadem sunt, idem confessa sunt. Interrogavi mare et abyssos, et reptilia animarum vivarum, et responderunt: Non sumus Deus tuus, quare super nos. Interrogavi auras flabiles, et inquit universus aër cum incolis suis: Fallitur Anaximenes, non sum Deus. Interrogavi cælum, solem, lunam, stellas: Neque nos sumus Deus, quem quæris, inquirunt. Et dixi omnibus iis, quæ circumstant fores carnis meæ: Dixistis mihi de Deo meo quod vos non estis: dicite mihi de illo aliquid. Et exclamaverunt voce magna: Ipse fecit nos. Interrogatio mea, intentio mea, et responsio eorum, species eorum.’ S. Augustini ‘Confess.’ l. x. c. vi.

\* See the madrigal ‘Per fido esempio’ (No. vii.).

† ‘Life and Literary Works of Michael Angelo,’ p. 223.

‡ Harford’s ‘Life of Michael Angelo,’ vol. ii. p. 109. It may be not superfluous to observe here that the Lezione upon a Sonnet of Petrarch, long attributed to Michael Angelo, and the source of many erroneous notions concerning him, was really the work of his grand-nephew.

§ As by Mr. Pater, who writes, ‘Plato had become something more than a name in

of this fact. It may be allowed, indeed, that there are passages in his poems which, without improbability, may be regarded as echoes of long-past discourses in Lorenzo's Florentine palace or villa amid the shades of Careggi. Such passages are not, however, very numerous or important, and they are, if we may so speak, of the accidents rather than of the substance of his verse. Any acquaintance which he possessed with the Platonic or neo-Platonic system of philosophy must have been slight and superficial, and we must have recourse to a very different source for an explanation of the difficulties of his muse.\* The conception of Truth, Beauty, and Justice, as but aspects of the Supreme Good, which is God; the doctrine of the purely negative existence of Evil; the recognition, in the external world cognisable by the senses, of the art of the Supreme Artificer; the cult of Beauty, as the most vivid image of Truth; the view of Love as the longing of the soul for Beauty, a longing which is the seed of virtue or of sin, according as the object which it chooses is the higher or the lower; the scorn of mere sexual love as a brute appetite, and the exaltation of intellectual love as the refiner's fire, through which the soul must pass if all the dross of earth is to be purged away;—all these, and many like notions, which are the leading ideas of Michael Angelo's poetry, often vaguely and obscurely expressed, may be found in Dante 'writ large,' and duly formulated. But Dante was here only the popular spokesman of medieval thought, according to the verse,—

'Theologus Dantes, nullius dogmatis expers.'

And the two authorities who most largely influenced the metaphysical speculations of the middle ages—even more largely, we think, than Aristotle—were Boethius and St. Augustine: Boethius, whose 'De Consolatione' is simply an exposition of the leading doctrines of Plato, corrected and enlarged by Christian faith, and St. Augustine who, as Neander justly remarks, 'like Origen, obtained his scientific discipline from Platonism,'—

'in whose speculative intellect the philosophical interest and element unconsciously mixed in with the Christian and theological,' and 'from whom this mixture of elements was transmitted to the scholastic philosophy, which stood in immediate connection with his own.'†

in Italy by the publication of the Latin translation of his works by Marsiglio Ficino. . . . And it is the Platonic tradition rather than Dante's that has moulded Michael Angelo's verse.' 'Studies in the Renaissance,' p. 76.

\* It is a remark of Mr. J. E. Taylor, in his learned and thoughtful essay on 'Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophic Poet' (p. 99), 'the comments which Dante has given' (viz. in the 'Convito') 'to explain the mysteries of his muse will unlock the difficulties of that of Michael Angelo.'

† Neander's 'Church Hist.' vol. iii. p. 502 (Eng. tr.).

There

There is as much and as little reason for attributing Platonism to Michael Angelo, as to the most distinctively Christian of poets and the schoolmen whose teaching he popularized, to the martyred apologist of Catholic orthodoxy against the Arians, and to the great Latin Father who did most to shape the theology of the Western Church. They all belong to what Mr. Emerson describes as 'a very well marked class of souls, namely, those who delight in giving a spiritual, that is, an ethico-intellectual expression to every truth, by exhibiting an ulterior end which is yet legitimate to it.\* But to represent Michael Angelo as 'clinging to Ficino's dream of Platonizing Christianity,'† seems to us an imagination as vain and fantastic as that which finds the Demiurgus on the Sistine vault; nor is it easy to understand how support can fairly be found for it in his poetry. Take the following Sonnet, reckoned one of the most Platonic:—

'Veggio nel tuo bel viso, signor mio,  
 Quel che narrar mal puossi in questa vita;  
 L'anima, della carne ancor vestita,  
 Con esso è già più volte asciesa a Dio.  
 E se 'l vulgo malvagio isciocco e rio  
 Di quel che sente, altrui segna e addita;  
 Non è l'intensa voglia men gradita,  
 L'amor, la fede e l'onesto desio.  
 A quel pietoso fonte, onde siàn tutti  
 S'assembra ogni beltà che qua si vede,  
 Più c'altra cosa, alle persone accorte;  
 Ne altro saggio abbiàn nè altri frutti  
 Del cielo in terra: e s'i' v'amo con fede,  
 Trascendo a Dio, e fo dolce la morte.'‡

Surely

\* 'Works,' vol. i. p. 310 (Bohn's ed.).

† Symonds's translation of Michael Angelo's Sonnets, Int. p. 2.

‡ Sonetto liv., thus translated by Mr. Symonds:—

'From thy fair face I learn, O my loved lord,  
 That which no mortal tongue can rightly say;  
 The soul imprisoned in her house of clay,  
 Holpen by thee to God hath often soared;  
 And though the vulgar, vain, malignant horde  
 Attribute what their grosser wills obey,  
 Yet shall this fervent homage that I pay,  
 This love, this faith, pure joys for us afford.  
 Lo, all the lovely things we find on earth  
 Resemble, for the soul that rightly sees,  
 That source of bliss divine which gave us birth:  
 Nor have we first-fruits or remembrances  
 Of heaven elsewhere. Thus, loving loyally,  
 I rise to God and make death sweet by thee.'

It might be thought from Mr. Symonds's version that in the twelfth line there is a reference to the doctrine of *anamnesis*. But this is not so. We feel sure that Mr. Symonds will allow, on consideration, that the word 'saggio' cannot possibly bear



Surely there is no dream here of a Platonized—a paganized Christianity. The sentiment of the poem is identical with that of the passage we have quoted from St. Augustine,\* and the last line is peculiarly significant of something far removed from Ficino's speculations. The thought of death is in constant recurrence in Michael Angelo's verses. It comes, not as in the poets of antiquity to excite to the enjoyment of the passing hour, but to chasten, to tranquillize, to subdue. Michael Angelo held it to be 'the only thought which makes us know ourselves, and saves us from becoming a prey' (as he expresses it, with characteristic earnestness) 'to kindred, or friends, or masters, to ambition, avarice, and other vices and sins which rob a man of himself.'† To this self-dissipation he thought himself to be more inclined naturally than any one.‡ His artist soul was sensible above measure to the fascination of delightful things. 'Born for art,' as he expresses it in one of his Sonnets, 'neither deaf nor blind,' but with perceptions of beauty exquisitely keen, it was with him as though a heart of sulphur had been joined to 'flesh of tow and bones of dry wood.'§ One spark was enough to kindle the flames of earthly desire. And in the recollection of death was his only remedy—

'Non trovo altro soccorso  
Che l'immagin di morte in mezzo'l cuore  
Che dove è morte non s'appressa amore.'||

Thus was he penetrated with the stern ascetic spiritualism,

bear the meaning of 'remembrances,' but must be translated, example, specimen, or—what will suit his verse—experience. We are of course aware that there are a few passages in which Michael Angelo may fairly be considered to have had the Platonic notion of Reminiscence more or less clearly before his mind. But to take 'a poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies' *au pied de la lettre*, and to conclude, as Mr. Pater does, from one of these passages (see 'Studies in the Hist. of the Renaissance,' p. 76), that 'he thus accounts for love at first sight,' as though 'a previous state of existence' were a settled article of belief with him, is surely somewhat full flavoured doctrinairism. We are not aware that any one has similarly treated Wordsworth's 'Ode on the Immortality of the Soul'; but then Mr. Wordsworth has been dead only half a century. \* See p. 366-7.

† It is thus that Michael Angelo expresses himself in Giannotti's dialogue, as quoted by Signor Guasti in his 'Discorso,' p. xxxi:—'Bisogna pensare alla morte. Questo pensiero è solo quello che si fa riconoscere noi medesimi, che ci mantiene, in noi uniti, senza lasciarci rubare a' parenti, agli amici, a' gran maestri, all'ambizione, all'avarizia, e agli altri vicii e peccati che l'uomo all'uomo rubano e lo tengono disperso e dissipato, senza mai lassarlo ritrovarsi e riunirsi. Ed è maraviglioso l'effetto di questo pensiero della morte; il quale, distruggendo ella per natura sua tutte le cose, conserva e mantiene coloro che a lei pensano, e da tutte l'umane passioni li difende.'

‡ 'Io sono il più inclinato uomo all'amare le persone, che mai in alcun tempo nascesse. Qualunque volta io veggio alcuno che abbia qualche virtù . . . io sono costretto ad innamorarmi di lui, e me gli do in maniera in preda, che io non sono più mio, ma tutto suo.' Ibid.

§ Sonetto xviii.

|| Madrigale xvi.

which

which is so marked a feature of medieval Christianity.' He had in him the stuff of which a St. Bruno or a St. Romuald might have been made. There is a passage in a letter of his addressed to Vasari in 1556, expressive of his admiration of the lives of solitary ascetics. He had set out on a pilgrimage to Loretto, but was obliged to stop short at Spoleto, where he visited the hermits, whose cells were in the forests of the neighbouring mountains. On returning to Rome he writes, 'I had great pleasure in visiting those hermits. Only a part of me returned to Rome. Of a truth, peaceful existence dwells in those woods.\* This longing for peace comes out very conspicuously in some of the Sonnets referable to the latest years of his life. In one of them he likens himself to a frail barque, at last nearing a tranquil harbour after fierce storms.† Another, which opens with a similar image, we will quote in its entirety.

'Giunto è già 'l corso della vita mia,  
Con tempestoso mar per fragil barca,  
Al comun porto, ov' a render si varca.  
Conto e ragion d' ogn' opra trista e pia.  
Onde l' affettuosa fantasia  
Che l' arte mi fece idol' e monarca,  
Conosco or ben quant' era d' error carca,  
E quel ch' a mal suo grado ogn' uom desia.  
Gli amorosi pensier, già vani e lieti,  
Che fieno or, s' a duo morte m' avvicino ?  
D' una so' l' certo, e l' altra mi minaccia.  
Nè pinger nè scolpir fia più che quieti  
L' anima volta a quell' Amor divino  
Ch' aperse, a prender noi, in croce le braccia.'‡

The

\* Wilson, p. 523. One is reminded of the lines of Milton :—

'And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell.'

Herr Grimm, with curious infelicity, speaks of this journey into the mountains as 'the first expedition Michael Angelo made in search of nature' (vol. ii. p. 385). It is one of many examples which might be given of this learned man's transference of the sentiments of his own age to Buonarroti's; and it is the less excusable because Michael Angelo himself says that he went to see the hermits—not 'nature.'  
† Sonetto lxxiii.

‡ Sonetto lxxv. Mr. Symonds thus translates this sonnet :—

'Now hath my life across a stormy sea  
Like a frail barque reached that wide port where all  
Are bidden, ere the final reckoning fall  
Of good and evil for eternity.  
Now know I well how that fond phantasy,  
Which made my soul the worhipper and thrall  
Of earthly art, is vain ; how criminal  
Is that which all men seek unwillingly.

Those

The thought with which this Sonnet concludes was with him to the end. Just before sunset on the day on which he died, we are told, he turned to his friends and said, 'When you come to die, remember the passion of Jesus Christ.\*' They were his last words.

We have left ourselves but small space for discussing the question of Michael Angelo's position with regard to the Renaissance. But indeed all that really need be said upon that subject may be said in few words, when a true conception is attained of what Michael Angelo was. Mr. Symonds calls him in one place 'the prophet or seer of the Renaissance';† and elsewhere he asserts that 'in him the genius of the Renaissance culminated.'‡ How far is such a claim well founded? The answer depends entirely upon the sense in which the word Renaissance is used. It has been well described as 'a question-begging word.'§ There is a large class of writers, and a far larger class of readers, with whom it stands as the symbol of something very grand, but very vague, and so, very misleading; for in the historical province, no less than in the legal, the maxim holds, 'Dolus latet in generalibus.' Thus M. Michelet in his 'History of France,'—

'L'aimable mot de Renaissance ne rappelle aux amis du beau que l'avènement d'un art nouveau et le libre essor de la fantaisie. Pour l'érudit c'est la rénovation des études de l'antiquité; pour les légistes, le jour qui commence à luire sur le discordant chaos de nos vieilles coutumes.'

The two things which belong to this age more than to all that went before it, he thinks, are, 'la découverte du monde,' and 'la découverte de l'homme.' 'La seizième siècle,' he continues, 'dans sa grande et légitime extension, va de Colomb à Copernic, de Copernic à Galilée; de la découverte de la terre à celle du ciel. L'homme s'y est retrouvé lui-même.' ||

It would, perhaps, be difficult to compress into the same number of words a greater number of fallacies. In the first place, nothing is more unscientific than a rigid demarcation

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Those amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed,  
What are they when the double death is nigh?  
The one I know for sure, the other dread.  
Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest  
My soul that turns to His great love on high,  
Whose arms, to clasp us, on the cross were spread.'

\* Vasari, 'Vite,' &c. vol. xii. p. 267.

† 'Revival of the Fine Arts,' p. 384.

‡ Ibid. p. 342.

§ See Archbishop Trench's remarks on the word in his well-known and justly popular little volume on the 'Study of Words,' 17th ed. p. 147.

|| 'Hist. of France,' vol. vii. Int. p. 1.

and precise labelling of history by epochs. As in the existence of the individual man, so in the existence of human society, no period stands alone. Each is the outcome and consequence of what went before. Neither art, nor poetry, nor philosophy, nor physical science, ever suffered a break in continuity of tradition from classical times to our own. The links which bind the medieval to the old Roman world are as real, and as certainly to be found by those who will give themselves the pains to trace them, as are the links which bind the world of this nineteenth century to that of the middle ages. In strictness there has been no re-birth of the human mind, because the human mind has never died; no re-discovery by man of himself, because man, in his worst estate, was not without the consciousness of himself, of his high dignity and great destinies. And, as a matter of fact, it is not to the period glorified by M. Michelet's brilliant rhetoric that we must go for the germs of our present intellectual greatness, for the inventions and discoveries which lie at the root of our material civilisation, for the establishment of the only political institutions now existing, which have succeeded in reconciling individual freedom with stability of government. If we will use the term 'Renaissance' in a sense at all approaching that of M. Michelet, we must put back the date of the re-birth for some centuries before the time of Columbus; if not, indeed, to the days of Charlemagne and his cloister schools, at all events to the age of vast intellectual activity, when Dante's mystic song opens the volume of modern poetry; when the revived study of Roman jurisprudence spreads from the law schools of Bologna throughout Christendom; when St. Thomas Aquinas and his fellows among the scholastics survey the whole field of human thought with a comprehensive mastery, and map it out with a subtlety and precision unknown to the ancients, and too little appreciated, because too little known, among ourselves; when Roger Bacon, in his cell at Oxford, starts the physical sciences upon the great career which they have pursued to our own times, and anticipates their principal achievements; when Nicola di Pisano lays the foundations of the art schools that were to cover the face of Europe with those vast edifices which (in the words of Milman) can hardly be contemplated without awe, or entered without devotion, and to fill its churches and palaces with pictures which we admire and wonder at and copy, but cannot rival. If the Renaissance be thus dated, there need be no hesitation in recognising Michael Angelo as its supreme fruit, for what Nicola di Pisano began, culminates in him. Like that great master, and the long series of his illustrious



successors, he brought to his work all the science he had, and it was far beyond their science. The world had never before witnessed such technical perfection as his; it has never witnessed it since. But his spirit is that of the great artists of the middle ages. His differences from them are purely conventional.\* There is in his work nothing of the old Hellenic spirit of bondage to physical life, and nescience of spiritual and moral force; there is nothing of the modern spirit of plagiarism from the antique and servile copying of the living model. 'He sums up' (as Mr. Pater confesses) 'the whole character of mediæval art in that which most clearly distinguishes it from classical work,'† and so may, without impropriety, be called by those who take pleasure in the appellation, its 'Prophet, or Seer,' as using it to body forth the loftiest and severest lessons of the religion in which he believed; to express the infinite and unceasing aspirations of human nature.

It is not, however, to the thirteenth century that we must turn for the movement eulogised as the Renaissance by M. Michelet and a school of writers, of whom Mr. Symonds and Mr. Pater are the chief representatives among ourselves. Their Renaissance really begins from the fall of Constantinople—although by some of them its first period is placed much earlier—and is essentially associated with the 'Revival of Letters,' that is, of the culture of Greek and classical Latin, which the word was originally employed to denote.‡ The 'Revival of Letters' was, no doubt, a very important incident in the transition of society from the mediæval order to the modern, although to regard it as the sufficient key to the comprehension of the great revolution, religious, intellectual, and moral, which marked that transition, is exceedingly delusive. The ideas wrought out in the ninety years of Michael Angelo's life were too numerous, too great, too subtly diffused, to be concluded under a formula. The Revival of Letters was but one among many contemporaneous movements of the teeming

\* We may here remark how groundless it is to regard the employment of the nude or the use of allegories borrowed from the Pagan mythology, as inconsistent with the true laws of Christian art. In the catacombs, the earliest nurseries of that art, the undraped figure is sufficiently common, and the myths of classical antiquity are pressed into the service of faith. Thus in the catacomb of SS. Peter and Callixtus, Adam and Eve are found in the state of paradisiacal nudity and innocence. Bas-reliefs of Cupid and Psyche adorn the sepulchres of the primitive Christians, and Orpheus drawing the hearts of all men figures there as a type of Christ.

† 'Studies in the History of the Renaissance,' p. 62.

‡ M. Littré has the following, *in v.*: 'Époque où les lettres grecques font leur entrée en occident; ce qui excita la plus vive ardeur pour l'étude des monuments littéraires de l'antiquité; cette époque commence à la prise de Constantinople en 1453, qui causa l'émigration de beaucoup de Grecs instruits en Italie.'

human

human intellect; only one factor in the sum of things—a factor working with diversity of operation in the different regions of Europe, with their different races and histories, and institutions and conditions. Speaking generally, it may be said that in the North its results were religious, in the South irreligious. In Germany it contributed directly to the Protestant Reformation. In Italy, where scholars threw themselves upon the study, not of the Sacred Text and the other sources of Christian doctrine and practice, but upon the poetry, philosophy, and art of the ancient world, the educated class—already half-hearted in their allegiance to Catholicism—became paganized, and the loosening of the ties of religion and morality was felt throughout society. This has been candidly stated, and certainly not overstated, by Mr. Symonds:—

‘The study of the classics,’ he writes, ‘and the effort to assimilate the spirit of the ancients, undermined men’s Christianity, without substituting the religion or the ethics of the ancient world. . . . Men left the ground of faith and popular convention for the shoals and shallows of an irrecoverable past.\* While professing Stoicism they wallowed in sensuality, openly affected the worst habits of Pagan society, and devoted their energies to the explanation of foulness. The peculiar turn they gave to mental training, by diverting attention from patriotic duties to literary pleasures, by denationalizing the interests of the student, and by distracting serious thought from the affairs of the present to the interests of the past, tended to confirm the political debility of the Italians.’†

Heine describes the movement as ‘a reaction against Christian spiritualism,’‡ and ‘a rehabilitation of the flesh.’ Mr. Pater enumerates as its chief characteristics ‘care for physical beauty, worship of the body, the breaking down of the limits which the religious system of the middle ages imposed on the heart and imagination,’§ and ‘a taste for sweetness.’|| It would be easy to multiply similar quotations, but it is unnecessary. The movement, which was essentially a falling back upon the world of sense and matter, is accurately expressed by the word ‘Humanism,’ now naturalized among us. And it is Humanism which writers of the school we have in view intend, when they speak of ‘the Renaissance.’ Is Mr. Symonds justified in claiming Michael Angelo as the ‘Prophet or Seer’ of this Renaissance? Are we to find Buonarroti a Humanist?

It is difficult to understand how any but a negative answer can be returned to the question; how this stern, heroic soul, so

\* Revival of Learning,’ p. 520.

† Ibid. p. 516.

‡ De l’Allemagne, vol. i. p. 215.

§ ‘Studies in the Hist. of the Renaissance,’ Pref. p. xi.

|| Ibid. p. 2.

pious and pure and self-devoted—*amatore divinissimo*—can be ranked with the crowd of gluttonous obscene pedants, who were the apostles of Humanism; or with the foul tyrants and dissolute unbelieving prelates, who were its nursing fathers; or with the shameless women, who were its Ilias and Egerias. Are his austere Madonnas, his awful Prophets and Sibyls, his David, his Moses, his Captives, his Medicean statues—all instinct with grave and severe thought, interpretations of the ideal and supersensual—to be regarded as the outcome and manifestation of ‘the worship of the body’ and ‘a taste for sweetness’? Does his intense patriotism mark him as the adherent of a movement which was everywhere an instrument of Cæsarism? Does his ‘lofty rime’ speak of the ‘rejection of Christian spiritualism’ and ‘the rehabilitation of the flesh’?

There is, indeed, one sense, and, as it seems to us, only one, in which Mr. Symonds’s phrase has a true meaning. Michael Angelo is the prophet of the Humanistic Renaissance, as Jonah is the prophet of Nineveh, or Lot of Sodom. His whole career is a rebuke of Humanism. To his own age he was the witness and interpreter of better things. To us he is the witness and interpreter of the true character of his age: ‘a light shining in a dark place’; the last luminary of art and freedom in Italy, before their sacred flame goes out—

‘And universal darkness covers all.’

ART. III.—1. *Report of the East India Deccan Riots Commission.*

Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. London, 1878.

2. *Report on the Administration of the Bombay Presidency for 1877–1878.* Government Press. Bombay, 1878.

3. *Proceedings of the Council of the Governor of Bombay for making Laws and Regulations.* Reported in the ‘Bombay Government Gazette.’

THE condition and future prospects of the agricultural communities of India have recently excited an interest due not only to the closer bonds of intimacy which unite us with India, but also to a desire to ascertain how far the relations, which have grown up between capital, labour, and land in the East, throw light upon the difficult questions of land-law and land-tenure, which occupy the public mind in Europe. The discussion has not, however, gained unmixed advantage from this growth of popular interest. Philanthropists have treated the abnormal

normal features of the case as normal, and have supported by unqualified and exaggerated statements their charge that the English do not care for the people of India. Pessimists, relying on hearsay and appealing to statistics\* which cannot be accepted without considerable modification, have declared India bankrupt and our rule unsuitable to Asiatic society. But, if such extreme statements have involved some departure from the truth, they have at least served the useful purpose of attracting public attention to the wide prevalence of poverty and misery. The public have learnt that land in India is heavily encumbered, and that distress has sunk into the depths of rural society. Active discontent has been shown to have taken the place of sullen indifference, and evictions enforced by British law have been resented by the peasantry. In the great central plateau of India, known as the Deccan,—which extends into the Central Provinces and into Madras, but of which the main portion constitutes the chief division of the Bombay Presidency,—outrages have lately occurred, which much resemble the most malignant type of agrarian disorder in Ireland. The growth of discontent in the Western Presidency, which comprises nearly 125,000 square miles under the direct administration of Government, is a serious consideration, not merely because it is widespread, but also because it is marked by deeds of violence, for which no precedent can be found in the early annals of British rule. In the Bombay, as well as in the Madras Presidency, the proprietary body is no mere class or section of the population. The peasantry constitute almost the nation, and property is emphatically a national possession. There is nothing even in France which can compare with the general distribution of landed property and the subdivision of farms which exists in the Deccan. It must never be forgotten that the ryots (that is, the cultivators) contribute the largest and the most elastic portion of the financial resources of the Empire, and that without their passive obedience the task of ruling India would be beyond our power. The increase of agrarian discontent is therefore a matter of the highest political as well as economic consideration; and the popularity of British rule

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\* The statistics supplied by the Indian Governments are imperfect and insufficient; but no more accurate information has yet been furnished by private investigation. The statistical unit of India is the village; and in the compilation of village records difficulties of expense, of a local supply of educated clerks, and finally of the removal of caste prejudices and suspicion, are incurred, which only the constant pressure of official supervision can overcome. Every private inquirer has found these difficulties insurmountable, including Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji: and time only can improve the materials on which independent opinion can be formed. We have alluded in a later paragraph to some of Mr. Hyndman's statistics.

depends



depends more upon the influence which our laws exert upon the tenure of land, than upon the action of all other parts of our legislative or administrative machinery.

But the disorderly conduct of the Bombay peasantry derives no less importance from its novelty, than from the wide area which may be affected by it. The riots which occurred in 1875, when the peasantry rose against the money-lenders, were the first serious outbreak of popular indignation which had occurred since the Deccan passed from the government of the Peshwa into that of the East India Company. Yet poverty and debt were the familiar heritage of the ryots before the advent of British rule. Nor was the tranquillity of rural society an exceptional feature in Indian history, or peculiar to Bombay. With the sole exception of the Santhal rebellion which occurred in 1855, the pressure of private debt had never before 1875 forced itself upon public notice by organized attacks either on the capitalists or the Government authorities. Even during the Sepoy mutiny of 1857, the friendly neutrality of the rural population was attributed to their gratitude for the liberality of our land settlements. But it was then observed that, in districts which were reduced to anarchy, debtors who had been evicted from their estates by the decrees of British Courts, and who were still regarded by their neighbours as the true feudal proprietors, returned and were allowed by their frightened creditors to resume uncontested possession of their ancestral fields. With these exceptions, the ryots of India have generally proved themselves, if not friendly, at least obedient, to British law and authority.

Under such circumstances the events of 1875 created a profound impression upon the Government. There had been warnings that the rural proletariat were beginning to view with impatience the protection afforded by the Civil Courts to the money-lenders. Offences against the persons as well as the properties of Sowkars (or money-lenders) had since 1870 swollen the criminal returns of all parts of the Bombay Presidency, and especially of the Deccan districts. A celebrated outlaw, named Honia, had enlisted the sympathy of the simple villagers by mutilating the persons of obnoxious money-lenders, and had successfully defied for two years every attempt at his capture. So daring had this robber become, that he had collected a small band of followers, and, retiring to the mountainous fastnesses of the Western Ghats, had commenced levying blackmail from the villages which lie at the foot of the hills. His exploits were magnified by the people, and were the subjects of song at village festivals in ballads in which Honia was compared with the great Sivaji, who had commenced his celebrated career in the same district.

district. His popularity increased so rapidly, that it became necessary to detach a special force for his arrest and the dispersion of his gang. But the sympathetic villagers invariably informed Honia of the movements of his pursuers, and the offer of a large reward failed to induce any one to betray a man who was regarded as the debtor's friend. His capture was at last effected through the treachery of one of his former confederates, who received a free pardon as the price of his desertion.

The Deccan riots, which commenced on May 12, 1875, followed close upon the exploits of Honia and of his popular gang of outlaws. Their course and character is fully described in the Report which was presented to Parliament last year. Sir Philip Wodehouse, then Governor of Bombay, acted with as much promptitude as humane consideration. Whilst a military force was despatched to overwhelm all opposition, care was taken to prevent any unnecessary conflict between the people and the soldiery. The suppression of disturbances was effected by the civil police without the active intervention of the military, and the naturally peaceful tendencies of the peasantry prevailed against the excited efforts to disorder. The disturbances, which never assumed dangerous proportions, were probably intended as a demonstration of popular discontent, and as a forcible warning that measures of relief could no longer be deferred. Rural society was in fact satisfied with an official assurance of full investigation and consideration. The Bombay authorities lost no time in appointing an officer to report on the condition of the Deccan, but the Governor-General considered that the questions involved had reference likewise to other parts of India, and that the circumstances demanded an imperial and not merely a local enquiry. Unfortunately the Government of India has found no leisure to act upon the Report which was presented to it three years ago, and the distress which was attested by the Commissioners must have been considerably augmented by the famine which has since occurred. The responsibility for this delay does not, however, rest upon the Bombay Government; and in the Annual Report, published in December last, it is stated that 'legislative measures of relief are now under the consideration both of the Governor of Bombay in Council and of the Governor-General.' Alike from the gravity of the issues at stake, and from the moderation evinced by themselves, the Bombay ryots possess a strong claim upon the early attention of the Legislature and the sympathy of their rulers. We trust that the Government of India, which has fully acknowledged its responsibility, will hasten to redeem the promises of redress which it has publicly given. The solution of all social agrarian problems is beset with

with difficulties, and the condition of the peasant engages no less serious attention in Germany than that of the Bombay ryot in India. Good faith, as much as sound policy, demands the early provision of relief for the Deccan peasantry. We propose, therefore, to enquire into some of the causes of the distress and discontent which prevail, and to consider the character and policy of the remedial legislation which appears to be required.

Debt is the very pith and marrow of all the distress and discontent which exist in India. The causes of debt lie imbedded in the foundations of native society, and no remedy will be effectual which does not penetrate as deep as the disease itself. It may be admitted that the trade of the money-lender has grown with the growth of the nation under British rule; but such an admission affords some ground for congratulation, as an evidence of increased production, capital, and wealth. There is, however, one novel feature in the case, which demands preliminary enquiry, and upon which undue stress has been laid as if it were the main cause of popular indignation and the primary object of reform. This novelty consists in the dispossession of a bankrupt peasant from his estate by decrees of the English Courts.

It has been asserted that evictions were unknown to Hindu society before the conquest, and that English law and practice in this respect are opposed to the feelings of the natives of India. It has therefore been concluded that, if land were rendered inalienable for debt, the chief cause of Deccan discontent would be removed. As a bare statement of fact, this contains some proportion of truth, but before the conclusion can be accepted it is necessary to explain the origin of evictions. They will be found to result, not so much from a change of law, as from the liberality of the policy which the British Governments have adopted towards the cultivating classes in India. The ryot was raised from the position of a tenant-at-will to that of a peasant-proprietor; and evictions became the natural corollary to the creation of private property in land. The land settlement in Bombay, opposed as it was to the land settlement in Bengal, resembled its predecessor in this respect, namely that Government created in both Presidencies a considerable class of private rights over the public land. Until our settlements were introduced, the state-lands had only been alienated in favour of a very few noble landholders. But, in 1793, Lord Cornwallis conferred the rights of private property in land upon large landlords, or Zemindars, in Bengal. In Bombay, on the other hand, the distribution was more popular, and thus in 1836 the numerous small cultivators were recognised by the state as  
peasant

peasant proprietors. But, although the liberal extension of the institution of private property in the soil was unknown before the commencement of British rule, a few specially favoured proprietors had from early times enjoyed a somewhat precarious tenure of land under the native governments. These landed proprietors, who were variously styled Jaghirdars, Patadars, or merely Inamdars, held their estates either on the condition of rendering certain services or in recognition of those rendered in past time. The number of alienations was few, and every change of Government witnessed their forfeiture or transfer to new favourites. The policy of the British Governments was to deal liberally with all such private estates, wherever a good title and long possession could be proved. But with these exceptions the soil of India belonged to its several rulers. The state-lands formed the assignment of the various villages, and the cultivators who tilled them occupied their recognised position in the village community. The land was rack-rented, and liable for a multitude of extra cesses, benevolences, and perquisites of officials; a policy which left the ryot always in debt to Government and its subordinate officers. There were two classes of ryots, hereditary tenants or tenants-at-will. The only form of eviction known was when an hereditary tenant, driven from his village by war, pestilence, or famine, returned to claim his estates from a new occupant. Evictions were never enforced by the revenue authorities for failure to pay rent. The Government had no occasion to use that weapon against a defaulter. It was thoroughly understood that more was demanded from the ryot than he could pay, and it was presumed that whatever could have been extorted from him by torture and persecution had been obtained.

This demoralizing system of collection was so firmly established in the Deccan, that even our own zealous subordinates resorted to similar practices in the first few years of British rule, and the revenue was collected from the people by torture. There was no incentive to labour or to saving in such a state of society, and 'the ruin and misery of the ryot' was described as 'beyond belief.'

But the English lost no time in adopting a policy, which produced a revolution in the tenure of property and in the social condition of the people. The state-lands were accurately measured and classified, and the boundaries of each parcel were carefully marked. All irregular cesses were abolished, and a light assessment was fixed on each parcel. The assessment was declared unalterable for thirty years, and after that period subject to revision upon general considerations, such as a rise  
or



or fall in prices, or the construction of a railway. Private improvements were specially exempted from taxation; but errors in the previous settlement were liable to correction. The punctual payment of the assessment in money was insisted upon. The occupant was not allowed to alter the size of the parcels, nor to part with a portion of a field: nor might he without permission destroy the character of an estate by quarrying it. But, subject to these restrictions, the tenant, who was found in actual possession of each parcel at the time of settlement, was granted unlimited control over his property. He might sell, transfer, mortgage, bequeath, or otherwise dispose of his land, just as, to use a native expression, he might of his own turban. In short, the Bombay ryot acquired full proprietary rights, so long as he paid the assessment; and the retention of the estate, which his ancestor had cultivated as a mere tenant, was now left to the care and industry of the peasant. Nor had he expended a single rupee upon the redemption of his property. In Prussia a similar enfranchisement of the land, in 1850, transformed the villein into a peasant, but it saddled him with the cost of his emancipation. In India the ryot obtained gratuitously the credit which ownership conferred upon him, exchanged a tenancy-at-will and a rack-rent for a saleable estate, subject only to a light assessment, and yet contracted no fresh obligation to the money-lender.

The transition from the ryot's acquisition of his proprietary title to its extinction, completes the historical review of the origin of evictions. The security of a strong rule, and the regular administration of justice, induced the Deccan peasantry to accumulate wealth and to improve their properties. The money-lender was equally encouraged to open his accounts on all sides. By 1860, the most backward districts were officially reported as having 'attained a high standard of prosperity.' Before the close of the American civil war, the condition of the ryots was such that Government congratulated itself on the effect which the 'magic of property' had introduced into the Bombay Presidency. These were prosperous times for the Sowkar, who, it must be remembered, combines trade in cotton and other agricultural produce with his banking operations. No question of evictions had yet arisen. There was a growing demand for education. The revenue had never been collected with so little pressure, and agricultural wealth increased. Population grew, and this very growth, while it attested the prosperity of that period, aggravated the distress of the ensuing years. After the close of the American civil war, there was a general collapse both of mercantile and agricultural credit in Bombay. The fall  
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in the value of cotton was succeeded by partial failures of the crops. The Franco-German war next produced an unfavourable effect on Indian trade; and, finally, the disastrous famine of 1876 completed the ruin of a certain portion of the peasantry.

In the meantime, a few ryots had emancipated themselves from the debts which they had inherited, and had reaped the full advantage of the period of prosperity. But it was not to be expected that the majority would shake off at once the habits and traditions of centuries. The causes of indebtedness, to which we shall presently refer, were still in operation; and the money-lender profited by the prosperity as well as by the adversity of the peasant. So long as the ryot was not bankrupt, the Sowkar did not press his debtor for payment of his inherited debts, but rivetted, by a system of fresh advances and renewal of bonds, the links in the chain of indebtedness which secured his final ruin. But when the stage of bankruptcy was reached, the landed property of the bankrupt became liable equally with his personal estate. Even then the money-lender usually avoided recourse to eviction, and preferred to attach the profits of the peasant's labour and leave him in nominal possession of his estate. Himself skilful in business, but ignorant of husbandry, he would gain no advantage from a too hasty dispossession of his victims. But in some cases evictions have been enforced, and Deccan society has naturally witnessed with alarm the enforcement of a penalty for debt, which may at any time be exacted from nearly two-fifths of the peasantry. The apprehension of eviction is therefore no less powerful a factor in creating agrarian discontent than eviction itself. A threefold process is quietly but surely going on in the Bombay districts, namely the severance of ownership from cultivation, the transfer of ownership from the ryot to the Sowkar, and the agglomeration of peasant properties into large estates. It would be unreasonable to expect that an ignorant cultivator should view without concern his own ruin or that of his neighbour, because his ancestors were the recipients of English liberality. He only remembers that, whatever convulsions made wreck of rural society in former years, the ryot's connection with his village-community remained unbroken. He forgets that his ancestor could not lose his estates, for the simple reason that they were not his to lose. But because his discontent is natural, it does not follow that it is reasonable, or that it would be politic to render land inalienable. Evictions are associated by Western thought with a state of society which has no counterpart in the Deccan. It is necessary, therefore, to remember the lessons which history has taught. A great experiment has been made,  
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and in some instances it has failed ; and the remedy proposed seeks to perpetuate the failures. The Deccan peasantry have been invested with a property which some of them have been found incapable of preserving. Any attempt to secure them in their proprietary status by the fetters of perpetual entail, against the natural result of their improvidence or carelessness, would be as impracticable as it would be impolitic.

The assertion, that evictions have been introduced into India by English law, requires therefore the explanation, that English policy created private property in the land. Whether native society would have tolerated the dispossession of a bankrupt landlord for private debt, if the State had at an earlier period of Indian history parted with its proprietary title in favour of its subjects, is a speculative question which we should be inclined to answer in the affirmative. Hindu law, and the sentiment of society, guarded the sacredness of credit as jealously as ever did the old Roman law, which adjudged to the bankrupt the loss of his tribe and the forfeiture of all social and political rights. Society tolerated even cruelty as a means of compelling a debtor to pay his debt. Religion enforced the obligation of recognising debts that were inherited. There is no analogy between Indian and Hebrew sentiment in respect to debt. No condemnation is passed either by Menu or Mahomed on him 'who hath given his money upon usury,' and there is no reason to assume that the perpetual alienation or mortgage of land beyond a Jubilee year would ever have been interdicted in India under any circumstances. As is pointed out in the Report of the Commission, there is no text in Hindu law which exempts land from liability for debt. By the Mahomedan law, in the Hedaya xxx., a debtor's houses and lands are declared to be saleable in satisfaction of the creditor's claim. But this speculative enquiry need not be pursued further. It is sufficient to observe that eviction is merely a type of distress, and one of the consequences of debt. The only reform, which can permanently allay discontent and relieve distress, is that which will teach the ryot thrift, providence, and industry, and thus remove the causes of his indebtedness.

The important question then is—What are the causes, both economic and legal, of a condition of rural insolvency, which has enforced its recognition by deeds of violence, in despite of the material benefits which half a century of British rule has conferred upon Indian society? Every influence, which religion, climate, and politics could exert, has tended to make the ryot a stranger to thrift and industry. We must add that even our laws, our settlements, and our taxes, have increased the  
existing

existing disproportion, and favoured the quick-witted money-lender at the expense of the peasant. The ryot's moral progress has not kept pace with his material improvement; and his increased credit has added to the profits of the village banker and merchant. Finally, the caprices of climate and the natural plagues peculiar to Indian agriculture, which no action of Government can anticipate or prevent, have proved unusually injurious in recent years to the interests of the peasantry.

We may first consider the national character which distinguished the Bombay 'Kumbi' (or cultivator), when the responsibility for his protection and improvement devolved upon the English. His chief characteristics of reckless indifference, bad husbandry, a low standard of comfort, and blind disregard of consequences, were the natural result of his religious beliefs, of climatic influence, and of successive cycles of social and political disturbance. His ready explanation of every vice or folly was by an appeal to the law of necessity. In his opinion, an unseen and irreversible destiny destroyed all independence, and prescribed every event in his life. The circumstances of his soul's previous existence, which were unalterable, had determined his course through every detail of his present life. He was taught in his ballads that

'Yesterday—this day's madness did prepare,  
To-morrow's triumph, silence, or despair.'

It has been observed that the absence of poor laws in Ireland left the people no other resource than to obtain land on any terms. The same deteriorating influence was in India supplied by caste, which even prevented a ryot from sinking into any one of the numerous classes of professional beggars, just as it closed the door to his pursuit of any other trade or industry than agriculture. The condition of society was founded on status, and the ryot's position in the village community was fixed for him. The consciousness that no effort of industry or economy could improve his position was sufficiently depressing; but this depression was aggravated by the moral and physical effects of the Bombay climate. Without following Plato to Scythia, we can see the invigorating effect of cold in the activity and manlier frame of the Panjabi or Pathan, in contrast with the enervated and puny Mahratta of the Deccan. Side by side with its enervation of tissue and muscle, the warmth of a tropical sun diminished the sum of human necessities, and so afforded little stimulus to labour. At the same time the disorder, which everywhere marked native rule, had offered no incentive to saving. Constant war and revolution, raids of Pindaris and  
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other marauders, the systematic oppression of his own Government, and the corruption of its officials, encouraged the rack-rented ryot to live from hand to mouth. The upper classes of society set no better example of providence. Family pride, and a pretentiousness which made each small Zemindar ape the circumstance and pomp of a Raja, ignorance which despised education, and a childish want of self-control, had combined to impoverish them. Their laws of succession had disintegrated their ancestral properties, and the junior members of the family had traded upon the indefiniteness of their claim on the common property, and were accustomed to live in idleness and dissolute extravagance. In short, debt, poverty, and distress reigned in the land.

It was on this stagnant state of society that the British conquest fell. The religious obligation to pay ancestral debts has already been noticed, and to that sentiment is due the important fact that, on their entry into the rights of permanent occupancy, the peasantry began their new existence under English rule with a heavy weight of inherited debt. But even without this impediment, a population whose infancy had been spent in scenes of revolution, and in exclusion from all political and civil rights, could hardly have been expected to make the best use of privileges so suddenly thrust upon them. The immediate effect of the establishment of a firm and just rule was to stimulate the activity of the money-lender. Even before our arrival, the foreign immigrant from Rajputana, called the Marwari, and the Bania from Guzerat, had set up their business in the Deccan. Just as the publican, following in the wake of Rome's victorious armies, established himself in each new province or client state, and monopolized all private as well as public contracts, so the Marwari or Bania capitalist advanced with every stride of British annexation. Official records prove beyond all doubt that a substantial increase of agricultural wealth and comfort has followed the extension of England's power in India. But it must be confessed that even the improvement of Deccan society has offered temptations to borrowing. The ryot unfortunately felt, and hastened to abuse, the advantages of improved credit, before he had realized all the responsibilities which ownership involved. It was a leading feature in the new settlement that the assessment must be paid in money with punctual regularity, and that no remissions would be granted even in bad seasons. Rack-rented tenants could obviously pay nothing when no crops were reaped; but the case was different with a peasantry who paid a light assessment, which was not increased in years of plenty. For moral, no less than financial, reasons, the English Government had determined  
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to demand the rent fixed, without respect to the caprices of the seasons. It was hoped that its regular enforcement would teach the ryot his first lesson in thrift and providence. Unfortunately such lessons are only learnt in the hard school of adversity. The temptation to borrow proved too strong, and occasionally a peasant has been known to accept the assistance of the money-lender, when he had sufficient money buried in his cottage. The fixed revenue demand has in some cases proved a cause of increased indebtedness. It must be remembered that Indian agriculture has exceptional difficulties to overcome; and, although immense progress has been made in works of irrigation, the cultivation in the Deccan is almost entirely dependent upon the rainfall. How capricious this supply is, may be tested by the fact, that fluctuations from 25 inches to 2 inches of rain in the year are not uncommon. Then again in Sind, where no sufficient or seasonable rain falls, but the river Indus brings to the ryots' aid the inundation from the melted snow-fields and glaciers of the Himalayas, the variations of season are still more disastrous. Not a single year passes in which thousands of acres are not flooded, standing crops destroyed, cattle drowned, and homesteads swept away. And then the crops which the floods or the drought have spared are liable to be devoured by locusts, rats, and crabs, or to be destroyed by blight. It is folly to ignore the frequency and magnitude of such disasters, or their natural effect in compelling the people to have recourse to the money-lender.

It will be noticed that in this review of the causes of debt we do not hesitate to attribute a generally beneficial influence to British rule. Our conclusion, based on a careful selection of official opinions and statistics, is—that the material progress of the people under our rule was steady, until it was checked by the recent famine. There is grave necessity for the exercise of economy, and for the prompt provision of certain alterations in the law, but there is no occasion for panic or despair. The moral faults of a nation cannot be eradicated, nor its social inequalities levelled, in a single generation. A heavy legacy of debt, bequeathed by a vicious native rule, cannot be wiped out by the industry of forty years. Finally, visitations of drought, flood, and locusts cannot be controlled, although their effect may be palliated, by human measures. On the other hand, the public have recently been warned in two articles, with the sensational title of the 'Bankruptcy of India,'\* that 'the whole official evidence of prosperity tumbles to pieces,' and that favourable

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\* 'The Nineteenth Century,' October 1878, and March 1879.

reports are 'mere dictatorial opinions of high-placed officials who are unchecked by public opinion.' It would be foreign to our present object to point out and refute all the errors and fallacies contained in these papers; but we may briefly notice one or two points which bear upon the subject we are discussing. Mr. Hyndman contends that the unprecedented frequency, as well as severity, of recent famines is the result of our administration; that the people have no savings or hoarded wealth, that agricultural stock is reduced, and that Bombay is again on its downward course. Now it is premature to express any decided opinion on the theory of the influence of sun-spots, and the periodic recurrence of cycles of famine-years.\* On this subject the Famine Commission are collecting statistics which are not yet available. But in the face of such a truism, as that the soil in India is absolutely unproductive without a monsoon or inundation, it seems gratuitous and unreasonable to charge against British rule the losses which have been due rather to natural than to artificial causes.

One point, however, deserves notice—that deficiencies of rain and consequent failure of crops have only gradually expanded into drought and famine. In Bombay the famine warnings were so timely, as to enable Sir Philip Wodehouse to prepare a detailed scheme of famine relief, as well as complete plans and estimates of all the relief works which his successor executed. The dates are important. In September 1876 the Bombay Government commenced giving relief, and in December active measures were taken, and were hardly relaxed before the following October. Yet the official report published in December last assures us that 'the mass of peasant-proprietors supported themselves.' How was this possible unless they had savings, the existence of which is so strenuously denied? We have statistics, accessible to Mr. Hyndman but evidently overlooked by him, which cannot be controverted. We presume that the order in which a starving population would draw on its reserves would be as follows:—First, cash balances in hand would be expended. This supply would be absorbed into the circulation without the possibility of our gauging it. Balances in the Savings'-banks would next be withdrawn; of these withdrawals we have figures, but the masses do not avail themselves of such institutions for hoarding their savings. Next the silver coins of former currencies would be parted with, and finally silver ornaments would be pledged and then sold. Once sold,

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\* For statistics on this point we may refer to the 'Journal of the Statistical Society' for September 1878.

the ornaments would gradually find their way into circulation through the Mints of Bombay and Calcutta. Thus we find that the tender of silver ornaments at the Bombay Mint increased with the pressure of famine. Before 1876 the tender of such objects averaged 600*l.* a month. In November 1876 they reached 7000*l.*, and in December they increased to 100,000*l.* They then rose steadily until September 1877, when their value was 189,754*l.* In the two years 1877 and 1878 the value of ornaments tendered at the Bombay Mint alone amounted to 1,946,158*l.*, and the value of ornaments and disused coins together exceeded two and a quarter millions sterling. These figures speak for themselves.

Mr. Hyndman next alludes to the decrease of cows and bullocks in Bombay, and contrasts the year 1876-77 with 1871-72. The contrast ceases to be instructive, when it is borne in mind that the Bombay famine commenced in 1876, and that the failure of grass was very general. Undoubtedly the mortality of bullocks was excessive in that and the following year. But apparently the loss was chiefly confined to the worn-out stock; for in 1877-78, 38,000 additional acres were brought under cultivation in the settled districts of Bombay, exclusive of Sind. But what answer can be given to the contrast drawn by the same writer between the cattle in certain villages of Ahmednagar in 1873, as compared with 1843? Mr. Hyndman has apparently overlooked the explanation contained in a previous paragraph of the Report from which he quotes a part. In those villages large tracts of land had been given up to grazing, but when the lands were taken up by the peasantry under the new settlement they were brought under the plough. At the same time roads were made and carts introduced, 'which supplied the wasteful carriage on pack bullocks.' Finally, a railway still further reduced the demand for cattle. A similar explanation disposes of a further charge brought against our rule—'that the cattle in Native states are more numerous than in British territory.'

We have only space to allude to one more statement, which deals with the important problem of the tribute of India. The authority of Mr. Maclean is cited in support of the calculation, that the private remittances withdrawn from the country amount to an annual drain of twenty millions. Mr. Hyndman thinks the calculation excessive, and suggests ten millions as nearer to the truth. But we have before us a paper in which Mr. Maclean, so lately as February 10th last, estimates the drain at three millions per annum, instead of twenty millions. The passage runs as follows: 'About thirty millions represent the sum of remittances made to England, during the ten years 1868-



1877, by servants of Government, professional men, merchants, and in fact the whole British population of India.'

Many other statements advanced in regard to the 'Bankruptcy of India' might be shown to be equally unfounded and unsupported by evidence. The conclusive proofs of the material and moral progress of India outweigh bare assertions to the contrary: and the causes which we have assigned appear to us sufficient to explain how debt has accumulated and estates have become encumbered in the Deccan, notwithstanding the benefits conferred by our firm and liberal rule.

From the enumeration of such causes we pass to a consideration of the advantages and disadvantages incidental to the condition of rural society which has been described. All debt is not of necessity an unqualified evil. The debt which can never be repaid, and which leaves the insolvent debtor paralysed by destroying all incentive to industry, is a misapplication and waste of power. But the debt which utilizes the unemployed capital of the banker and applies it to the development or the repair of the productive forces of nature, is beneficial to a country. In no country in the world is the assistance of capital more required by the land than in India. To this fact must be ascribed the tolerance of Hindu society for the foreign money-lender, and the inculcation by religion of the duty of repayment of ancestral debt. The village banker is essential to the social system of the country. At once the purchaser of rural produce and the local agent of the central mercantile firms, alike the village shopkeeper and money-lender, he enables the peasantry to derive full benefit from a good season, and to moderate the oft-recurring disasters of drought and flood. Without his aid the rent could not be realized. His functions in normal times are most important, but in the abnormal times of famine they are indispensable. Then the banker and shopkeeper is stimulated to double activity in both capacities. He advances from his stores food, seed, stock, and even money, to the peasantry, who can offer nothing but their credit in return. By relieving the better classes of the community, he lessens the pressure upon the public purse. But he does more than this. He becomes the Government purveyor for the masses who are crowded on the State relief works. Experience has proved the advantage of leaving the transport and distribution of food-supplies to private trade. The Government officials give ample notice of their requirements, collect and publish information concerning the markets from which plentiful supplies may be drawn, keep open the arteries of communication, and maintain order and discipline amongst the starving people. But it is the Sowkar who  
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spans the gulf which separates want from plenty, and fulfils the functions of distribution which no State agency can perform.

The advantages of such debt are clearly as numerous as are the various productive uses to which rural credit is applied. But even a collapse of credit is not without some wholesome compensation for the disadvantages which it involves. Without selection, without education, and in short without any moral or social preparation whatsoever, a whole body of rack-rented tenantry were elevated into a landed proprietary. All brought with them into their new position a heritage of debt: but some have shaken themselves free, and established their title to the liberal rights conferred upon them. Others have only abused their privileges and increased their liabilities, so as to encumber their lands. Under these circumstances, a process of natural and gradual decay, of debt sinking into bankruptcy, and of bankruptcy bearing the fruit of eviction, may produce a healthier readjustment of rural society. It cannot be denied that the transfer of property from ignorance, improvidence, and sloth, into the hands of thrift, industry, and skill, will be beneficial. Even the evicted peasantry, who now view the process with discontent and alarm, will gain by their freedom from the wreck of their encumbered estates. As free labourers they will at least recommence a new financial and moral existence, and may in process of time recover what they have lost. In any case a more healthy tone will be infused into the relations which subsist between land and capital, when the risk and waste, which attend debts contracted by men who can never repay them, are eliminated from the loan market.

Passing to the reverse side of this picture of rural distress and discontent, we can best consider the disadvantages of debt in connection with the state of the law. The laws of India which affect debt may be classified into two divisions, according as they regulate the relations between creditor and debtor before the stage of insolvency is reached, and as they confer powers on the creditor over an insolvent debtor. The former are characterized by an entire absence of any restriction or interference. Every facility is afforded both to the borrowing and the lending classes, between whom an equality of intelligence and capacity is presumed to exist. This benevolent neutrality of the Legislature, however, gives an advantage to the quick-witted and unscrupulous Marwari over the simple peasant. The laws which are comprised under the latter division are entirely one-sided. They proceed on the assumption that the insolvent debtor has committed an offence against society, and they deal with him with a severity unknown to any other modern code of law. The

Indian law in its first stage almost encourages debt, and in its later stage drags the debtor into reckless despair.

The leading provisions of the laws grouped in the first division are as follows:—Land has been declared to be the heritable and transferable possession of the peasantry; and the mechanism by which such transfers are effected is extraordinarily simple and inexpensive. Transit dues were abolished; and the numerous cesses and extra taxes, under which the ryots had groaned, were swept away. The law of contract gave the peasant full power to bind himself by an obligation which required little formality and no trouble to execute. At the same time, whilst land was enfranchised from all restrictions, and the landholder from all disabilities, the money-lender obtained equal relief from cramping legislation. In 1859 all usury laws were abolished, and the Bombay Regulation of 1827, which prescribed 12 per cent. as the legal rate of interest, shared the fate of many similar statutes. A simple law of limitation was passed; and the Hindu rule of *Dám dūpat*\* was superseded. Law Courts were multiplied, and the administration of justice cheapened. Thus in every way, both by the facilities offered to debtors and by the security guaranteed to creditors, debt was encouraged by law.

In the same year which witnessed the abolition of usury laws the Civil Procedure Code was passed. This celebrated enactment has recently been revised, and its amendments came into force in October 1877. But we are here dealing with the law which was in force when the Deccan disturbances occurred. The provisions of the Civil Code of 1859 conferred excessive powers on the creditor. He might sell up an insolvent debtor, strip the ornaments off his wife, take the beams away from the roof of his hovel—leaving him without protection from sun and rain—sell his bullocks and farm instruments, and evict him from his estate. In most countries the bankrupt is left with the bare necessities of life, such as his tools of trade, his wearing apparel, and bedding. In Russia, where the recently emancipated peasantry have, like the Indian ryot, fallen into pecuniary embarrassments, the law deals with insolvent debtors with extreme

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\* The rule known as *Dám dūpat* precluded the recovery of interest at any time in excess of the principal where the advance was in money. The same rule is found in the old laws of Egypt, and in some of the Roman provinces of Asia Minor. Great objection has been taken by some writers to the application to Indian society of a rigid Statute of Limitations; and the reduction of the period of limitation from twelve to three years has sometimes been assigned as one of the causes of the Deccan riots. The subject is very clearly and temperately discussed in Chapter IV. section 5 of the Report of the Commission, where many popular fallacies are exposed.

leniency.

leniency. Their horse and their share of communal land, as well as their implements and house, are exempted from sequestration. But the law of 1859 exempted nothing from sale, and mercilessly reduced the bankrupt ryot to absolute ruin. Nor did its severity end here. The debtor's body was liable to imprisonment, and the terrors of such a disgrace and banishment from his family and caste generally induced the peasant to purchase immunity by degrading himself and his children into a condition of serfdom. But the omissions of the law are not less noteworthy than its provisions. No discharge was granted to the bankrupt after the surrender of his property, nor was any limitation prescribed to the term of slavery which he might accept. Although he might have been stripped of all his possessions, some of his liabilities always survived the wreck of his affairs. The unsatisfied creditor invariably kept in reserve a fresh claim, or exacted a renewal of a bond, in order to overwhelm his victim by the terror of imprisonment, if he attempted to evade the obligation of slavery. Any savings which might hereafter accrue to the bankrupt were appropriated by the money-lender to his own use. The term of serfdom was thus prolonged until the creditor's claims were fully satisfied, and, as the balance of the ryot's indebtedness carried compound interest, the insolvent debtor naturally surrendered himself to despair.

Such was the state of the law, which in most particulars remains unaltered at the present time. Three points claim especial attention. First, the legal presumption which assumes the existence of an equality of sense and capacity between the debtor and creditor has been refuted by the experience of twenty years of Deccan administration. Secondly, the power of imprisonment, which the law of 1859 conferred, and which has been limited but not entirely abrogated by recent legislation, has rarely been enforced; but the threat of imprisonment has been skilfully used by the money-lender to extort from the peasant acquiescence in a condition of serfdom which is transmitted from generation to generation. Such an abuse of the law was not contemplated by the Legislature; but the fact explains much of the discontent and disturbance which has been reported, and which originates in those ranks of society over which a reign of terror has been established. Lastly, the continuance of terror and despair is secured by the absence of any final catastrophe of bankruptcy and of the consequent emancipation of the bankrupt.

The recital of these three points will suggest the character of the reforms which, in our opinion, are urgently needed. Our  
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space forbids a detailed consideration, either of the experiments which have already been tried, or of the drastic and even wild remedies which are advocated by a certain school of Indian officials. But the failure of one experiment, applied to a class of landholders in the Guzerat division of the Bombay Presidency, deserves a passing notice, more particularly because the same principle was subsequently extended by Lord Northbrook to the Zemindars of Sind. We refer to the large landlords or Talukdars of Ahmedabad, whose affairs were by a special enactment removed from the jurisdiction of the Civil Courts. By that measure the public faith was broken with capital, and the Talukdars were permitted to repudiate their contracts, and to retain their lands which were legally forfeited. But the indulgence has not taught the landlords of Guzerat experience, and in its last administrative report the Government of Bombay alludes to the enactment in these terms :—

‘It is unsatisfactory to find that so little improvement has taken place in the character and habits of the indebted landlords of Broach and Ahmedabad. In several instances applications have been made for the benefit of the Act by persons whose estates have already been once handed back to them free from debt.’

The time has now arrived when the responsibility of initiating reform can no longer be shifted from the Central to the Local Councils for making laws and regulations. The amelioration of the condition of the agricultural classes is an imperial task, and the provision of special relief for a few favoured sections of society will merely aggravate the discontent of the masses. Each local Act affords a precedent for other Legislative Chambers, and its retention on the Statute-book only fosters agitation for extending its provisions. Indecision and concession are as dangerous in the work of legislation, as they are in the more active departments of Indian administration. History, both ancient and modern, affords abundant warning of the impolicy of surrendering the principles of civil justice to the cries of an indebted proletariat. The people of India are only now learning their first lessons in justice and in the principles of civilized administration, and every alteration of the law confounds their sense of right and wrong. It would be a most dangerous lesson to teach them, how easily retrospective legislation can avert from a whole class the natural consequences of its improvidence, and apply the sponge to its debts. It is to be hoped that the Government of India will take into its own hands the alteration of the law, and submit to the most rigid scrutiny every quack remedy which is proposed to it.

In carrying out the work of legislation, there are three principles

ciples which should be steadily kept in view. In the first place, Free-trade in land, created in 1836, must not be wantonly destroyed. Were land rendered inalienable, any rural credit which is now founded on the transferable character of landed property would be lost. The peasantry would be the first to feel and to resent the effects of a limitation of their borrowing power, or, in other words, a restriction on the free application of capital to their lands. Moreover it must not be forgotten that the State would still require and exercise its power of evicting revenue defaulters. The number of defaulters and consequently of evictions would obviously be increased by any measure which aggravated the difficulties of the peasantry in borrowing their rent or the funds necessary for their agricultural operations. But even if the State were to waive its own claims, it could not guarantee perpetual possession to existing landholders against causes which are more potent than the attacks of money-lenders. The deficiency of a single inundation, which occurred in the province of Sind in 1877, threw out of cultivation 677,561 acres of land. The sale of Sicilian corn in ancient Rome, the recent revival of the American cotton-supply and the consequent ruin of the cotton-trade in India, and the still increasing importation of foreign stock and corn into England, are conspicuous examples of influences which in their respective countries have contracted cultivation and compelled the transfer or relinquishment of land.

Secondly : the rate of interest cannot be regulated by law. The truth of this maxim has been fully taught by science and illustrated by history. Yet the advocates of usury laws in India, as well as in Germany, are still unconvinced and importunate. The practical failure of such laws is too recent an experience in Indian legislation, to justify a revival of the experiment in the usual form. It has therefore been proposed by the Bombay Government to allow the Courts of law to fix the rate of interest proper to each transaction. The decision would thus be left to the uncertain and untrained opinion of nearly one hundred different tribunals. The official report of the Deccan riots disposes of the proposal in the following terms : 'To empower the subordinate judges to use their discretion is to ask them to assume a responsibility for which their legal training and character hardly fit them. Diversity of practice would be inevitable.' It is obvious that such a result would only upset the calculations of the Sowkars, and add trouble and expense to the transactions of the loan market.

Thirdly : Good faith must be scrupulously maintained. The rights of capital must be enforced no less than those of land or labour.

labour. The murder of the Prætor Asellio is not the only instance, which history records, of creditors taking the law into their own hands when legal redress has been refused them. The State, by the protection which it affords, has induced the banker to advance money to the ryot, and has itself directly benefitted by the rent which the ryot has been able to pay. It cannot then suddenly rob the creditor of his remedy, by reducing either the principal or the interest of the loan which has been advanced and dissipated, or by refusing its aid to recover what is legally due. Such spoliation would not be justified by the ephemeral relief which it might afford to debtors. It would demoralize society, and the cry for cancelling debts would, for the first time in Indian history, become the watchword of revolution. Undoubtedly ancestral debt is the chief cause of national indebtedness, and it is to be regretted that the prosperity and general improvement, which fifty years of British rule have now given to the Deccan ryot, should have been discounted by a native administration, whose extravagance and misgovernment had ruined the people. But the heavy legacy of distress and debt ought to have been repudiated at once, if it was to be repudiated at all, and it is too late now to apply the sponge to obligations which have changed hands and have been recognised by law. We must be grateful for the healthy tone of native society in regard to debt, and must not corrupt by demoralizing legislation a sentiment which has hitherto afforded the best security against disorder. It would be desirable that the Legislature should place some limitation upon an heir's liability for ancestral debt; but it must be remembered that life in India is very uncertain. Cholera, epidemic fevers, and those fatal diseases which follow in the train of famine, are of constant and most destructive recurrence. Unless therefore care is taken in dealing with inherited debt, there would be a danger of discouraging the growth and application of capital—a result which would aggravate and not diminish distress.

We may now revert to the points in which the existing law has been considered defective, and state the alterations which can be provided without contravening the principles suggested. There should be special measures adopted for protecting the simple ryot against fraud; the creditor should no longer have it within his power to threaten an honest debtor with imprisonment; and, finally, the bankrupt should be protected against any revival of old claims, which should be extinguished for ever when once he has surrendered his whole estate to his creditors.

The prevention of fraud is so essentially one of the functions of Government, that we must concede to those who have charged  
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the Government with neglect of duty towards the ryot, that it has failed to protect the borrowing classes against fraud. It is officially reported that the Sowkars constantly forge bonds, omit to give receipts, falsify their accounts, hire false witnesses, and tender as new old bonds which have been discharged. The money-lender knows the law, whilst the ryot is ignorant of the most common precautions which the transaction of business suggests. 'The marwari' is described in the Commissioners' report as 'indifferent to public opinion, and following the instincts of the usurer. He has sufficient education to draw up his own plaint and to understand procedure as well as his Vakil' (lawyer). To what extent this knowledge of law assists him, may be gauged from the fact that, out of a total of 144,412 suits instituted in the rural districts of Bombay in 1877, 128,261 were for money; and of these 80 per cent. were on written obligations or accounts involving sums less than 50/. The facility with which frauds are practised arises chiefly from the ignorance of the debtor, who either does not know his rights, or is afraid to enforce them. It has already been noticed that the law presumes an equality of intelligence between the lender and the borrower, and offers every facility to the making of contracts. But a ryot can rarely write or read, and frequently does not understand the meaning of an obligation which he has contracted. The technicalities of law, and its presumptions in favour of deeds which have been formally executed, are thus unfairly and exclusively used by one party to a contract against the other. Some safeguards must obviously be provided against fraud, which may be better suited to the backward state of rural society. The ryot need not be deprived of his power to contract, but his contracts must be explained to him, and executed in a form which he can understand. At present, the debtor seldom keeps a copy of his account or of any deed which he may execute, but it would be possible by a system of registration to protect such documents against the frauds to which they are subjected when in the custody of the Sowkar. The details of the reform of procedure can readily be worked out, and will involve no departure from the fundamental principles of civil justice. Even the advocates of free-trade admit some exception in the case of infant states whose industries require a policy of protection. The argument for the exceptional treatment and protection of the uneducated peasantry of India is far stronger, and the presumption that the ryot can take care of his own interests is at least premature.

The abolition of imprisonment for debt is a reform which has only been conceded in part by the amended Civil Code. We have



have already shown how the Sowkar has used the threat of imprisonment to reduce his victim to a serf, and how this serfdom has passed with the heritage of debt from one generation to another. It will readily be admitted that misfortune should not be confounded with crime. But even if it were considered necessary to punish a debtor with imprisonment, the power to enforce or remit the penalty should not be delegated to the creditor. The account given in all official reports proves that the Sowkar has rarely used, but has constantly abused, the power which the law of 1859 conferred upon him. He has merely extorted from the ryot terms which have degraded the debtor and demoralized the creditor. This should no longer be tolerated, and the repeal of the law, which allows a debtor to be imprisoned when no fraud has been committed, is demanded by considerations of humanity as well as of justice.

Equally necessary with relief from the fear of imprisonment is relief from that moral despair which now settles upon the insolvent debtor. Although he may have sacrificed everything, even his independence, there is still some claim kept in reserve.

'The creditor's powers are not exhausted,' write the Commissioners, 'when he has beggared his debtor. He can make him his bond-slave by the powers of imprisonment, or if he do not require his labour on the land he can seize his earnings, as fast as they accumulate, without any limitation to time. Decrees dating from before 1860 are still current in 1875.'

The unfortunate ryot congratulates himself if he is left on his estate as nominal proprietor, but really in a state of villeinage. But he is in a false position, and the eviction which he dreads is merely postponed until old age or disease renders his maintenance no longer profitable to the Sowkar. It would be better for him to get rid of the wreck of his estate with its encumbrances, and to recommence his independent existence as a labourer, free from the festering canker and corruption of his obligations to the money-lender. We would therefore assist the natural and gradual process of eviction by the introduction of a law of bankruptcy. It has, however, been urged that the sudden introduction of such a law would lead to so many simultaneous evictions, as to create a serious political danger. Probably the danger is exaggerated. It is certain that in Sind Hindu bankers have failed to attract sufficient labour to make the acquisition of the estates of their Mahometan debtors a profitable business. The labour difficulty would probably recur in other parts of the Presidency. But if the evictions of one-third of the Deccan peasantry were anticipated, the first introduction of a bankruptcy law would justify a more liberal measure of Government

ment interference than would otherwise or at any other time be advisable. The cultivators are accustomed to receive advances from Government for the purchase of stock or seed, and after the recent famine about 3000*l.* were advanced for this purpose. It would therefore involve merely a liberal extension of an existing practice, if Government were to assist the most capable of the bankrupt peasantry to recover their estates. In this manner the want of a bankruptcy law, which has long been felt, could be supplied without the risk of serious disturbance.

Intimately connected with the ryot's indebtedness is the more serious evil of the indebtedness of India, to which attention has been recalled by Mr. Fawcett.\* The importance of the connection is enhanced by the consideration, that the agricultural classes of India bear not merely a share, but a disproportionate share, of the national burdens. The readjustment of taxation is therefore a further reform which justice and policy demand. In 1871 we estimated that the upper classes of India contributed not more than 1 per cent. on their income to taxation proper, whilst the classes below the income-tax contributed 5 per cent. of their means. The balance of taxation, so far from having been redressed, has been further depressed in favour of the richer classes by the precipitate action of Lord Northbrook in abolishing the income tax. He thus broke up the machinery of collection just when valuable experience had been obtained; he deprived himself of a reserve fund which might have been applied to the relief of the Bengal famine in 1874; he aggravated the financial difficulties of reduced cash balances, increased debt, and diminished income, which he bequeathed to his successor; and he prepared the way for the imposition of more obnoxious license taxes. Real as are the objections to every alteration of taxation in India, we would advocate the reimposition and permanent maintenance of the income tax. A license tax, such as was imposed by Bombay Act III. 1878, is not merely open to the charge of oppressively low incidence, but also to that of breach of faith with the holders of leases guaranteed under the Bombay land-settlements. For in many cases the peasant proprietors and larger landholders are being treated as traders because they sell their agricultural produce. It is true that—as Mr. Fawcett points out—three successive Finance Ministers condemned the tax. But Lord Lawrence is not the only experienced official who has held a contrary view. On July 1st, 1873, Lord Lawrence stated before the Parliamentary Committee that he did not place much weight on the argu-

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\* See an Article in this Review, No. 259, January 1871.

ments brought forward. He was in favour of maintaining the tax, and he added, 'I go upon experience and judgment, and knowledge of the country.' Apart from the question of justice, there are special reasons of financial policy which render it unwise to cumulate taxation proper upon the Bombay peasantry. The Bombay land settlements deserve more credit than they have received at the hands of Mr. Fawcett. In Sind a considerable addition of land revenue or rent may be expected, when remissions are more judiciously granted and regular settlements universally introduced. Meanwhile in the rest of the Presidency the total annual increment of rent from resettlement operations amounts to 474,953*l.*, and in six out of eighteen districts new settlements are shortly to be introduced. Again the gross revenue of Bombay, with a population which is not much more than half the population of Madras, compares most favourably with that of Madras, and with one exception has shown a progressive tendency. It seems therefore essential that the poorer classes of the Western Presidency should not be crushed by heavier and more unequal taxation. The recent enhancement of the salt duty in Sind from eight annas to forty was excessive, and although in the rest of the Presidency the enhancement was less serious, it cannot be denied that the financial policy of the last five years has aggravated those inequalities which already existed. With a national debt of 127,000,000*l.* exclusive of obligations, with a loss of exchange which in ten years has risen from 117,248*l.* to over 3,000,000*l.*,\* with a famine and a war expenditure yet uncalculated, we cannot expect any reduction of taxation. The increased traffic in goods carried by the Indian railways may be due entirely to the accident of war and famine; but the number of passengers exceeds 31,000,000, and has increased by annual increments of millions. A further pro-

\* The summary of the Indian budget for next year, just received by telegram, distinctly recognizes the alternative of increased taxation or the provision of some remedy which shall guarantee the revenues against heavy losses by exchange. Amongst less violent remedies, it has been suggested that the money required by the India Office should be raised by a loan in this country, to be repaid by India as might be found most convenient according to the Exchanges. But the issue of a loan is not free from objections. Every five years there is a change in the administration of India. The temptation to remove unpopular taxation, and to add to the floating or funded debt of India, has proved too strong for more than one Viceroy who has wished to inaugurate a fresh policy. But apart from this temptation to convert a temporary liability into a permanent charge, it can never be forgotten that the one certain result of fresh borrowing is an immediate addition to India's indebtedness to England. The loss by exchange results from the laws of supply and demand, and it is difficult to see how the depreciation of 20 per cent. in the English value of the rupee can be cured by a measure which neither affects the permanent value of silver nor gives fresh impetus to the export trade, but merely entails on the Indian Government augmented remittances in the future.

gressive increase in railway receipts may be anticipated, and the charges for interest on the capital expended should be reduced when the present contracts expire. The substitution of native officials for English civilians, in the judicial and other sedentary appointments for which they are best qualified, will grant considerable relief, if the Government boldly takes in hand the question of reducing their salaries from the foreign rates at which English officials must be paid. But with these exceptions the position remains as we described it in 1871—‘a chronic difficulty’ arising from the inelasticity of our revenue and the expansive tendency of our expenditure. Under these circumstances a due regard for the stability of our rule, no less than for the prosperity of the people, requires that strict economy should be enforced; and, where a reduction of the total volume of taxation cannot be granted, its redistribution is alike possible and necessary.

Such are the reforms which seem to be urgently required, and for which some consideration may be claimed on the ground that in attempting to cure one evil they will not perpetuate a worse. The British Government cannot loosen public confidence in the security of property and its regard for justice. It would neither benefit the peasantry nor the State, to place land under the fetters of a perpetual entail in favour of a particular set of cultivators. Still less beneficial would it be to deprive the soil of productive power by stopping the trade of the money-lender. Sooner or later land must pass, like all other privileges, from the hands of ignorance and improvidence into those of skill, thrift, and enterprise. The maintenance of the ancient peasant proprietary in their rights is only advantageous if they can preserve themselves from ruin. The State can suppress fraud, and encourage the indebted ryot to rise from the ruin of bankruptcy to a new life and fresh activity. It can moreover reapportion the respective contributions of the peasantry and the money-lenders towards the expenses of administration, and redress the balance of taxation which at present presses too lightly on capital. It can diffuse education through the masses, and so teach the peasantry to enforce the rights and guard the privileges which the law has conferred upon them. But it cannot attempt to do more than this. No class can be granted immunity from the laws of natural decay and the survival of the fittest. Were that practicable, all social improvement would be paralysed, and the financial ruin of India’s peasantry would only be the prelude to the moral bankruptcy of the nation.

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- ART. IV.—1. *The Memoirs of Sir John Reresby, of Thrybergh, Bart., M.P. for York, &c., 1634–1689. Written by Himself.* From the Original MS. by James F. Cartwright, M.A. London, 1875.
2. *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S., from his MS. Cypher in the Pepysian Library. With a Life and Notes by Richard, Lord Braybrooke.* Deciphered, with Additional Notes,\* by Rev. Mynors Bright, M.A. 6 vols. 8vo. London, 1875–1879.

NATIONAL discontent never once during the reign of Charles II. sent an angry mob surging round Whitehall Palace, or through the streets of Westminster. This, perhaps, is as singular as any, among the strange features presented by that era. Disquiet was its essential characteristic. In the social atmosphere still lingered the smell of the fire of civil war; the political world was divided between alarmists shuddering over remembrance of the past, and idlers greedy to enjoy the present hour. Much also to provoke discontent was done by that monarch; and his subjects responded by libels and murmurs, but never by what we know as a demonstration of the masses. This—the natural propensity of a populace—seemed impossible to those who called Charles II. King. His annals, also, were marked by national disasters—calamities which turn men instinctively against their rulers. The sound of De Ruyter's cannon roaring across the Medway might, but for the noise of revelry, have rolled through the galleries of Whitehall: that palace must have resounded to the death-knell of plague-struck London, and to the crash of the burning city. But Charles never heard the tread of an angry crowd around his gates, or the cry of ruined citizens appealing against him or his misgovernment.

Nor did they lack prompters to disturbance. Shaftesbury, an artist in revolution, devoted to that purpose his life's closing years: the open tendency of the Court towards Rome seemed of itself sufficient provocation to the outbreak which he sought after; he was sure of success; he boasted of the 'ten thousand brisk boys' that he could beckon into action; but in vain. As Charles II. declined 'to go again upon his travels,' so the London mob refused to form tumultuary processions, even in answer to the cry of a 'Popish Plot.' Some counter-terror evidently neutralised a terror so potent over the English mind. Those maddening passions—fear and hate—were, for the time, subdued by a still more powerful influence.

And a kindred feeling, an evident disposition to stand aloof from anti-papal panic, is observable among the diarists of that time. Pepys, Reresby, and Evelyn, alike, are reticent regarding an apprehension which must have haunted the subjects of Charles II., namely, that by the influence of royalty, Catholicism would become paramount over England. Nor were they thus silent because they scrupled to chronicle, in other respects, the social discontent they witnessed, or the misdoings of the Court. Pepys faithfully records the effect produced by the Dutch triumph in the Thames, and notes down that 'everybody do nowadays commend Oliver Cromwell, and what brave things he did, and say of Charles, that it is a miracle that one come in with the love and good liking of his people, could devise to lose so much, in so little time.' To Reresby, courtier as he was, we owe the description of the Duke of York's 'unreal smile,' and of the King, sauntering along with ruin at his heels; whilst Evelyn's 'Diary' contains frequent lamentations over the company of 'misses, concubines, and cattle of that sort,' that garrisoned Whitehall.

If conjoint observers of society, in many respects most dissimilar, are alike in a treatment of their subject, both as regards commission and omission, this community of action cannot be accidental. Evelyn, Pepys, and Reresby must have obeyed a strong and wide-spread principle, in ignoring the papal panic of their time. Nor can it be chance which made the London citizen so ready to shout around the victims of Titus Oates, or to rage over the body of Sir E. Godfrey, and yet so resolved not to abet any tumultuous movement against the Government. It was a national policy, not mere political indifference, which made it, to use Pepys's expression, 'the mark of a fanatic to talk of Popery coming in,' and taught the mob to shrink from playing the fanatic's part. And Pepys himself gives us the key to that policy. It is contained in the common outcry which, according to him, arose upon any threat of social disturbance, namely, 'that it would bring back 1641.' This exclamation discloses the special dread which governed the subjects of Charles II. Taught by experience, they knew that an alarm of 'The Pope at the door,' or even resistance to a popish Sovereign, might bring upon them a far nearer danger, and that was civil war.

The explanation, then, of that proverbial saying of two centuries ago must be sought for in the history of the year to which it points. We must ascertain precisely why, in 1678, Englishmen of all classes were so disturbed in mind by the thought, 'that 1641 is come about again.' That was not the year when civil war began; the course of that year, until the very

very close, did not seem at all in that direction: 1642 would be the date we should choose as marking the outbreak of the Revolution. Nor is it until we examine the memorials stamped with the form and pressure of the days which ran between November 1640 and January 1642, the 'Journal of the Long Parliament,' penned by Sir S. D'Ewes, and the pamphlets, and correspondence of the time, that the lesson which the subjects of Charles II. learnt from the year 1641 becomes apparent; and it was this. That year saw the framework of English society rent asunder by a deliberate agitation based upon an imaginary social and religious danger. Every week and month of 1641 was utilized to that object; any pretext however slight, any means however gross, was so employed; until the maddened people first raised their voice in the streets against the rulers of our Church, then against the House of Lords, and then against the Sovereign. The 'Great Rebellion' was the inevitable result.

The supposed danger, the source of that agitation, was a belief, enforced with the authority of intense conviction, that the Pope and the dominant powers of the realm were leagued together for the destruction of the religion and the polity of England. We were thus attacked on all sides. Jesuits, friars, and priests, countless in number, together with every English lay Catholic, composed the Pope's army; these forces permeated England. Everywhere, also, they found allies. For, as the English head of the league was Henrietta Maria—that is to say, the King—the conspiracy included all who willingly owned subjection to the Sovereign, and especially, of course, the bishops and clergy, the judges and councillors of state, courtiers of all degrees, the officers of the royal army, and every civil functionary in the realm. The Protestants of England were thus surrounded by hostile foreigners and neighbours, who, from the highest to the lowest, either intentionally or unintentionally, and acting separately or conjointly, were leaders and followers in this vast design. This design, it was asserted, had long been in existence; it was visible in all that Charles I. had done; this was why he had alienated or oppressed his subjects, broken down Parliaments, angered the Scottish people, and had approved of Strafford's wicked counsels.

The first who screams out 'fire, fire!' in a theatre is justly deemed the author of the frenzy that ensues. As this description of the papal conspiracy is drawn from Pym's opening speech to the Long Parliament,\* and as he urged and re-urged the idea upon every occasion, from November 1640 until January

\* Sanford's 'Great Rebellion,' 301.

1642, and as he was, during all the time, the leader of the House of Commons, he must be held responsible for the events which brought to a close the year 1641. In that course he was constant. As Charles, obeying the force of circumstances, conceded the demands of Parliament, Pym varied his cry of alarm. Those concessions having produced a consequent reaction towards the Crown, Pym threatened his fellow-subjects with augmented terrors; he added, to the extirpation of our Protestant religion and liberties, the extirpation by fire and sword of every English Protestant. Of the effectiveness of this creed, even in its mildest form, there can be no doubt. 'That foot of conscience' was supplied by which 'a politician can move the world'; and as a secular instrument of agitation it was equally powerful. Loyalty to a monarch who, even innocently, was involved in the policy of Rome, must have been a difficulty; it was impossible to a crowned patron of assassins.

The action of this terrible political engine was affected by but one hindrance; the plot was of the imagination, and not a fact: there was no such papal conspiracy. The seeming existence of the design must, accordingly, be created not from within, but from without. Direct evidence of the design being inaccessible, rumour and gossip, if it looked like evidence, must be used; and so was any favourable accident which chance afforded. Most of all, however, for the propagation of that belief, and to endow it with the semblance of reality, its promoter relied on an incessant repetition and reiteration of the idea. This Pym's parliamentary tact and position made easy. Whatever happened, whatever subject was before the House of Commons, 'the scarlet spectre' reappeared, and was saluted by speeches, motions, and resolutions; and the appointment of committees under various names, but always for the same object, furnished a species of endless chain by which the Papist and his devices were dragged constantly before the Speaker's chair. Hardly a week passed by, but some excuse arose for the formation of committees of 'religion,' for 'enquiry after Papists,' or into 'the Popish hierarchy in England.' These proposals stimulated discussion and statements of the widest and wildest nature; and excited auditors in the House and its precincts gave rapid circulation to the alarm.

The floor of the House of Commons formed, in 1640, an advertising medium quite as effective as it is now-a-days. The not infrequent accident of 'strangers' being 'told' among members in a 'division' proves that the lobby, and the space below the bar, was habitually crowded with spectators. And this significant hint is given both of the presence and of the motives of



eager listeners in the committee-rooms: a motion for their exclusion—by a steady adherent to the King—was ‘quashed,’ at the instance of a zealous preacher of the Popish plot.\* Nor did parliamentary news rest dormant in Westminster Hall, or among the talkers in London streets: it was rapidly dispersed throughout England by ‘flying sheets.’ ‘Husband’s Diurnal Occurrences, or Daily Proceedings in this Great and Happy Parliament’ quite fulfils the promise of its title; and the source of its inspirations is marked by many a paragraph, such as—that an archdeacon had cursed the Parliament as ‘a company of puritanical, factious fellows;’ that another clergyman had affirmed that the ‘Puritans were all knaves, and Papists all honest men’; or that a letter, written in the Queen’s name, directing all good Catholics to pray for the success of a great design, had been laid before the House.

Each committee-room, also, was a fresh centre for the circulation of the papal panic. Every enquiry tended to establish the necessity of the search; and every enquirer, inspired by the importance of his task, became a minor prophet in the mission of which Pym was the hierophant. Sir S. D’Ewes was an altered man after he was appointed chairman over an investigation ‘about recusants’; inflated by his dignity in the committee-room, all he heard or saw confirmed his own discoveries, and every debate gave him opportunity to magnify his office and the truth of the conspiracy.

What can convert a nothing into a something, or give vitality to a hobby, more effectively than a parliamentary committee? And Pym knew this quite as well as we do. So day by day the reports from these committees were read aloud at the table of the House. Members never met but they heard that thousands of recusants were collected in London, and swarmed in Lancashire and Wales; that ‘nineteen earls and two countesses’ were Papists, and that sixty Jesuits were, at that very moment, celebrating the Mass within the neighbourhood of Parliament. Nor were stories wanting, that priests had openly threatened to kill the King, or had boasted that he and the Pope ‘were all one;’ that cartloads of armour were being sent to the houses of popish noblemen, or that they were collecting pickaxes and shovels, ‘there being a great design on foot.’ And in confirmation of that design, according to Sir S. D’Ewes, a vast store of ‘popish stuff, black wooden crosses, trinkets, and cords for whipping,’ had been exhibited in his committee-room.

These committees, also, justified an aspect of activity. Upon their reports were founded repeated orders and resolutions,

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\* 17th Dec. 1640, D’Ewes, Harl. MSS., 162, 85.

directing

directing the officers of Parliament, or the sheriffs of London and Middlesex to apprehend, disarm, and fine Papists, to expel them from the Court, or to confine them to their houses. Repeated proposals, also, were made of addresses to the King and of conferences with the Lords touching the great conspiracy.

Though that universal treason remained to the end, as at the first, vague, undefined, and undiscovered, yet two very definite results arose from these parliamentary tactics. The imagination of the people was enthralled by the perpetual reappearance of the Popish Plot, under ever-changing effects of form, time, and place ; and a standing exhibition was maintained of the House of Commons, on the one hand, as the sole defence against ' the grim wolf ' of Rome, and of all Pym's opponents, on the other hand, the King, the bishops, and the House of Lords, as the wolf's friends and agents.

Four weeks of session had not passed over the Long Parliament before these tactics showed their practical tendency : a train of consequences was opened up which brought, for a moment, Revolution itself into sight, and made the House of Commons the true aggressor in the great Civil War. For, whilst a quarrel is being conducted on constitutional lines, those who are the first to appeal to physical strength, as an arbiter in the contention, are the first, in effect, to break the peace. That appeal was made by the Commons : they had not met a month before they sought to form an encampment of the City militia in Westminster. On the 21st of November, 1640, a young Romanist, by name John James, struck with a ' long dagger ' Mr. Justice Heywood, as he carried through Westminster Hall a list of the Westminster recusants to lay the paper before a committee. The attack occurred on a Saturday, and on the Monday it was brought before the House. The Commons, therefore, could not have been overcome by sudden terror. That James was a crazy youth of no special note, and that his attempt was an isolated affair, arising perhaps out of private spite, was known at once. The assault on Mr. Justice Heywood was not so treated by the House. It provoked a long and excited debate ; the cry was raised, that ' a general assassination ' would immediately take place ; and messages, evidently preconcerted, were delivered to the House, that the London citizens were ' ready to hazard their lives for the safety of this House,' and that their Trained Bands would furnish ' three hundred men, at a time, for a Guard.' The proposal was accepted : it was ' Resolved, upon the question, " that it is expedient for this House to accept of this Guard, so kindly offered for the safety of this House." ' \*

\* Com. Journ., ii. 34; Husb. Diurn, 21st Nov. 1640; D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. 162, 15.

The resolution of the 23rd of November remained inoperative ; but its import is unmistakable. It directed that a strong outpost, drawn from the best-drilled force in England, should be stationed in Westminster : that a daily march of 300 soldiers through London was to be maintained. These men would take their orders from the House of Commons ; they, therefore, were exempt from the control which the law placed in the hands of the Sovereign. And against whom were they to act ? They were to protect the Commons against the Popish conspirator : that is to say, against the King, for he, according to Pym, was the head of that conspiracy, and his palace was its headquarters.\*

Nor was that resolution cancelled ; it remained upon the Journal ready to be put in force. Another panic-creating accident might occur ; the excitement might, at a moment, be renewed ; Westminster and the City were in close correspondence ; six hours might place all London, from the Royal Exchange to New Palace Yard, in the military power of Pym and his associates ; whilst Charles had not a single soldier within call ; the swords and halberds of his personal attendants composed his sole defence. And that the resolution of the 23rd of November, 1640, was a preconcerted step, is not merely the fancy of to-day ; a contemporary observer was of that opinion. Giustiniani, the Venetian ambassador, reported to his Government that the attack on Heywood had been used 'to goad the lukewarm' in Parliament, 'against the Roman Catholics' ; and that, 'under this pretext,' it had been 'sought to further the project of an armed guard of 300 musketeers.'†

This being the settled purpose of the most powerful section in the State, and stamped with the approval of the House of Commons, naturally enough the King attempted to do the like. As in November, 1640, the Commons, under Pym's guidance, appealed to the City Trained Bands, so Charles, urged on by zealous courtiers, a few months later, turned for aid to his own army ; as it had been resolved to station soldiers within some hundred yards from Whitehall Palace, the King sought to place a detachment of royal troops in the neighbourhood of London.

A historian will recognise, from this novel point of view, the well-known 'Army Plot' of April 1641. The King's project failed ; whilst Pym's project passing rapidly on was fulfilled upon the last day of 1641. He had waited ; he had

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\* Alderman Pennington, who made the offer of a City Guard upon 23rd Nov., had done so previously, on the 12th, when a ferment was created in the House on the score of an alleged Popish conspiracy connected with the Tower of London. 11, 12, Nov. 1640, D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. 162, 5, 6.

† Venetian dispatches, Rolls Office, 7th Dec. 1640.

renewed the same attempt ; it was frustrated : but of the second failure, he made the means of ultimate success. When, after the autumn vacation, Parliament met in October, upon the plea of protection against the Papist assassins, a military guard appeared in Palace Yard, taking pay and orders from the House of Commons. That guard was dismissed by the King, and renewed agitation, of course, arose. The Commons again insisted that 'the mischievous designs' which were rife for their destruction, compelled them to place a guard at their door, drawn from the City Trained Bands ; and, upon the 31st of December, 1641, they resolved to receive the King's answer to this demand, not in their legal place of meeting at Westminster, but in session at the Guildhall. This last provocation took effect ; it was a declaration that, if the Commons could not fill New Palace Yard with their soldiers, they must betake themselves to the headquarters of the City army. Charles, thereupon, immediately commenced the proceedings which led to the attempted 'arrest of the five members.' That over, Pym and his associates returned in triumph to Westminster, escorted by the City Trained Bands ; Whitehall was at the mercy of soldiers owing no allegiance save to the House of Commons ; January 1642 witnessed the complete realisation of the resolution of the 23rd of November, 1640 ; and the people were placed in armed revolt against the sovereign.

The story of the outbreak of the great Civil War is contained in these few words ; but as it is a tale, not found as yet in history, it must be retold at greater length. Returning to the King's position during the spring of 1641 : he saw that the House of Commons was made the instrument for exciting against his wife, and against himself, the fears and passions of his subjects ; he knew that upon any chance event he might be surrounded by armed citizens driven by panic into disaffection. And who were so likely to offer themselves to be the King's protectors as the men who were daily accused in Parliament, without trial and without proof, of treachery against the State ? That was almost a certainty ; not less certain was it that their counsel would be to oppose force by force, and that the 'brisk boys,' the young courtiers of 'the Queen's side' of the Court, should offer to bring their regiments up to London. And as surely as Charles yielded to that suggestion, and gave his sanction to the proposal, which Pym called the 'Army Plot,'—equally surely, alas, jealousy betrayed the King,—and equally sure was his ultimate fate.

The 3rd of May, 1641, the day when the Army Plot was made known to Parliament and to England, placed Charles irrevocably



vocably in Pym's power. The shock caused by that disclosure compelled the King to pass the statute which bound him not to dissolve Parliament without the consent of the House of Commons. The opportunity and the politician were in accord. Pym had but to bait Charles, thus tied down to an indissoluble Parliament, by a people mad with fear, and either submission or a catastrophe must ensue. Any way this must be; if the Commons and the nation acted together, the King was, of course, incapable of resistance. Not less was he incapable of resistance, though the people were alienated from the House of Commons. However violent and oppressive that assembly might become, however vigorous the consequent reaction to the side of the Sovereign, still Pym was equally sure of victory. The King had no legal right to avail himself of that reaction; he could not free himself and his people from the House of Commons; the right of the Crown to dissolve Parliament was denied to him by law. An illegal attempt to do so would inevitably be his temptation; he would again place himself in the wrong, and again Parliament would be victorious; indeed, the stronger the return of loyalty, the stronger the aversion to the House of Commons, the more certain would be the Sovereign's overthrow. Thus this would follow, whether the people raged for Parliament, or against Parliament; so long as they were stirred up, the King's fate was certain. His only chance lay in a temperate Parliament and a contented people; and that was the tendency of public opinion towards the close of May 1641. The Star Chamber and the other oppressive Courts were abolished; the ship money tax, monopolies, and all popular grievances had ceased.

The papal scare must, accordingly, be kept alive. As Charles was tied to a perpetual Parliament, the nation must be tied to a perpetual faith in the Popish Plot; and the terror caused by the disclosure of the projected movement of the army made this also possible. First Parliament, and then the bulk of the people, were led to attest their belief in the papal conspiracy by an oath. This Pym effected by the 'Protestation' of the 3rd of May, 1641.

The motive of that instrument lies in the opening words of the preamble. 'Finding, to the grief of our hearts, that the designs of the priests and Jesuits, and other adherents to the See of Rome, have of late been more boldly and frequently put in practice than formerly, to the undermining and danger of the ruin of the true reformed religion in his Majesty's dominions established,' and finding that endeavours are being made to 'introduce the exercise of an arbitrary and tyrannical government by wicked plots, counsels, and conspiracies,' . . . 'we have therefore

therefore thought good to make the following Protestation.' Then follows the oath; which consists, first, in swearing to maintain 'the Protestant religion expressed in the doctrine of the Church of England and the Power and Privilege of Parliament,' and then in a vow that, 'I will oppose and endeavour to bring to condign punishment all such as shall by counsel, plots, conspiracies, or otherwise, do anything to the contrary in this present Protestation contained.'\*

The drafting of this document was committed, among others, to Selden, and he remarked that 'an oath ought to be clear,' and that by the reference to the Protestant religion, 'one man might mean one religion, and a second, another.'† This objection passed by, at first sight, the Protestation seems not only clearly worded, but also based on strictly constitutional principles. Every reservation is made prescribing due allegiance to his Majesty's royal person, honour, and estate. But how does that oath operate, when interpreted according to the creed which Pym advocated? If that belief were true, if all the spiritual and secular authorities of the realm were joined in the Papal league, resistance became a sacrament, and the Protestation was as precursive of a social smash as Garibaldi's motto, 'Patatrac.' And it took effect in immediate and direct action. Did not that oath more than justify the insurrectionary violence by which, first the House of Lords, and then the King were compelled to send Strafford to the scaffold? For Strafford, according to the verdict of the people, was a tool of the Jesuits: and subsequently, during the ensuing winter, upon the eve of the final outbreak, the citizens, who encircled, almost in open revolt, the King and his palace, proclaimed that they had sworn to do so, and hung copies of the Protestation upon their pikes.

But these more palpable results were not so destructive as the unseen agency of the Protestation. The mischief of that oath, in its mental influence, was boundless. It outlawed all who came within the ban of the House of Commons, and stamped as 'betrayers of their country,' not only the fifty-nine members who voted for Strafford and the bulk of the House of Lords, but the unfortunate Archbishop in the Tower, the bishops and clergy, the servants of the Crown both civil and military, and every Romanist: all, in fact, who were connected with the Sovereign, and all who opposed the will of Pym and his adherents. The King himself was inextricably entangled in the snare of the Protestation. If he purged himself of inclining towards 'an arbitrary and tyrannical government,' the

\* Com. Journ. ii. 132.

† D'Ewes, Harl. MSS., 164, 997.

Queen could never be other than a noted 'adherent to the See of Rome.' When the Commons voted resolutions proscribing 'Papists of eminence,' was not she the most eminent amongst them? No pains were spared by the House to exhibit her in that light; they repeatedly informed the public that it was by her direction that the Papists were fasting, praying, and collecting arms; and, to clench such statements, an impeachment was trumped up against her confessor, and her letter, desiring contributions from the Catholics towards the Scottish expedition of 1639, was laid before Parliament, and the officers of her household appointed to carry out that service were cited, although perfectly innocent of any legal offence, as criminals at the bar of the House of Commons.

The malignant influence of the Protestation has not yet been fully described, or the power it conferred upon its originator. Pym was not styled King Pym for naught. That oath made him ruler over the mind and conscience of the nation; by it he held the imagination of the people in a leash. As all had, as in the presence of God, attested the existence of the Papal Conspiracy—who dared to deny credit to any assertion he chose to make thereon, or to vote against any motion he might propose? And certain it is that immediately after the promulgation of the 'Protestation' the papal scare assumed a novel and a bloodshot hue; an imminent massacre of St. Bartholomew was added to the design. The temper of public opinion, during that month of May, was but too much in harmony with such an idea. Pym's dreadful spectre was vividly reflected back by a turbid social atmosphere. The revelation of the Army Plot disclosed the violent counsels which were current in Whitehall Palace; and that it should be accompanied by rumours of an invasion from France was not unnatural. The officers implicated in that design were distinguished members of the Queen's household; some of them had fled to Paris. Credence accordingly might, perhaps, be given, even to the statements of Mrs. Plowman and Mr. Flower,—that, as they heard, 'the English and French armies were to join, and then miserably destroy England,' or that a priest had said, 'that the French army was soon to come into England,'—especially as letters were produced asserting that French troops were drawing down to the sea coasts.\*

What must, then, have been the effect upon the terrified readers of Husband's 'Diurnal' of the news of the 12th of May? The day before they had read in their news-letter that the post-

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\* 11th May, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS., 163, 560.

office had been searched by order of Parliament, and that a letter from France had been found, telling that 'many thousands were upon shipping for England.' But now the terror of the papist sword was planted at their doors.—'12th May. House of Commons. This day Mr. Pym discovered a letter to Lady Shelly which had miscarried, and which, being read, contained words to this effect: "Madam, though there be some discovery of our design, yet we are sure; you must disburse 20,000*l.* more: keep your counsel, and no danger: we shall destroy the wicked brood before they are aware."'

No signature, save the 'undecipherable hieroglyphics of a clown,' or what the 'Diurnal' describes as 'characters,' was affixed to this letter; and to us its purport may seem equally unintelligible. But to Pym the meaning was obvious. Lady Shelly was a Papist 'of a violent nature;' the 'wicked brood' were all the Protestants in England; and the 'we' who 'shall destroy them,' their Papist neighbours. D'Ewes and 'divers' other members declared that 'the paper was of great weight,' and its discovery in the street 'providential.' With them also the Commons apparently agreed. A committee was ordered to search the lady's house, and an immediate conference was proposed between both Houses to arrange 'that the prime persons of the Romish religion may be seized and delivered as public hostages into the custody of the power of the county,' and for a Commission 'for the disarming of Papists.'†

That conference, if the parliamentary journals be correct, was never held; nothing more was done about the letter; neither Lady Shelly nor any other 'prime person' of her faith was arrested, and no store of weapons was discovered. But Mr. Pym's object was attained: the idea of an English St. Bartholomew was published under the authority of the House of Commons; members heard from time to time that 'the wife of Spratt, a recusant,' and Mr. and Mrs. Dyer, 'both Papists,' had predicted to their neighbours in Moorfields that though 'there was rejoicing at the death of Strafford, they should not need to rejoice, for ere very long there would be a black day and many fatherless;' or that 'a small breast-piece mounted, hid in a load of hay, had been found, which was owned by a servant of Mons. le Fevre, the King's servant.'‡ Motions also were repeatedly renewed for the 'speedy disarming of Papists,' for the arrest of suspected persons, and for the detention of the mails, because the House of Commons finds 'every day new

\* Husb. Diurn. p. 100; Com. Journ. ii. 144; D'Ewes, Harl. MSS., 163, 555.

† D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. 163, 564, 568, 577.



discoveries of secret counsels, and meetings of Jesuits and others, and of several plots and designs to disturb the peace of this kingdom.'\*

Thus worked upon, many an honest man, besides Sir S. D'Ewes, shared his conviction that the Papists 'had arms enough to draw together 40,000 or 50,000 men'; and assured themselves with him, 'that there was a great design projected for our destruction.'† Resentment also was stirred up against the Church of England; for a company of 2000 horsemen, equipped by clerical funds, was added, by rumour, to the advance of the army upon London. A fresh access of abhorrence was aroused against the Queen, and jealous dread was infused into every step taken by the King. These were but means to the end pursued by Pym; that is marked upon the Commons' Journal for August 1641, by the repeated resolutions which those pages contain, declaring that, to save England from the great treason, the country must be 'put in a posture of defence,' and placing all the royal fortresses and arsenals, Portsmouth, Carlisle, Hull, even the Tower of London, under the control of Parliament.‡

These orders and resolutions were not enforced; perhaps that was not intended. They remained in abeyance for future use, with the orders relating to the City Guard, or the procedure aimed against the recusants and the clergy of our Church. Pym was of Selden's mind: he knew that 'tis good to preach the same thing again; for that's the way to have it learned; and to the ever-renewed sermon, Pym added practice. By these proceedings he rehearsed the Commons in playing the part of convinced believers in the Popish plot, and accustomed them by the force of precedent to accept resolutions enacting that all military control and the sole executive power over the State should be centred in the House of Commons. At that moment extreme measures were not expedient. Pym was more successful within the walls of Parliament than without. But what need he care about public opinion, secure in the vantage of an indissoluble Parliament? He had but to wait; those distempered times would surely turn to his account. This happened; his last opportunity arose, cruel in itself, and full of cruelty in the use he made of it. The concluding act of this political drama must now be commenced.

Forgetful that a villain, especially a villain in a book, can easily be recognised, it is the custom with historians to denounce at considerable length bygone wickedness in high places, and to

\* Com. Journ. ii. 183.

† 13, 17, May, 1641, D'Ewes, Harl. MSS., 163, 560, 579.

‡ Com. Journ., ii. 257, 261, 271.

establish,

establish, with much strong language, why a king or a politician should henceforth be deemed a rascal. Virtuous indignation, by the pageful, has accordingly been directed against Charles I. and Strafford. The temptation to take the contrary part, and to mete out the like measure to their victorious assailant, is strong; the more so, as it now seems generally accepted that Pym was a model of moderation and constitutional observance. It is enough for our purpose to show how, by an imposture far more gross than the supposed letter to Lady Shelly, at a time of unexampled public distress, and in a season far more critical, he intentionally wrought upon the distempered fancies of his countrymen—kindled to white heat their passions of fear and hate, and rendered the Civil War inevitable.

An admission may be made, that from his point of view this course was unavoidable to Pym during November 1641. That very event, which was the most unfavourable to his prospects, had occurred. The possible contingency we anticipated had arisen. During the summer the Commons fell into disrepute: the alienation and distrust the House propagated had reacted on itself, and acted, also, on the public. The nation began to sympathize with the King. It was felt that he had been hardly dealt with: both Pym's method of putting compulsion upon him, and the extent to which it was carried, created a wide-spread access of repugnance. The Commons perceived that the charge must be met; and, among 'the heads' to be discussed upon the 23rd of June, it was resolved to take into consideration 'how we might clear ourselves of having desired nothing but what is just from his Majesty during this Parliament, and that we had not taken any advantage upon *pretended straits or necessities*, as hath been falsely bruited at home, and in other parts of Christendom.' \*

Nor was the influence of the House upon the realm itself wholly to its credit. Political and religious fervour within Parliament provoked awkward outside imitators: the 'mechanicals' thought that they, too, might join: they usurped the church pulpits, tore down altar-rails, destroyed forest-enclosures, and raised 'tumults for evill purposes': hence alarm arose, even among Pym's adherents. Denzil Hollis told the House that it must put down these disorders, 'lest it seem it suppresses Popery, only to bring in confusion and atheism';† and another of the party warned his colleagues 'to take care lest,' by their assumed encouragement, 'the common people may not carve out justice

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\* D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. 163, 730. Com. Journ. ii. 183.

† 5th June, 1641, D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. 163, 662.

for themselves, by their multitudes'; 'of this,' he added, 'we have had too frequent experience.'\*

By contradictory proceedings and purposeless debates, the Commons also showed to those they governed that they could not govern themselves. They fell into such contempt that, as Alderman Pennington complained, 'the very fiddlers made songs upon us, and others preached against us.†' The whole tendency, indeed, of national opinion during the autumn of 1641 brought unpopularity upon the party of disturbance. England wanted rest, and therefore turned towards social peace and harmony between King and people.

These fair promises were soon extinguished. October and November came, and again the power of the agitator rose in the ascendant; again the red spectre, 'the old fear,' reappeared with renewed horror, to terrify the people into discord. And, as before, the unreal was grafted upon the real, and fantastic rumours of bloodshed and conspiracy were coupled with events too full of suspicion and despair. Mischievous men, attached to the army and the court, had concerted a *coup d'état* in Edinburgh by the seizure of the heads of the Covenanting party. That abortive attempt passed away like a brief explosion; but it was immediately succeeded by something far more terrible. The Irish massacre of 1641 broke out. Pym at once seized the opportunity. Within a fortnight after the news had reached us of that event, when our hearts failed before that dreadful shock, he proclaimed, that as it was with the Protestants in Ireland, so it would be with us, that the massacre there was but the prelude to massacre here.

The former occasion seized by Pym to threaten England with coming slaughter was as nothing to this. May, indeed, 'found the people strangely fantasied,' but it was by the thought of unrealized or averted evils. In November, the death-shriek of their brethren sounded daily in their ears; they knew that every hour witnessed, across the channel, miseries unsurpassed. Pym, also, could rely, not merely on a mysterious scrawl picked up in the street, but on a living witness: he stood at the door of the House of Commons a breathless fugitive from popish murderers; and he bore the credentials of a horror-struck face, and of sword-cuts, if not upon his body, at least right through his cloak. This witness was 'Mr. Thomas Beale, a tailor dwelling in Whitecross

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\* Husb. Diurn, 28th Oct. 1641.

† 4th Aug. 1641, D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. 163, 804.

Street, of whom Mr. Pym,' upon the 15th of November, 'shewed that there was one attending without, who had somewhat to reveal.' After a preliminary examination before a select committee, Beale was taken up to the House of Lords, where, standing at the bar, 'he made relation of the whole business; viz.. that this day, at twelve of the clock at Noon, he went into the fields near unto the Pest House, and walking on a private bank, he heard some talking; and going nearer heard them say that it was a wicked thing that the last plot did not take; but that if this go on as it is in hand, they all will be made; and also heard them say that there was 108 men appointed to kill 108 persons of the Parliament, every one his man. Some were Lords, and the others were to be Members of the House of Commons, all Puritans; and the Sacrament was to be administered to the men for performing of this; and those that killed the Lords were to have 10*l*., and those that were to kill the Members of the House of Commons, 40*s*.'

The conspirators then went into particulars: Gorges was the 37th man, and one Philip, who 'received his charge in my lord's chamber, where was Father Jones and Father Andrewes,' made up the 108th man. 'Dick Jones was appointed to kill that rascally Puritan, Pym;' and 'that on the same day, being the 18th of this month, there shall be risings in Warwickshire and other counties.' Those 'that were to kill the Lords,' were described as 'gallants in their scarlet cloaks, who had received every man his 10*l*. a piece;' and the relation ends with a statement that the project was 'Father Andrewes's wit,' to prevent sending succour to the Protestants in Ireland.\*

His story told, Mr. Beale withdrew, and modestly left it to others to describe the occasion 'of his being in the fields,' which was, 'the mending the notes he had taken of a sermon,' and his escape from the swords of the conspirators, who, 'overtaking him, ran him through his cloathes and cloke in four or five several places, and so left him, as he thought, dead.' †

The Commons followed in Beale's case the precedents supplied by the attack on Mr. Justice Heywood and the Shelly letter, but with considerable additions. Directions were given for securing the persons of the prime Papists; and lists were prepared of their names, and of the Popish Lords in Parliament; and it was ordered that musketeers and guards should be stationed 'near the stairs coming out of Westminster Hall, to-morrow being the day of the conspiracy.' ‡ Proposals, also, were made to the Lords

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\* Lords' Journ., iv. 439. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS., 162, 149.

† Nicholas' Corresp.; Evelyn's Diary, iv. 126; Mr. Cogan to Admiral Pennington, State Paper Corresp., 18th Nov., 1641.

‡ Com. Journ., ii. 318, D'Ewes, Harl. MSS., 162, 158.



to desire their co-operation in placing 'the forts and castles of this kingdom,' and the trained bands, 'in good hands:' that is to say, under the control of Parliament. As the Heywood affair of last year was made the plea for the armed parliamentary force in Palace Yard, so now upon Beale's plot was based a renewed attempt to wrest military power from the King. In this part of the scheme the Lords would not join; but they issued orders 'that strict and near search shall be made in all parts in and about the City of London, for one called or known by the name of Richard Jones,' and for Fathers Jones and Andrewes; rewards were offered for further discovery of the treason; and they issued, in the name of Parliament, a proclamation stating that 'Popish recusants have appointed a day to assemble themselves, being the 18th instant, in certain counties in England,' and directing the authorities to keep special watch in consequence.\*

Our readers must now be so acquainted with the quality of the evidence by which Pym fed the papal panic, that it is unnecessary to add similar examples, such as the deposition he laid before the Commons, that 'on the 15 Nov., in Russell St., one T. Baker a souldier did accost in German, a German, one Yeaken, and say "it would be a fine thing to pillage London,"' or the warning he gave to the House, 'that this night 6 Papists were come out of Lancashire armed with pistols.' Nor need any description be given of the effect thus produced, or of the response that Pym received from his terrified fellow-subjects, the tales of horror which were recited in the House; and the 'News from Hell,' from Wales, Norwich, or Lancashire, of 'bloody plots' which, in answer to his call, flowed into London and then flew out again in the 'flying sheets.' So a brief general consideration of his policy may be attempted.

No precise opinion can be formed regarding the motives or the intention of Parliament in stamping with its authority Mr. Beale's story, or upon the acceptance with which the Commons received Pym's oft raised cry of alarm. They were credulous, just as we are, when our bias is towards belief. Shrewd and moderate subjects of Charles I., deeply impressed with the force and extent of those twin impulses of the royal policy, the King's affection for his wife, and for his own will, might readily be persuaded that their Sovereign was under the influence, if not the sway, of Rome. Or supposing that an Englishman of 1641 feared lest over-fervid Catholics might take an exceptional view of insurrection, or of assassination, much

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\* Copy in State Paper Office, 16th Nov. 1641.

had occurred to justify that dread. Much, also, had occurred that very year to create uneasiness, and at its close the misery in Ireland must have caused even the courageous to tremble and despair. So the Beale plot may have found in Parliament some believers. D'Ewes, for instance, was one, though at first he 'did much doubt that relation;' and the likelihood of a popish conspiracy, in some form or other, was an article of faith among many members of Parliament. Many, also, thought it expedient to follow, as adherents, whither they would not have led, or trusted in their leader's constant assurances that, at last, the veritable plot should be exhibited to view. And all being gradually conducted along, step by step, through events of much perplexity, the full consequence of such successive action could hardly have been perceived.

No such surmise is possible regarding Pym. Even if he had convinced himself that the King was in league with the Pope, or had shared in his neighbours' instinctive horror of a Romanist, still he must have known that the evidence which he offered to Parliament needed, to say the least, strong corroboration; and he knew for a certainty what he was about. All he did is the product of a 'massive and logical' intellect. He ensured success by the accumulated effect of systematic reiteration. One cause of alarm was floated through society, then another, then both together. This was his set course from Nov. 1640 to Nov. 1641. At his instance, first came distrust, then fierce suspicion, lastly detestation. To a people expectant and hopeful, at the opening of the Long Parliament, Pym announced that their Sovereign and all connected with sovereignty were united in a compact with emissaries from the Pope; to a terrified people, during the summer, he proclaimed that they were betrayed to the swords of a foreign invader and of their Catholic neighbours; and then to a people mad with anger and distress, he exhibited the King, the Queen, the Bishops, and the House of Lords, as accomplices both in the actual massacre in Ireland and in the like intention of the Anglo-Papist assassin.

This—the climax of Nov. 1641—was the horrible but inevitable conclusion to which Pym had conducted his fellow-subjects. It could not be otherwise if it was true, as he asserted, that all the dangers which threatened the realm came from the same source. And to this opinion he added proof, even the testimony of the House of Commons itself. During the closing months of 1641, the English people were constantly warned, with all the authority of Parliament, that the Irish murderers openly avowed their reliance upon help from the bishops in England, from friends in the Royal Council, and from the Queen, 'their  
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nursing mother.' These ghastly tidings also included the King ; publicity was given to declarations by leaders in the rebellion that forts and towns were seized 'only for His Majesty's use,'—that they acted upon a commission under the Broad Seal of England,—and gave free passes in the King's name.\*

Statements such as these, and rumours that it was noised throughout Ireland that the rebellion there 'was hatched in England,' and that 'all the Papists in Scotland and England were up in arms,'† distinctly proved, if true, that a united papal policy existed in both countries. To this was added the conviction, that no Romanist dared disobey the dictates of the Vatican. What more was needed to prove that the English Catholics, and all connected with the Catholic league, must be equally guilty of what was taking place in Ireland or coming upon England?

In a time of dire national distress, we are told that 'the heart of the people of Judah was moved, as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind.' So it was with us during the winter of 1641. Pym, aided by Beale the tailor and the Irish murderers, brought this to pass. But even yet Pym was not satisfied. The throne must be brought directly under the malice of that oath, which upon the 3rd of May he administered to Parliament and the nation. Upon his motion the House of Commons agreed to address the King, praying him 'to vindicate the Queen's honour, that she neither had, nor would encourage the rebels in Ireland, or mediate for them.' And this was the mode by which that vindication was to be effected. The King, upon the petition of both Houses, was 'to procure' from her Majesty her public declaration that she 'doth abhor and detest the perfidious and traitorous proceedings of the rebels in Ireland.' The purpose of this proposal is obvious, even if we had been ignorant of its source: in no way could the King or Queen escape from the snare of that resolution. If Charles agreed, then he admitted that nought but a disclaimer from the Queen herself, extorted from her by the action of Parliament, could quench 'scandalous reports and apprehensions' that she 'had, or would, secretly favour and encourage the Irish rebels'; for that was the assigned motive of the Commons. If he refused, then their conjoint guilt was proved. And it should be borne in mind that it was a husband and a wife who were thus to be compelled to humiliate or to incriminate each other.‡

\* D'Ewes, Harl. MSS., 162, 77, 106, 178, 208.

† Ibid. 162, 180, 208.

‡ 13th Dec. 1641. Lords' Journ., iv. 473. Com. Journ., ii. 340. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. 162, 235.

Nor would the savage purpose of that resolution miss its aim, even though it remained inoperative upon the Commons' journal, as it did. For the mere proposal by the House, to approach the Crown with such a suggestion, established it to be a fact that the Commons had felt constrained to warn her Majesty from venturing further in the course she had commenced,—from giving her avowed sanction to the Irish revolt. As Pym had persistently fostered the belief that Henrietta Maria was secretly encouraging that outbreak, coming from him, such a vindication of her honour could have had no other meaning.

The Lords declined to accept his proposal; they did so again, when the Commons desired that both Houses might join together in a petition to the King for the removal of Col. Lunsford from being Lieutenant of the Tower of London. That refusal gave Pym his final opportunity. Having, on the 13th of December, exhibited to the people their Queen as patroness of the Irish massacre and of 'cruelties never heard of before among Christians,' on the 24th, Pym brought the same charge against the Sovereign and the House of Lords; he openly denounced the King and that assembly of being partners in the great papal conspiracy; and he had made due preparation for that blow. The Lords, by the means of Beale's revelation, were paralysed. The proceedings consequent thereon, the arrest of Romanist Peers ordered by the Commons, the search through their houses for arms, and the list of their names, reaching in number to sixty, drawn up publicly upon the table of the Lower House, had terrified those thus marked out for proscription; they fled from Parliament,\* and their colleagues who remained were practically outlawed.

If the House of Lords was weak, the mob of London, the authority to whom Pym made his final appeal, was in full strength. Crowds of citizens had, during the last month, collected in force around the precincts of Parliament; thousands had filled the Palace yards; they bore swords and staves. And as, during the preceding May, they had demanded the head of Strafford, so again in October the crowd raised the cry of 'No Bishops.' The tumults these petitioners provoked, provoked in their turn fresh disturbances. Their power made itself known. Later on the citizens reappeared; they again encircled the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament; the numbers were greater than before, the excitement more furious. The insurgent masses appealed to the Protestation, and to the oath they had taken

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\* Nicholas Corresp.; Evelyn's Diary, iv. 127.



before God, to bring condign punishment upon every conspirator against the State; they demanded justice 'against Papists, prelates, and the malignant party which adhered to them.'

Knowing then full well how soon Westminster would resound to the hoarse cry of 'Beware of plots; no Bishops; no Popish lords;'—for those on 'whom he called were around the door—Pym pointed out to the mob, in a solemn and public proclamation, where the Papists, and prelates, and those malignants, were to be found. At the Conference of the 24th December, he stood before the assembled House of Lords and told them, as spokesman for the House of Commons, 'That there had long been a design of the Papists for the ruin of the true religion, and that the placing of Colonel Lunsford to be Lieutenant of the Tower did show that the same design was now growing to a maturity. Therefore we did protest and declare to all the World, that we had done our uttermost for the saving of this Church and kingdom from ruin, and from the plots of cruel and bloody Papists;' and then he read aloud a declaration, 'made in the presence of God, and the whole Kingdom,' asserting that the King in his appointment of Lunsford over the Tower, and the Lords in their refusals to accede to the demands of the House of Commons, were acting in concert with the brutal murderers of the Irish Protestants. That being the case, Pym announced that the Commons would, as a last effort, appeal to the King, 'that he will afford them his royal protection, and grant commissions and instructions, as may enable them to defend his royal person and his loyal subjects from the cruelty and rage of the Papists.\*'

Charles at once took the keys of the Tower from Lunsford; he thereby ensured, if the Commons' declaration was to be credited, 'the peace and safety of the whole kingdom.' Pym, on the contrary, kept up the cry of 'massacre! massacre!' and soon he showed what he meant by 'protection.' Upon the 30th December, 'he moved that, there being a design to be executed upon the House of Commons this day, we might send instantly to the City of London. That there was a plot for destroying the House this day. That we should therefore desire them to come down with the trained bands for our assistance. Few seconded him,' as D'Ewes tells us, 'but more opposed.' Pym, however, succeeded in carrying a motion, 'that this House shall renew the desire of a Guard.' Next day his object was disclosed. He pledged the Commons to quit their legal place of session, and to remove from Westminster to the City. On the 31st Decem-

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\* Com. Journ., ii. 356; Lords' Journ., iv. 489; D'Ewes, Harl. MSS., 162, 273.  
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ber, it was resolved, that a Committee of the whole House 'where all that would come are to have voices, are to meet to-morrow at nine of the clock, at Guildhall, in London,' to receive the King's answer to their final demand for a Guard.\*

Pym's address to the House of Lords, of the 24th December, contained the method by which the King and the Lords were to be defied, or coerced; and it set at work the motive power by which that method was to be enforced. He addressed his proclamation to no constituted authority, but 'to the world,' to the populace in the street: and he foretold its effect; he declared that the House of Commons 'was innocent of the blood which is like to be spilt, and of the confusions which may overwhelm this State,' if the realm be left exposed to the cruelty and rage of the Papists.

The confusion which Pym predicted had begun.

That 24th of December, 1641, was the beginning of the Civil War: during the next three weeks, till the King quitted London, mob terror reigned supreme; the royal government, all government, in fact, ceased; the maddened citizens menaced the Tower of London; they attacked Westminster Abbey; and invested with angry cries and threats the House of Lords and Whitehall Palace. Thus closed that fateful year. The King was powerless; he could barely keep the rabble from his gates; for the restoration of order, he could not muster a single soldier; the blast of hatred and suspicion which Pym directed against him could not be stayed, for Parliament could not be dissolved. Neither was Charles able to prevent the Commons from becoming an armed power in the State; either, by his consent, their first regiment would be stationed in Westminster, or else the Commons would, that consent refused, shelter themselves behind the pikes and muskets of the London citizens. From the Guildhall, Pym might direct against Whitehall, not a crowd of city apprentices merely, but the City Militia. The House had already encroached on the royal authority, by directing, upon its own order, the levy of soldiers and the appointment of officers for an Irish military service;† with even more assurance it might do the like, for service against 'the cruel and bloody' Papist at home. The moment, also, was most favourable: there was nothing then to dread from the Tower of London; that fortress was without a commander.

We must leave Pym in the hour of success, and Charles in that extremity of adverse fate which had been prepared

\* 30, 31, Dec. 1641. Com. Journ., ii. 363, 365. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. 162, 295, 300.

† Com. Journ., ii. 308, 312, 313.

for him ever since the 23rd of November, 1640, the day when the Commons, on the plea of danger from popish assassins, accepted the offer of the City Guard. One circumstance, however, which preceded the 'arrest of the five members' must be mentioned. On the day previous, the 3rd of January, 1642, the King exhibited articles of high treason against Pym and his four colleagues, who were all members of the secret committee of seven, to whom was entrusted the management of the great papal conspiracy;\* and among other charges he accused them of having 'traitorously endeavoured, by many foul aspersions upon his Majesty and his government to alienate the affections of his people, and to make his Majesty odious unto them;' and that they had 'raised and countenanced tumults against the King and Parliament.'

What are these accusations but a terse summary of this essay, and an epitome of Pym's behaviour towards his Sovereign from the first day of the Long Parliament to the 31st of December, 1641? But into the quarrel between the King and the politician we will not enter; a few words, however, must be given to the hard case of those who had never injured Pym, or menaced English liberties—his fellow subjects. Great was the misery of civil war; yet open hostilities must have been to many a welcome relief. Whilst Pym could, from his place in Parliament, by means of any idle or knavish story make odious all he would, his power of terrorism was limitless; none could escape against whom he directed a vague, all-pervading cloud of suspicion. Everybody was placed at the mercy of any spiteful neighbour; and all the Roman Catholics, or those who held orders in our Church, or were servants of the Crown, became, therefore, traitors to the State or partisans with assassins. If they met together, they were plotting in concert; if they dispersed themselves apart, that was to spread the mischief.

Besides the personal injury and anxiety he thus inflicted on hundreds of innocent families, Pym put to the torture all who looked for guidance to Parliament, or were disposed to trust their King and their neighbour. He made all Englishmen victims to imposture any way; either they suffered under the accumulated misery of ever increasing wrong; or, helpless, they saw reconciliation between King and people made impossible. As 1641 rolled by, it must have become more and more evident that a dispute, so embittered by wilful malignity, was soluble only by the sword.

Was that Pym's desire at the opening of the Long Parlia-

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\* Com. Journ., ii. 135, 138, 5, 6, May, 1641.

ment? was that his intention upon the 31st of December, 1641? To answer 'yes' to these questions would be to act the part of those who laid upon one head the whole guilt of the Civil War, and adjudged Charles Stuart to be a murderer. The common instinct of humanity shrinks from such a judgment. Nor would the cause of historical justice be advanced by contrasting the crafty politician, who made a gross delusion the instrument of untold mischief, with the moral advocate who exalted 'truth and goodness, the beauty of the soul,' that he might enhance the 'natural blackness and deformity' of Strafford's evil nature. Which of these two, the 'wicked Earl,' or the admired statesman, possessed the most or the least 'beauty of the soul,' is a matter of little moment. And yet when historians undertake to settle the account between the great actors in our history, it is not quite fair that the persistent and savage use which Pym made of the Irish massacre should be ignored, whilst Charles is severely criticized, because, in private correspondence, he expressed a hope that the 'ill news from Ireland may hinder some of these follies in England.'

Nothing revolutionary is to our taste. One who has been accepted as the embodiment of law and constitutional observance, must not, too readily, be adjudged a scoundrel. Can anything be urged in Pym's behalf? For instance, could he have misled himself regarding the quality of the evidence of the popish conspiracy which he exhibited to the House of Commons? That is barely possible. He must surely have perceived that the letter to Lady Shelly, on which he based the outcry of May, 1641, was inconsequent beyond the extravagance of a crazy fanatic. He must certainly have known that it was but a specimen of the ordinary street literature of the day, a relic of the MS. libels of mediæval time; he must, also, have heard the suggestions of 'divers' of his parliamentary colleagues, that the paper had been 'dispersed maliciously.' So strong, indeed, was the undercurrent of incredulity which set against the alarm Pym sounded upon that occasion, that shortly after its announcement, whilst his bugbear was in all the vigour of youth, he found it necessary to assure both Houses of Parliament, that 'whereas it is conceived by some that this design is of no importance, the truth is that we have reason to give God thanks for our great delivery,' and that 'ere long,' his hearers should 'have full satisfaction.'\*

This satisfaction was never forthcoming, neither in May nor in the November following. Searches for arms were made in

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\* 19th May, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS., 163, 533.



the houses of 'Papists of eminence,' and their owners were arrested or imprisoned, but no arms were seized or convictions obtained. Packets of posted letters, 'which Mr. Pym did believe would make a great discovery of the plot,' were submitted to his examination, but the plot still remained a mystery. Despite the reward offered, not a trace was obtained of one of those named by Mr. Beale, nor was even 'Dick Jones,' or any other of the 108 assassins, his confederates, brought to light: the only certain fact about that revelation was, that within brief space of time, the author 'was found to be a mere counterfeit.'\* Even from the first, Pym seems to have felt that the matter needed discreet management; else, why did he arrange that Beale's story should be made public 'keeping back all names'? The Lords evidently felt that this precaution was unnecessary, for they directed Beale to tell his tale, in full, at the bar of their House.

One plea more may be urged in Pym's behalf. Was there sufficient general truth in the existence of a papal design against England, to justify his course? This was not the opinion of his partisans; its inexpediency, if not its injustice, was felt almost from the beginning. The Protestation of the 3rd of May, 1641, as we are told by May, the parliamentary historian, was framed to check 'the loss of some from among them who adhered to the Parliament'; and their desertion arose from a repugnance to the policy of their leader. And this aversion, at the final moment when men were compelled to choose between the Crown and the opposing party, made itself distinctly felt. As May, expressly admits, it was because the Commons in all their accusations 'put Popery, or a suspicion of it, in the first place,' which gave popularity to the royal cause at the outset of civil war. To use his words, 'even men of the Parliament side affirmed that too much insisting upon religion, and taxing the King for affecting Popery, hath by accident weakened the Parliament, and brought parties for the King,' partly because the constitutional side of the dispute, was thereby concealed, but 'more than so; for some, supposing that Parliament unjustly taxed him in religion, did, in time, believe that he was not so guilty of the violation of their laws and liberties, as they would make him.'†

The conduct at this conjuncture of two Englishmen, types of honour and public spirit, attests the truth of this statement. Colonel Hutchinson, during the winter of 1641, 'applied himself to understand the things then in dispute'; and the result of his

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\* Slingsby to Pennington, 25th Nov. 1641. State Paper Corresp.

† May, Hist. Parl., 76-78.

study was that, though he was 'abundantly convinced in conscience of the righteousness of the Parliament's cause in point of civil right, and he was satisfied of the endeavours to introduce Popery, yet he did not think *that* so clear a ground for war, as the defence of the just English liberties; and though he was clearly swayed by his own judgment and reason to the Parliament, he, thinking he had no warrantable cause at the time to do anything more, contented himself with praying for peace.'\*

If Hutchinson, who, not in scorn, may be termed an arch-Puritan, declined to join the Parliament side, because he was dissatisfied with the position assumed by the House of Commons at the commencement of the strife, reading and reflection in the country had taken him far out of the course to which he naturally was inclined. Had he been not a student merely, but like Falkland in the thick of the strife, he also might have followed that example. By his 'great refusal' to follow a leader he had long obeyed, Falkland showed in their true light his own and his leader's character. A noble adherent, he had worked with Pym during the past year. Falkland had for months given his sanction to the cry of danger from Rome; but when Pym, in November, 1641, proclaimed that the supposed English conspirators were accomplices in a horrible massacre both present and to come, Falkland ranged himself upon the side of the accused. He protested against 'the Grand Remonstrance,' because he would not consent to gibbet the King, the Bishops, and the House of Lords, as Popish conspirators; and he refused to act further with Pym and Hampden, because during the past year he had been persuaded 'to believe many things, which he had since found to be untrue.'† And, as became 'a severe adorer of the truth,' Falkland bore witness by his death against the 'many untrue things' to which he had consented during 1641.

The arts by which Englishmen were goaded into the Great Civil War shall receive but one further illustration: it is found in the conduct of the subjects of Charles II. A brief historical comparison will best effect this object. By a most justifiable stretch of the imagination we will, for a moment, place in mental juxtaposition Anthony Ashley, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, the celebrated Dr. Titus Oates, Mr. Beale, the trembling tailor, and Mr. John Pym, his patron. When once the combination is made, these public characters range themselves together in a novel and a remarkable historical group. Pym and

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\* Mem. p. 98.

† Forster's 'Grand Remonstrance,' 168, 287.

Shaftesbury

Shaftesbury stand side by side, equally skilful and equally unscrupulous in their dealings with mankind; whilst Oates and Beale were equally cunning in the art of spirit-stirring imposture. And as these four men hunted in pairs the same game, and coursed after their prey through the same tracks, so there was a close resemblance between their several fields for action, and in the spectators of the sport. So much, indeed, was in common between the political arenas of 1641 and 1680, that during the reign of Charles II. the use of Popish plots became an accepted incident in public life, and the epithet 'plot-driver' was then added to our vocabulary. Thus far the analogy between these two sets of personages is perfect; but at this point they start asunder; and the final dissimilarity of their fortunes is equally remarkable. To Pym is given historic renown; he closed his life the Great Dictator of his country; his instrument, Mr. Beale, sank at once and for ever into obscurity. The contrary fate is allotted to the other pair. Dr. Oates reaps immortality and a pension, and Shaftesbury, an exile's grave.

The diversity in result which attended their respective endeavours is equally startling. The sham plot of 1641 took but twelve months to inflame England into revolt. The real design, 'the great work,' under Charles II., was on foot for several years, but quite in vain. This failure did not arise because the dread and hatred of Popery had lost hold upon Englishmen. The name of Lord George Gordon alone contradicts that notion. Shaftesbury's boast, that he would drive Charles from his kingdom, and make James a vagabond, was not unworthy of his consummate intelligence. He could appeal to notorious facts, while the 'plot-driver' of 1641 had for his purposes but vague rumour or absurd lies. That Charles I. was himself a Papist, none of his subjects fancied; whilst none believed that Charles II. was a Protestant. The heir to the throne, in 1641, was a child under the guardianship of our Church. He was, in 1678, an avowed and mature Romanist; and the true wire-puller of the plot was in his household. Henrietta Maria irritated our national prejudices: that was the worst which could be charged against her. The consort of Charles II. was accused at the Commons' bar of high treason, and of sanctioning the design of her husband's death.

Again: an opening incident in the drama of 1641 was the attack upon Heywood the magistrate, in every way a slight affair; whilst naught in the annals of crime exceeds the horrid murder of Godfrey's fate. The only certainty about his death is how it was connected with the Catholics. And if it was caused by a panic by means of the Shelly letter, what must have

have been the effect of the publication of the Coleman correspondence? Alike by circumstance, his own audacity, and the licence of the age, Shaftesbury, as plot-driver, had far greater advantages than his precursor. The pamphlets and flying-sheets of 1641, without exception, treated the Monarch with respectful pity; but the plot-literature of 1680, a ghastly collection, contains libels likening Charles II. to Nero, or accused him of cheating his son out of his birthright. And their pages were lighted up by the Fire of London, were illustrated by the revelations of Titus Oates, and were attested by many a death upon the scaffold.

What, moreover, stimulates the passions more than an appeal to the eyesight? The only scenic effect which Pym could call to aid was the apparition of that dishevelled tailor in the lobby: Shaftesbury had ready made for use the wild train that followed Godfrey's corpse, and the horrors exhibited at Tyburn and Tower Hill: he provided also those exciting pageants, the 'Pope-burnings,' upon Queen Elizabeth's Coronation-day, which every November threw all London into a ferment, from Aldgate to Temple Bar.

Even when Shaftesbury condescended to a direct imitation of his great original, the popish invader was placed, not over the sea in France, but in force upon the Purbeck hills. He scared Dorsetshire into arms, and spread the alarm as far as Newcastle. Or, if he produced trembling witnesses, who overheard assassins behind a hedge, their tale was guaranteed by the sight of the Lord Chancellor's house, guarded for months by armed watchmen.

Foremost, however, in the furtherance of his design, and in proclaiming the coming 'desperate blow' of the Catholic conspirators, were the royal brothers: but a relation of all that Charles and James did to revive 'the old fear,' would be the history of their deeds. Enough has been told to show that, if the London mob would not be led by Shaftesbury into revolt, or into a single demonstration against the State, it was not for want of provocation. If that was the case, if the more that he infuriated them against the Romanists, the more they clung to a Monarch they despised, a Government they suspected, and an unpopular Church, it is evident that the subjects of Charles II. were determined that the game of 1641 should not be repeated in 1680, and that the cause of Shaftesbury's failure was Pym's success.

The tone in which Pepys's Diary was first ushered into the world may well seem strange to us. That in which we specially  
delight,



delight, his hardy egotism and the lifelike detail, was to the noble editor the subject of apology and regret; and in mitigation of the liberty he took in publishing memoirs, so full of trivial incident, he resorted to considerable abridgment and condensation.

Lord Braybrooke evidently had no prevision that Pepys would become a household name amongst us, or that we should ever please ourselves by social sketches drawn from a Pepysian point of view, or by engrafting upon our common talk the Pepysian idiom. Far less could it have been anticipated, that the last point on which the public would quarrel with Pepys was the length of his Diary. Of this change of feeling, Mr. Mynors Bright's new edition is a remarkable illustration: with painstaking labour, he has redeciphered the whole text of Pepys's memoirs, and has printed it in the annalist's own words. And though nothing of special historic note has been revealed by this process, still the fascination of Pepys's racy style is immeasurably enhanced, and the Diary is rendered more entertaining than ever. The publisher and the printer, also, have done their best in honour of the worthy Secretary to the Admiralty, and he would gaze with 'extraordinary pleasure' upon the six goodly volumes into which his shorthand-notes have been translated, and would appreciate, as becomes a F.R.S., the ample index, the notes, and the illustrations, which are supplied in elucidation of his text.

- ART. V.—1. *Geschichte Aegypten's unter den Pharaonen. Nach den Denkmälern bearbeitet*, von Dr. Heinrich Brugsch-Bey. Erste Deutsche Ausgabe. Leipzig, 1877.
2. *A History of Egypt under the Pharaohs, derived entirely from the Monuments*. By Henry Brugsch-Bey. Translated from the German by the late Henry Danby Seymour, F.R.G.S.; completed and edited by Philip Smith, B.A. With Dr. Brugsch's Memoir on *The Exodus of the Israelites and the Egyptian Monuments*. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1879.
3. *The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, D.C.L., &c. A new edition, revised and corrected by Samuel Birch, LL.D., D.C.L. In 3 vols. London, 1878.

**H**ISTORICAL science has passed through wondrous changes within the space of the present generation. We began to learn ancient history from Rollin, accepting the traditions gathered by Greek writers as historic truths; believing Cadmus and

and Cecrops, Danaüs and Ægyptus, to be personages as real as William the Conqueror, and the dates of the Parian Marbles as true as an almanack. In our youth we were taught to rejoice with an almost supercilious pride in the triumphs of unbounded scepticism, which only then seemed fallible when it tried to build up again the early history which it had destroyed. When Niebuhr died in 1831, a reviewer—who has lately passed away, as much revered for his character and influence as he was admired for his accomplished scholarship—pronounced the task of completing the historian's colossal work to be as hopeless as that of elaborating and setting up in its destined place a half-hewn Ramses or Sesostris. But now we have lived to see the illustration entirely reversed. Immortal as is Niebuhr's place in modern scholarship, his *constructive* work already lies overthrown, like the mutilated colossus of Ramses in the ditch at Mitrahenne; while the history and life of the primeval states of Egypt and Western Asia,—then known to us only in fragments which it was the fashion to discredit or banish wholly to that limbo, where the catchword 'mythical' cut short the critic's labour,—has been restored, on the most certain documentary evidence, to an extent already marvellous, considering the short time since the clue has been found, and the vast number of records that remain to be deciphered. Let us at once add, that this last qualification forms a warning most needful alike for hasty framers of conclusions and for objectors hardened in scepticism: and we hardly know which class needs it most. Barely half a century has elapsed since Young and Champollion found in the Rosetta stone the key which has very gradually opened the vast stores of Egyptian learning; and the generation which is not yet old has witnessed the similar achievement of Grotefend and Rawlinson in deciphering the cuneiform writing from the Behistun inscription, and the wonders brought to the light of day by the spades of Mariette, Layard, and their fellow-labourers. We are but beginning to see that what we started by believing without sufficient evidence, and next rejected on speculative grounds as captivating as they are now proved wrong, were all the time substantial realities, whose true form and details have still to be cautiously investigated, while at each step we approach nearer and nearer to a reconstruction of the life and annals of the great states which fill the whole background of sacred and secular history.

A real epoch in this process of discovery and historic reconstruction is marked by the simultaneous publication of the great works of Dr. Brugsch and Sir Gardner Wilkinson; the latter in the new form given to it by the labours of Dr. Birch, whose fame

fame among the foremost of *Egyptologists*—(the ugly word is too convenient for our love of purer English)—needs no added tribute from us. The two works together set the life and history of ancient Egypt before us in the twofold light of the written records drawn up by her kings and nobles, priests and scribes, and of the varied scenes which they have depicted for us to behold, and the innumerable objects they have left behind; so that we have the combined evidence of ‘that which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled.’ To compare these sources of knowledge in specific cases, would detain us from matters of more importance: we will take but one illustration as it occurs to us. In one of the most interesting documents of Egyptian history, the inscription of the Ethiopian Piankhi, the king, sending forth his army to conquer Egypt, gives this warning to his soldiers: ‘Take care, watch, do not pass the night in the enjoyment of play’ (Brugsch, vol. ii. p. 233); and, turning to the cases of our Museum and the pages of Wilkinson, we find the dice (some of them *loaded*), which attest a passion common to human nature, while the painted walls of the tombs exhibit several scenes of play at draughts (or some such game), and a box of draughtsmen has been found at Thebes. We even know the names of two kings, Ramses III. and Psammetichus II., who have thus recorded a taste like that of Louis XIV. and Napoleon for chess; but we are not told whether they also had courtiers who dared (like the Duc de Grammont) to reprove their false moves (Wilkinson, vol. i. p. 32; ii. pp. 55–60).

We must not, however, be tempted into the wide and inviting field of the daily life and manners, which the old Egyptians have so vividly portrayed on their sepulchral walls, as to give us what Renan happily calls ‘Egypt taken in the fact.’ We are at present concerned with the great historical results derived solely from the monuments, which Dr. Brugsch has been the first to weave into a consecutive history of the long line of Pharaohs, from the first king Mena to the last native sovereign Nectanebo, and to the conquest of Egypt by Alexander, when an Egyptian officer, who served both Darius Codomannus and his great conqueror, records his thanks to the god ‘who hast protected me in the battle of the Ionians, when thou didst rout the Asiatic.’ It is not enough, however, to describe Dr. Brugsch’s work as founded entirely on the monuments: it has the unique merit of being derived from them *at first hand*. More than one Egyptologist of high ability and authority has compiled the chief results of the testimony of the ancient records thus far made known by copies and translations; but it was reserved for  
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Dr. Brugsch to add to the fruits of all other researches those obtained by his own study of the monuments on the spot, in his repeated journeys throughout the land, where he has spent the best years of his life in the service of the Khedive. 'Claiming (he says) neither the vocation nor the ability of a professed historian, I am fain to content myself with the modest and subordinate merit of being a conscientious interpreter of the words of a past age, after having exhausted all means for the right determination of the evidence drawn from the primitive records, which frequent journeys to Upper Egypt have given me the opportunity of thoroughly examining on the very spot where each is extant' (*Preface*, pp. xv-xvi).

The special value of this character of his work may seem a mere truism to those who have not learnt, from a life spent in critical and historical studies, the painful and sometimes humiliating conviction, that no transcript or translation, no quotation or epitome, should ever be trusted, when it is possible to consult the original, however honest may be the intermediate witness, nay, however trustworthy his learning or general ability. The last quality may even be a special snare, like a great actor's reading of a part, by colouring the testimony with personal views, the more influential from their being unconsciously imported or unconsciously received. A stroke of an inscription incorrectly copied may vitiate its whole testimony; a word wrongly translated may alter the entire meaning; an added light—more often we might say a shade—of interpretation may completely pervert the sense; a guess ventured on to supply a missing link may make the testimony no longer that of the original witness. And, after all that original investigation can do to eliminate these sources of error, there still remains one, too formidable in itself to afford being weighted with all the rest, the difficulty of exact translation.

It is no objection to the new learning conversant with Egyptian and cuneiform interpretation—unless when a certainty is claimed for them which their best students would be the first to disavow—rather is it a ground for just pride at the progress made in so short a time—to admit that, in both cases, we are labouring to read characters which are as yet incompletely deciphered, and languages which are as yet imperfectly understood. The wonder would be if it were not so; and there is no occasion for the scorn of sceptics because a few words in a document are read quite differently by scholars like Brugsch and Birch, while all are agreed in making out (often independently of each other) an intelligible and consistent sense from the whole; or because, from an ambiguity which is among the commonplaces



commonplaces of cuneiform grammar, two or more entirely different readings have been given of the name of a king, whose exploits in war and hunting are read in his annals and portrayed on the slabs from his palace now in our Museum, so clearly, that the mere form of his name as little affects his true personality and his history, as would the record of our Premier's life, whether under the name of Disraeli or of Beaconsfield.

The time is past when it was needful to vindicate the truth of hieroglyphic and cuneiform interpretation against entire disbelievers; but there is still enough of scepticism and imperfect understanding—often in quarters where we are surprised to find them—to make it worth while to glance at the principles on which the discoveries are founded, and the grounds of their certainty within reasonable limits of error. The late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who held to his disbelief longer probably than any scholar of equal eminence,\* used to argue that there was no instance in which the interpretation of an unknown language in an unknown character had been successfully achieved; and he appealed to the Etruscan inscriptions as a proof. Without staying to notice the principles of Etruscan interpretation, which are even now under discussion, we may safely join issue on the objector's own ground, and deny that the hieroglyphic or the cuneiform inscriptions are subject to the conditions which he laid down. In neither case was the language to be read one absolutely unknown, that is, in the only sense in which the objection would have full force. A known language in an unknown character can, of course, not be read until so many at least of the characters are made out, as to supply a clue to the rest by help of the known language, which comes out more and more clearly as the discovery is made step by step, like the sense of a letter written almost illegibly, but in a known language, or like the features of a familiar landscape as the mists are swept from off its face. Let there but be a clue to a few characters, among the varied combinations of which we can find some words that are either already known, or at least provisionally identified while awaiting confirmation by other tests; then the combinations of these characters with others still unknown will suggest new words, which may be recognized and tested in their turn; and these discoveries throw light upon each other in a proportion that rapidly increases. If now the words thus brought to light are found to belong either to a known

\* It should, however, be remembered that Sir G. C. Lewis died in 1865, and we can hardly doubt that the progress of discovery during the last thirteen years would have had a great influence on his mind, which was as candid as it was clear and calm.

language, or to have affinities with a known family of languages—much more if that be the very family to which the people whose language we are investigating are known to have belonged—we have got rid, in some degree at least, of one of the co-ordinate elements of Sir George Cornwall Lewis's problem: it is no longer an unknown language that we are searching for.

Now this has been the actual course both of Egyptian and cuneiform interpretation. We need not stay to recount the familiar story how, in each case, a trilingual record—the Rosetta inscription in honour of one of the Ptolemies in Egypt, and the rock inscription of King Darius at Behistun in Media—suggested to the ingenuity of Young and Grotefend the discovery of groups of characters forming the proper names of well-known kings, which led, by the process just described, to an alphabet making some approach to completeness, and to a considerable stock of words. Then came the question, to what language, or family of languages, those words belonged; and here there was a remarkable variety in the problem in the two cases. Of the three inscriptions on the Rosetta stone, two were known, on sufficient grounds, to be in the old language of Egypt, but in two different styles of writing, while the third was in Greek. This last was a witness ready to confirm or disprove the whole sense of the Egyptian inscriptions, when it might be made out from the discovery of their letters and words; but to those letters and words themselves it gave no clue, except for proper names. In the Behistun inscription, on the other hand, all three columns are in the cuneiform character, so that neither of them at once supplied the sense, like the Greek of the Rosetta stone. But, to compensate for this, one of the three was soon found, as the words came out one after another, to be in the old Persian, a language near enough to later Persian to be clearly understood; and when this was made out, it supplied the characters and words of the other two columns. This fact, together with the more purely alphabetic character of the cuneiform writing, will help to explain the more rapid progress made in its interpretation.

Thus, in both cases, we have traced the process of discovery to the stage, at which the newly discovered words were awaiting an interpretation, of the whole result of which a test was ready, in the Greek portion of the Rosetta stone, in the Persian column of the Behistun inscription. And here,—as we always find in the history of discovery that progress is made in one field just when it is wanted to help in another,—the newly established principles of comparative grammar were ready to supply the evidence required. To despatch first the case with which

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we have here the less concern—it was quite clear that the record at Behistun, like that of another Darius (Daniel vi. 25) was addressed to the people of the country, *in their various languages*. It was well known that one chief element of the population was Semitic, and the kindred languages of the family, such as Hebrew and Syriac, supplied the elements from which the Semitic Assyrian tongue has since been worked out by an earnest band of scholars, with its syllabary, vocabulary and grammar rapidly advancing to completeness; and a similar process has been applied to the third column, in the Turanian dialect of Media.

In the case of Egypt, the character of its ancient language has long been a subject of debate; and Brugsch adopts the view that it had affinities both with the Indo-Germanic and Semitic families. But few ever doubted that its type was preserved in the language of the Copts, the genuine ethnical descendants of the old Egyptians; a language which was vernacular in Egypt to a very recent period, and is still preserved in a version of the Scriptures and in the liturgies of the Coptic Church, though an unknown tongue to the priests who use it. Here, then, was the required key, and every new step in the interpretation of old Egyptian proves its essential identity with Coptic. As to the unknown characters, we need only say that their strangeness has, in both cases, been exaggerated, and their connection with the Phœnician—the parent of all our European alphabets—is becoming more and more established. The wedge-shaped or “arrow-headed” elements of the cuneiform writing are but a form of the component strokes of letters, due to the manner in which they were impressed on the clay tablets, which any one may imitate by pressing the corner of a square stick on soft pasteboard; and in the pictorial symbols which were retained as one, but only one, element of Egyptian writing, we trace the undoubted origin of alphabetic characters.

The soundness of these principles of interpretation has been confirmed by the test of results, accumulating every day with every new inscription and papyrus that is read. Indeed so abundant and so certain is the mass of self-confirming matter, that one familiar with the subject would now almost as soon expect to be called on to justify the reality of our knowledge of Greek or Hebrew, as of old Egyptian or Assyrian. For, in the new learning as in the old, that stage of familiar acquaintance has now been reached, at which the self-evident reasonableness and consistency of the results affords an ever-growing proof that the process is sound; and each new discovery of agreement between the testimony of the Egyptian records and our older knowledge

knowledge—derived for example from the Scriptures and the classical writers—is not only a new confirmation of the latter, but a proof that, in the interpretation of the former also, we have not followed a cunningly devised fable. Abundant illustrations will occur as we proceed.

To the mind of the real critic and the habitual student this body of evidence is the most convincing, its force consisting (as Lord Salisbury said of the Treaty of San Stefano), not in any one point, or even in many, but in the general tenor of the whole. But for the class of minds that seek after a sign, there are not wanting special tests and confirmations of a very striking character. The most casual beholder of the Egyptian monuments in our Museums is struck with the mixture of pictures and inscriptions, which convey a twofold information to the eye and to the understanding; and the reading of the inscriptions, according to the now established rules of interpretation, is always found to agree precisely with the evident meaning of the pictures. There is the same perfect agreement between the cuneiform records of the Assyrian kings and the sculptured representations of their exploits to be seen on the walls of our Museum. The scenes thus spread out before the eye on the slabs which lined the walls of Sennacherib's palace at Nineveh, disinterred from the mound of Koyunjik, form a biblical commentary of themselves, and prepare us to read in his Annals (on the cylinders which may also be seen in the Museum) the whole story of his war against Hezekiah, as related by himself.

Another test is supplied by those numerous records of the monuments, which are found to agree with actual facts. Among many such examples we take one, which formed an *experimentum crucis* in the history of cuneiform discovery. One of the earliest specimens of Assyrian sculpture is the rock-tablet in a cavern near the eastern source of the Tigris, bearing the effigies of Tiglath-pileser I.—the same king whose annals were subjected by the Royal Asiatic Society to the test of independent translation by Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, Mr. Fox Talbot, and M. Jules Oppert, with the result of a general agreement which proved the soundness of their method. The tablet of Tiglath-pileser was unknown to travellers, till in the famous 'standard inscription' of his descendant, discovered by Layard at Nimrud, the statement was read, that he had set up his own effigy beside that of Tiglath-pileser at the place referred to, where both were then sought for and found. And not only isolated facts, but whole chapters of history, that were formerly most perplexingly obscure, have been cleared up by the new records now brought to light. Thus the whole series of intricate relations between



Assyria, Egypt and Ethiopia, from the tenth to the seventh century B.C., and the internal state of Lower Egypt—divided into the petty kingdoms which oscillated between their powerful neighbours, Assyria on the east and Ethiopia on the south—has become the subject of a new revelation, in which the cuneiform annals of the Assyrian kings and the inscribed records of the Ethiopians at their ancient capital by Mount Barkal, combine their testimony, with a consistency proving that both are read aright, and clearing up the obscurities found in the Bible and Herodotus, so as to confirm them also; and Tirhaka, Sabaco, and the so-called Dodecarchy fall into their true historic places. We must reluctantly refrain from giving the striking details, but we cannot omit two most remarkable discoveries, which, in throwing an unforeseen light on Scripture, confirm by this very agreement the truth of cuneiform interpretation.

To enforce the reiterated prophetic warnings against alliance with and trust in Egypt, Isaiah predicts calamities coming upon *Egypt and Ethiopia* (mark this) from the power of Assyria, with a distinctness to which no events in Egyptian history were till lately known to answer (Isaiah xix.). In the next chapter, a brief but most explicit prophecy of the complete conquest and shameful captivity of *Egypt and Ethiopia*, by Assyria, is repeated on the occasion of the siege and capture of Ashdod (Azotus) by the Tartan (commander-in-chief) of 'SARGON, king of Assyria' (Isaiah xx. 1). The name of Sargon was so utterly unknown to history, that the class of critics, who are ever ready to set aside plain evidence for their own conjectures, proposed simply to substitute 'Sennacherib'; and the margin of our Version refers to that king's expedition against Judah. But the result of the excavations begun by M. Botta at Khorsabad was to reveal the splendid palace of *Dur-Sargina* built on that spot by SARGON, father of Sennacherib, a military adventurer, who overthrew the dynasty which ended with Shalmaneser, and finished that king's capture of Samaria. The mound yielded up the inscribed cylinders recording the details of the building of his palace, and the annals of his reign, among which we read the whole story of his war against Ashdod, and the victory which he won at Altaku over Tirhaka and his allies, the petty kings of Egypt. Among other monuments of Sargon, his name is read on a *little vase of glass*, now in the British Museum; and among his descendants, who ruled in Egypt as kings and princes of the Twenty-second Dynasty, the name occurs again and again in its Egyptian form, *Usarkon*. This most certain restoration of Sargon to his place in history is a result only surpassed in interest by that which we proceed to state.

Isaiah's

Isaiah's prophecy of the crushing blow which should be inflicted by the Assyrians on 'the princes of Zoan'—the petty kings of Lower Egypt, of which Zoan (Tanis) was, as we shall soon see, the capital—and 'the princes of Noph,' the Ethiopian priest-kings who conquered and ruled Egypt from their capital at Napata (by Mt. Barkal)—is repeated in the following generation by Nahum (chap. iii.). But now the foretold ruin of Egypt and Ethiopia has become an accomplished fact, which is held up as an emphatic warning to their boasting conqueror, Nineveh: 'Art thou better than populous No (Thebes), that was situate among the rivers? . . . : *Ethiopia and Egypt* were her strength, and it was infinite . . . : *Yet was she carried away; she went into captivity*: her young children also were dashed in pieces at the top of all the streets: and they cast lots for her honourable men, and all her great men were bound in chains.' Not a trace of this great catastrophe appeared in the traditional history of Egypt and Assyria, save in the mere hint suggested by the fame of a 'conquering Sardanapalus'; but now the annals of that very sovereign, ASSUR-BANI-PAL,—the grandson of Sennacherib, found among the ruins of his palace at Nineveh, under the mound of Koyunjik,—tell us the whole story of the conflict for sovereignty over the petty princes of Egypt, maintained with varying fortunes by his father Esarhaddon and himself against the Ethiopian Tirhaka and his successor; in the course of which the Assyrian armies twice marched up the Nile to Thebes, took the city, massacred its inhabitants or carried them captive 'men and women, great and small, with immense spoil, to Nineveh, the city of my dominion.'\*

And here we may note what is equally striking as a caution and an encouragement. It seems but yesterday that the world was eagerly asking,—with anxious hope on the one hand, and sarcastic satisfaction at the first disappointments on the other,—whether the decipherers had made out the names of Pharaoh and Sesostris, of Joseph and Moses—any evidence of the bondage in Egypt, or of the catastrophe in the Red Sea. The time has not yet passed for the remonstrance, which a clergyman is said to have addressed to a sceptic who asked to *see* the devil,—'Can't you wait?' In this province also we have need of the lesson so emphatically read of late to the whole world of science, against proclaiming

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\* As the wide field that lies before us will not allow us to return to this most interesting period of Egyptian history, we must be content to refer to the late Mr. George Smith's 'Life of Assurbanipal,' and to Brugsch's important chapter on the Ethiopian kings, in which he has incorporated the results of M. Jules Oppert's most admirable monograph, entitled 'Mémoire sur les rapports de l'Égypte et de l'Assyrie dans l'antiquité éclaircis par l'étude des textes cunéiformes.' Paris, 1869.

conjectures as facts, and probable hypotheses as certain truths. To take one striking example: when a papyrus at Leyden supplied us with the report of a scribe to his superior, under the great king Ramses II., that he had 'distributed the rations among the soldiers, and likewise among the *Apurui*, or *Aperiu*, who carry the stones to the great city of King Ramses Miamun,' most of the best Egyptologists yielded to the temptation to find here the *Hebrews*, who built for Pharaoh the city of Raamses (Exodus i. 11). But Brugsch shows clearly that these *Aperiu* were not Hebrews, but an Erythræan people settled in the nome of Heliopolis, as breeders of horses, mentioned long before in an inscription of Thutmes III., as cavalry in the king's service, and again under kings Ramses III. and Ramses IV., long after the exodus of the Israelites (vol. ii. p. 129). Another famous example of hasty identification is the picture in one of the tombs at Beni-Hassan, which was supposed to represent the arrival of the children of Israel. Dr. Brugsch supplies the true account of this most interesting monument (vol. i. pp. 155-157). In both these cases, as in many others, the value of an admirable illustration has been prejudiced by a too hasty assumption of identity.

The caution taught by such failures gives all the more value to the identifications agreed on by the masters of the science. In the department of geography, the indefatigable labours of Dr. Brugsch have recovered from the monuments an almost complete system of names for Egypt and the adjacent countries, which he has embodied in his great 'Geographical Dictionary of Ancient Egypt.' Very interesting examples are given in the lists of Egyptian conquests in Asia at sundry pages of the history; and he holds out the tempting promise, in his forthcoming work on the 'Bible and the Monuments,' of identifying by Egyptian records all the stations of the Israelites in the peninsula of Sinai. On the other hand, he rejects one of the most interesting results accepted by the majority of his fellow-labourers, who find the names of the famous peoples of Greece and its islands, and of the coast of Asia Minor—the Danaï and Achæans, the Dardanians, Mysians, and Lycians, and even Ilium itself—in the great confederacy which joined with the Libyans and certain Asiatic tribes in assailing Egypt by sea and land in the times of Mineptah II. and Ramses III. All the names which have so familiar a sound are regarded by Brugsch as belonging to Caucasian tribes in the highlands on the upper course of the Euphrates. The question will doubtless furnish abundant scope for controversy among Egyptologists.

Among the proper names of persons, it is needless to specify  
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the familiar appellations of kings preserved by the Greek authors and in Scripture, which have been found essentially the same in the Egyptian form of writing, such as Cheops, Mycerinus, the queen Nitocris, Shishak, Apries or Pharaoh Hophra; but there are one or two cases of especial interest. The great name of SESOSTRIS, the hero and conqueror who fills so large a space in the traditional history preserved by Herodotus and other classic authors, was at first sought in vain upon the monuments. It seemed that his fame had gathered up into itself the deeds of more than one great Pharaoh, and so, while his own personality came nearest to that of Ramses II., it was supposed (as by Sir Gardner Wilkinson) that the mere name might have come down from the Usurtasens (otherwise read Sesertasen) of a much earlier dynasty. But this vagueness is dispelled, and the identification of Sesostris with the great Ramses is established, by a fuller acquaintance with his titles, and we now learn from Brugsch that:

‘This is the king who above all others bears the name of honour of A-nakhtu, “the Conqueror,” and whom the monuments and the rolls of the books often designate by his popular names of Ses, Sestasu, Sotesu, or Sestura, that is, the “Sethosis, who is also called Ramesses” of the Manethonian record, and the renowned legendary conqueror Sesostris of the Greek historians’ (vol. ii. p. 33).

In the later history of Egypt, a similar name, *Settu-ra*, appears as the coronation name of Darius I.

Another interesting problem was presented by the name of RHAMPSINITUS, of whose riches, and the attempt to plunder his treasury, Herodotus tells one of his most amusing tales (bk. ii. c. 121). From the lists of Manetho and other evidence, there seemed little doubt that this king must be Ramses III., the great founder of the Twentieth Dynasty, who restored Egypt from its decline under the successors of Ramses II. The monuments fully confirm the story of his enormous riches, which he stored up in the great Ramesseum, at Thebes (Medinet-Abu), at once a temple and a treasury. Its lost contents are made known to us by its pictures and inscriptions:

‘The treasure-chambers, on the southern side of the hindmost hall, are now empty. Pictures and words alone replace the “mammon” which is wanting. If it be true, as the inscriptions clearly and distinctly declare, that the treasures once hoarded here were dedicated by Rhampsinitus as gifts to the Theban Amon, the god had no reason to complain of the king. Gold in grains, in full purses up to the weight of 1000 lbs., from the mines of Amamu in the land of Kush, of Edfu (Apollinopolis Magna), of Ombos and of Koptos; bars of silver; complete pyramids of blue and green stones, besides  
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the much prized bluestone of Tafrer (the land of the Tybarenes?), and the real greenstone of Roshatha; copper ore; lead; the precious sorts of incense from Punt and from the holy lands; moreover gold and silver statues, images of animals, vases, chests, and other ornaments, down to the seal-rings with the name of the king upon them—these and hundreds of thousands of other things did the Pharaoh dedicate, to show his gratitude to the god, as appears evident from his elaborate address: "I dedicate this to thee as a memorial for thy temple consisting of clear raw copper, and raw gold, and [of all works of art], which have come forth from the workshops of the sculptor. The productions of the land of Ruthen shall be brought to thee as gifts, to fill the treasury of thy temple with the best things of all lands" (vol. ii. p. 145).

The parallel with the king in Herodotus seems complete; but what of the name? The answer is at once supplied by Brugsch: "Among the people, as is proved by the monuments, he bore the appellation of *Ramessu-pa-nuter*, or *pa-nuti*, that is, "Ramses the god," from which the Greeks formed the well-known name of Rhampsinitus" (ii. p. 139).

But we cannot part with this king without doing some justice to the thieves, who play a conspicuous part in the society of ancient as well as of modern Egypt; so much indeed that they formed a recognized fraternity, and were obliged to give in their names to a chief of the robbers.\* We have an account of their exploits at an earlier period, which is doubly interesting both as one of those innumerable testimonies to manners, by which the monuments confirm the ancient writers, and as an example of the trivial objects which may survive to link together the knowledge of remote ages. A piece of broken pottery, of the time of Amenhotep III. (about 1500 years before the Christian era), bears on its two sides the following memorandum daubed with a brush:

"Let there be a report made of all thefts which the workpeople of Nakhnemmut have committed. They smuggled themselves into the house; they stole the . . . and spilt the oil; they opened the corn-chest which contained spelt, and stole the lead on the mouth of the fountain. They went into the bake-house (?) and stole the provision of stale bread, and spilt the lamp-oil, on the 13th day of the month Epiphi, on the coronation-day of King Amenhotep."

"As if such a theft had not been enough, the back of the potsherd continues, in the same tone:—"They went into the provision-room and stole three long loaves; eight ornaments . . . they drew (or rather, they sucked) the beer from the skin which lay on the water,

\* Diodorus, i. 80. Some interesting remarks on Egyptian thieves will be found in Wilkinson, vol. i. pp. 307-309.

while I was in the house of my father. Will my lord allow that (justice may) be done me?"

'And all this happened on the coronation-day of Pharaoh, which otherwise, without this little potsherd, would probably have remained a date for ever unknown to us' (vol. i. pp. 438-439).

Such is an outline of the evidence to prove that we have unquestionably obtained the key wherewith to open the contemporary records of those ages of primeval history, which were before known only through scanty and scattered fragments of tradition, wanting any clue to piece them together, and scarcely capable of being tested by criticism. The tombs of the old Egyptian nobles and officials relate to us the lives of their owners and the services they rendered to the kings, whose history is thus in a great measure recovered. This is the chief character of the earlier records; and it is remarkable that the oldest writings ascribed by tradition to the kings themselves are treatises on religion and science, particularly medicine, and their earliest extant works contain moral precepts, rather than boastful annals of their own exploits. These begin with the Eighteenth Dynasty, when Egypt entered on the path of foreign conquest in Western Asia. With the Nineteenth, and especially under the great Ramses II., heroic poetry comes forward to subserve the glory of the king, while the circle of literature widens, and a host of scribes vie with each other in exercises to show their powers of composition, and works of imagination are composed for the amusement and instruction of princes. Besides these, we possess a number of official reports and despatches by scribes in the service of the court. Still more voluminous than all this historical and general literature,—whether inscribed on the monuments or written on papyrus with that marvellous black ink which preserves its freshness for ever,—are the innumerable papyri containing hymns to the gods and other religious matter, among which the books of the 'Ritual of the Dead' occupy the largest space. Nor is this all; for the wonderful light already thrown on one chapter of Egyptian history by the cuneiform records of Assyria warrants the expectation of a great increase of historic knowledge regarding both countries, in their political and commercial relations, when we come to know more of those heaps of clay books, of which only a few have been deciphered. We may even hope for the discovery of cuneiform records of Assyrian kings in Egypt, for, in the account of that *real Assyrian conquest of Egypt*, about B.C. 1000, which is among the most interesting of Dr. Brugsch's new discoveries, we are told by the conqueror Shashanq, the 'great King of Assyria'—(grandfather of Shashanq I., founder of  
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of the Twenty-second Dynasty, the biblical Shishak in the time of Solomon and Rehoboam),—that he set up in the temple at Abydos ‘a memorial tablet *in the language of the land of Babel*, containing the command of the great lord in his name.’

In both fields the harvest is abundant but the labourers are as yet few, and the novelty of the work demands the greatest patience, caution, forbearance, and readiness to unlearn as well as to learn. It may be safely said that the general meaning of any Egyptian or cuneiform text, unless obscured by special difficulties and corruptions, lies within the grasp of a band of scholars daily increasing; but it is equally true that there are still immense difficulties to be overcome in the process of translation. Of this any of our readers may satisfy himself by looking at the specimen of interlinear translation given by Dr. Brugsch in his ‘Appendix’ (vol. ii. pp. 322–324), and comparing it with the free version which he subjoins. He adds a few weighty words, which give the keynote to the sound principles that have guided his own translations: ‘I have printed the above translation, word for word, in order to furnish a proof from this example, that inscriptions of the older time are indeed no child’s play, and that their value for historical research depends wholly and solely on the *correct* explanation of the text. . . . The deciphering of the inscriptions has no real significance, until *the translator is sure of his subject in its fullest compass*.’ Till this is more perfectly attained, the outer world must be content to witness not a few marvellous discrepancies, which further study will remove, and some rather bitter controversy, which a sense of brotherhood in a noble labour ought to abate.

Meanwhile the command of materials has become sufficient, and the mastery attained over them adequate, for the great work which Dr. Brugsch has undertaken. His first essay at a complete history of Egypt under the Pharaohs was made in French, in 1857, and he published a second edition of the first half of that work in 1874. But such has been the progress both of discovery and of interpretation in the last twenty years, that he wisely determined to compose a new work in his native language, and the English version of this new History may be introduced to our readers in his own words:—

‘During the time which has since elapsed, the whole compass of our knowledge of the monuments has been enlarged beyond anticipation by new excavations and discoveries, and by the advances made in decyphering the inscriptions through the labours of gifted students of the science. Meanwhile, the most important remains of Egyptian antiquity have been won from the bosom of the earth, and the most  
searching

searching investigations have almost completely overcome the last remaining difficulties, which lay as hindrances in the way of understanding the Holy Scriptures.' (*Preface*, p. xiv.)

The unique value of this work, by a scholar second to none of those fellow-labourers whose services he warmly acknowledges, consists in two points: first, in its complete view of the whole course of Egyptian history, deduced for the first time from the monuments alone, the texts of which are given in exact translations, without any intermixture of the less authentic traditions of classical antiquity; and, secondly, in the new light which this clearer knowledge of Egyptian history throws upon that part of Scripture history to which Egypt forms a foreground, verifying in this sense also the prophecy, 'Out of Egypt have I called my son.' We propose to glance but lightly at Dr. Brugsch's chief new contributions under the former head, that we may reserve the chief part of our remaining space for the more interesting and striking results offered to us under the latter.

On the origin of the old Egyptians, Dr. Brugsch pronounces decidedly against any connection with the negro races of Africa, and refers them to a branch of the Caucasian family, having some affinities with, but also some special characters distinguishing them from, the Semitic and Indo-Germanic races. He calls this branch of the Caucasian family Cushite,\* and holds that it 'migrated from Asia, long before historic memory, and crossed that bridge of nations, the Isthmus of Suez, to find a new fatherland on the favoured banks of the Nile.'

With equal decision does he pronounce against the theory propounded in antiquity, as we learn from Diodorus, and revived by some modern scholars, that the civilization of Egypt came down the Nile from a primitive society of priests at Meroë. Against this fiction we have the united evidence of history and the character of the extant monuments. While these show on their face an inferior imitation of Egyptian art, growing more and more debased as we ascend the Nile, the records and pictures which they preserve exhibit negro races on the south of Egypt, up to its very frontier at Syene, during the whole period of the great Egyptian empire. The

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\* We can only glance at one point, which supplies a striking confirmation of the connection between the two great branches of the Cushite race, that found in 'Ethiopia above Egypt,' and that which meets us in Mesopotamia on the very threshold of Scripture history (Genesis x. 6-10). In a note appended to his admirable chapter on the Ethiopian kings, Dr. Brugsch shows how their names may be interpreted by the extant language of a Nubian tribe, the Barabra. Thus Shabak (Sabaco) means 'the male cat,' and Shabatak (Sebichus), 'the male cat's son,' and Nimrod the Cushite is *Nimr-ato*, 'the panther's son,' a name well suited to the 'mighty hunter.' (Vol. ii. p. 275-6.)



priestly kingdom of Ethiopia, founded on Egyptian religion and institutions, had no existence till a late period of history, when we are perfectly acquainted with its foundation by the priest-kings of the Twenty-first Egyptian Dynasty, who had usurped the throne from the feeble later Ramessids (about B.C. 1100), and were in their turn driven out by the Assyrian conquest of Egypt (about B.C. 1000), to found a new kingdom at Napata, which survived for centuries at Meroë. Their preservation of the old Egyptian religion and institutions, which had been intermixed in Egypt itself with foreign elements from Asia and Greece, misled the Greek enquirers into the belief that this had been the pure original-fountain-head of Egyptian civilization.

The problem still awaits solution, what was the real origin of that marvellous civilization, which meets us on the very threshold of Egyptian history in a state already so advanced, that on beholding it, as Renan exclaims, 'on est pris de vertige !' Till some account of its earlier elements shall be given, it forms a standing witness against, to say the least, the hasty assumption of a progressive spontaneous development from a savage state; for its character is as consistent as it is complete. As Brugsch observes, there are no ages of stone, bronze, and iron, in Egypt, 'and we must openly acknowledge the fact, that, up to this time at least, Egypt throws scorn upon these assumed periods.' The one thing we know is, that Egyptian history is the most ancient to which we have been able to ascend, and it presents to us a people already highly civilized, not in the material sense alone, but in social and political order, morality, and religion: in other words the *known history of the world* begins with a nation already in this high state of civility, knowledge, and refinement. The picture has been fully drawn by Wilkinson and others; but we must find room for Dr. Brugsch's vivid sketch of the Egyptian character:—

'We cannot close this chapter without still taking an enquiring look at the peculiar mental endowments of the ancient Egyptians, about which the information of the monuments will be of course our faithful guides. There are not wanting very learned and intelligent persons—not excepting some who have won an illustrious name in historical enquiries—who teach us to regard the Egyptians as a people reflective, serious, and reserved, very religious, occupied only with the other world, and caring nothing or very little about this lower life; just as if they had been the Trappists of antiquity. But could it have been possible—we ask with wonder and bewilderment—that the fertile and bounteous land, that the noble river which waters its soil, that the pure and smiling heaven, that the beaming sun of Egypt, could have produced a people of living mummies and of sad philosophers,

philosophers, a people who only regarded this life as a burden to be thrown off as soon as possible? No! Travel through the land of the old Pharaohs; look at the pictures carved or painted on the walls of the sepulchral chapels; read the words cut in stone or written with black ink on the fragile papyrus; and you will soon be obliged to form another judgment on the Egyptian philosophers. No people could be gayer, more lively, of more childlike simplicity, than those old Egyptians, who loved life with all their heart, and found the deepest joy in their very existence. Far from longing for death, they addressed to the host of the holy gods the prayer, to preserve and lengthen life, if possible, to the "most perfect old age of 110 years." They gave themselves up to the pleasures of a merry life. The song and dance and flowing cup, cheerful excursions to the meadows and the papyrus marshes—to hunt with bow and arrow or sling, or to fish with spear and hook—heightened the enjoyment of life, and were the recreations of the nobler classes after work was done. In connection with this merry disposition, humorous jests and lively sallies of wit, often passing the bounds of decorum, characterised the people from age to age. They were fond of biting jests and smart innuendoes, and free social talk found its way even into the silent chambers of the tomb. But the propensity to pleasure was a dangerous trap for the youth of the old Egyptian schools, and the judicious teachers had much need to keep a curb on the young people. If admonition utterly failed, the chastising stick came into play, for the sages of the country believed that "The ears of a youth are on his back" (vol. i. pp. 18-20).

To what age of the world's history must the beginning of the Egyptian state be carried back?—is a question which Dr. Brugsch wisely dismisses with a clear statement of its difficulties; and we shall certainly not enter on the discussion of the duration of Manetho's dynasties, and the other elements of this long-vest problem. Dr. Brugsch gives a striking illustration of the discrepancy between the dates proposed by the most eminent modern Egyptologists, on the authority of Manetho's lists, for the beginning of the monarchy with Mena. Between the highest and lowest limits assigned by Boeckh (B.C. 5702), and Bunsen (B.C. 3623), there is a difference of 2079 years; which is just as if, supposing future students of history to be disputing about the accession of Augustus to the Roman Empire in B.C. 30 (the true date), some of them should carry it back to B.C. 207, in the midst of the Second Punic War, and others should bring it down to A.D. 1872, in the reign of Queen Victoria! The figures of Manetho, already beset with many internal elements of doubt, besides the question of contemporary dynasties on the one hand, and omissions on the other, are becoming more and more discredited by the regnal years attested by the monuments.

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The first *certain* epoch in Egyptian chronology is that of the accession of the Twenty-sixth Dynasty, B.C. 666, from which backward calculations can be made with more or less probability; but these are thrown out by great dislocations at certain points. The attempts at computation from astronomical *data* have as yet yielded few results of any value. But there is one subsidiary method, which Dr. Brugsch regards with a considerable degree of approval; namely, the suggestion of Lieblein to calculate by *generations*, on the received rule that three generations, reckoned from birth to birth, or from death to death, occupy a century on the average; and Dr. Brugsch finds an ingenious corroboration of the results thus gained in a certain pedigree of court architects, running parallel with that of the kings, from Imhotep, under the Third Dynasty, to Khnum-ab-ra, the architect to Darius I. (See vol. ii. p. 299, and Preface.) But the dates which he assigns on this theory are proposed as merely hypothetical and provisional; and he distinctly records his opinion, that 'everything still remains to be done in this province, so far as relates to the time preceding the Twenty-sixth Dynasty.' (Preface, p. xix.)

One conspicuous result of the study of Egyptian history from the monuments is to break up the long uniform series, which it presented to the eye of Herodotus down to the beginning of Greek influence, into periods distinguished by very marked characters; and Dr. Brugsch has further shown how the dynasties of Manetho may be explained as marking, for the most part, revolutions in the occupation of the throne, due in a great measure to the original division of the land into the districts, each about its own town, which the Greeks called *nomes*.

'Egyptian history, so far as the monuments preserved from eternal oblivion throw light on the matter, furnishes proof that each *nome* formed in a certain degree a government complete in itself. It happened very often, that the inhabitants of one district threatened an attack on the occupants of another, on account of some dispute about divine or human questions. The hostile feelings of the opponents not unfrequently broke out into a hard struggle, and it required the whole armed power of the king to extinguish, at its first outburst, the flaming torch of war, kindled by domineering chiefs of *nomes* or ambitious priests.

'The disastrous results of such feuds sometimes affected even the whole dynasty. The reigning family had to descend from the throne, and give up the country and crown to the victorious prince of a *nome*. Hence not unfrequently arose the changes of dynasty, and the different names of the capitals of *nomes* in the Book of Kings handed down to us from Manetho. There are, however, three districts, above all others, which in the course of Egyptian history maintained the  
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brilliant reputation of being the seats of government for the land: in Lower Egypt the nomes of Memphis and Heliopolis (On), and in Upper Egypt that of Thebes' (vol. i. pp. 16-17).

The first union of these petty states into a monarchy is marked by the name of MENA, the founder of Memphis, who stands at the head of the long line of Pharaohs in all the lists of kings made out by the Egyptians themselves. Brugsch regards him without hesitation as a real personage, and this view is certainly favoured by the condition in which we find the royalty established at Memphis when the monuments first become contemporary; for it should be carefully observed that we have none such of Mena himself: the hieroglyphic writing of his name dates from the lists of their royal ancestors drawn up by later kings. The first king, whose name is inscribed on what we may safely regard as a contemporary monument, is Senoferu, the last of the Third Dynasty, and the twentieth of the whole series according to the Table of Abydos and the list of Manetho, who, according to Brugsch's scheme of generations, lived about six centuries after Mena. At all events, 'the holiness of King Senoferu'—as he is styled on an old papyrus—stands on the threshold of the monumental history of Egypt, crossing which we enter the realm of the great 'pyramid kings' of the Fourth Dynasty, headed by the venerable name which is common to Greek tradition and the native lists, and is inscribed on one of the stones of the majestic edifice, which still stands as the first wonder of the world;—the CHEOPS of Herodotus, the KHUFU of the monuments and the Egyptian Tables of Kings, the SUPHIS of Manetho, the builder of the Great Pyramid for his sepulchre.\*

This edifice was distinguished from the seventy other pyramids which tower above the vast necropolis of Memphis, on the side of the Nile towards the setting sun—the realm of Osiris of the dead—by the name of 'the Lights;' for Brugsch makes known to us the interesting fact, that each pyramid had its distinctive name, which was added to the other royal titles of the Pharaoh; and each pyramid had also its own priest, who served the sepulchral chapel of the king. With the exception of this posthumous honour, and the statues, among which those of King Khafra, of the second pyramid, show Egyptian art already almost perfect—

\* No question now remains of the purely sepulchral character of the Pyramids; but the theories started by the perverted ingenuity of the late Mr. John Taylor, have led to the laborious and very useful researches recorded in Professor Piazzi Smyth's work on 'The Great Pyramid.' For the results of the latest measurements by the Ordnance staff, as well as for the common-sense reasons given for the slopes and angles, which have misled theorists, we cannot too strongly commend Sir Henry James's tract on 'The Great Pyramid and the Cubits used in its Construction.'

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there is a striking absence of monumental records or laudatory inscriptions of the earliest kings. We must be content to refer the reader to Dr. Brugsch's very clear account of the construction and materials of the pyramids, nor need we linger among the often described monuments of that peaceful civilization, which is portrayed in the tombs of the Fourth and Fifth Dynasties, broken only by the wars necessary to keep down the tribes about the mines wrought by the Pharaohs in the peninsula of Sinai. The absence of a military class is conspicuous; and the functionaries of state are almost all of the royal blood, the *suten-rekh* or 'descendants of the king:' the official hierarchy of later times has not yet appeared.

The Sixth Dynasty is marked by a new character. Though Memphis is still called their seat, the chief monuments of their power are found in Middle Egypt and at Abydos, the sacred city of Osiris in the Thebaid, close to This, the cradle of the monarchy, whence Mena had transferred his capital to Memphis. Under Pepi-Merira, to whom tradition assigned a reign of one hundred years, we meet signs of what may perhaps be called an imperial government. Not content with raising his pyramid and its temple, he erected monuments over the whole face of Egypt. Besides his wars in the peninsula of Sinai, he began those negro-hunting raids on the south, which were repeated by most of his successors, and the captured negroes (now for the first time mentioned on the monuments) were enlisted in the great armies which he raised in many thousands, by levies from Elephantine to Lower Egypt, against an enemy, who are described as *Amu*\* and *Hersusha*, the 'dwellers on the sand.' This first sign of an important foreign war may very probably denote the beginning of the repeated contests with the Arab tribes on the eastern frontier.

These particulars are learned from one of the oldest and most interesting historical inscriptions, which begins the series of personal memoirs, that henceforth form the chief source of contemporary history. Its author, Una, is also the first recorded type of those officials who, like Joseph, were advanced from dignity to dignity simply for their merits proved by faithful service.† He began life as crown-bearer to Teta, the father of Pepi; the latter advanced him to the rank of royal scribe and secretary; and the statement that 'he was dearer to the heart

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\* *Amu* is a name applied collectively to the eastern neighbours of the Egyptians, chiefly of the Semitic race. Whether derived from the Semitic *am*, 'people,' or from the Egyptian *ame* or *amen*, 'herdsman,' it is evidently used with a certain shade of contempt or dislike.

† See Dr. Birch's translation in 'Records of the Past,' vol. ii. p. 3.

of the King than all the dear nobles and other servants of the land,' seems to imply a new kind of official dignity, distinct from the old hereditary court service among the scions of the royal family. The Sixth Dynasty ended amidst a confusion denoted by the silence of the monuments, and by the tradition, related by Herodotus, of the vengeance taken on her enemies by Queen Nitocris, the Nitaker, that is, 'perfect Nit' (the name of the goddess Neit), of the Egyptian lists.\*

The period of darkness covering the succeeding dynasties, from the seventh to the eleventh, is broken by the recent discoveries made in the tombs of the Anentefs at Thebes, indicating their choice of that future seat of the empire; and a rock inscription near Philæ records the revived power of the monarchy under Mentu-hotep, 'the conqueror of thirteen foreign nations.' But this powerful king of the Eleventh Dynasty is exhibited in a more interesting light by the same inscription and some others in honour of the god Khem, the Egyptian Pan, the tutelar deity of the tribes inhabiting the rocky valley of Hammamat, through which lay the road between the city of Coptos on the Nile and the port of Kosseir on the Red Sea. It is now that we obtain knowledge of the first opening of the trade with Arabia and the shores of the Indian Ocean, which was carried on by that route through all the later ages of ancient Egypt. Under Sankara, the last king of the dynasty, we have the first record of an expedition to the regions known to the Egyptians by the name of Punt. In one of the rock inscriptions of Hammamat, a noble named Hannu relates the commission given him by the king: 'I was sent to conduct ships to the country of Punt, to bring back odoriferous gums collected by the princes of the Red Land,† under the influence of the fear which inspires all nations. Behold I left Coptos.'

'Under the name of Punt, the old inhabitants of Kemi meant a distant land, washed by the great ocean, full of valleys and hills, abounding in ebony and other rich woods, in incense, balsam, precious metals, and costly stones; rich also in beasts, as camelopards, hunting leopards, panthers, dog-headed apes, and long-tailed monkeys.‡ Birds with strange plumage rocked themselves on the branches of wonderful

\* The law of female succession to the Egyptian throne is ascribed, by the Manethonian tradition, to a king of the Second Dynasty, Binethris.

† This is the regular name (*Tesher*) by which the Egyptians called the Arabian desert, which skirted the valley of the Nile on the East, in contradistinction to their own Black Land (*Kemi*, the native name of Egypt, the 'land of Cham' in Scripture), so called from the fertilizing mud of the Nile. From the name of Red Land was unquestionably derived the Greek appellation of the Red Sea; of its Egyptian and Hebrew names we have presently to speak further.

‡ 'In old Egyptian, Kaf or Kafi, a remarkable word, as it is clearly recognized again in the Hebrew Kof, Sanscrit Kapi, Greek Kepos, Kebos, Latin Cepus.'

trees,

trees, especially the incense tree and the cocoa palm. Such was the Ophir of the Egyptians, without doubt the present coast of the Somaui land in sight of Arabia, but separated from it by the sea' (vol. i. p. 114).

Besides its abundant wealth and the mystery of distance, Punt had a sacred character in the eyes of the Egyptians, as the original home of the gods, who (according to an obscure tradition) had travelled thence to the valley of the Nile, led by Amon, Hor, and Hathor. This region was the Egyptian 'Land of the gods' (*Pa-nuter*), or 'Holy Land': and here we have another warning against hasty identification from mere names; though there are also one or two cases in which the name of 'Holy Land' seems to be applied to the peninsula of Sinai. The trade with Punt reached its climax under the woman-king Hashop, of the Eighteenth Dynasty; who has left us the vivid record, depicted and inscribed on the walls of her temple at Der-el-bahri, of the voyage of her ambassador and his reception of the Princes of Punt with their rich and varied presents.

'The rich treasures in stones and plants and animals, which Punt had cheerfully offered to the Egyptians, were increased by a singular addition, which presents to us the first and oldest attempt, of which we have any record, to transplant a tree to a foreign soil. Thirty-one incense trees, well packed in tubs, were dragged on board by the natives. Six men were told off for the burden of each tree. When all the products of the land stood ready for embarkation, the difficult work of packing and loading commenced. The picture represents to us in a true and lively manner the labours of the sailors and of the natives. The inscription beside it explains the very clear representation on the stone wall. "Laden was the cargo to the uttermost with all the wonderful products of the land of Punt, and with the different nut-woods of the divine land, and with heaps of the resin of incense, with fresh incense trees, with ebony, objects in ivory inlaid with much gold from the land of the Amu, with sweet woods, Khesit-wood, with the Ahem-incense, with holy resin, and paint for the eyes, with dog-headed apes, with long-tailed monkeys and greyhounds, with leopard skins, and with the natives of the country, together with their children. Never was the like brought to any queen (of Egypt) since the world stands' (vol. i. pp. 307, 308).

The parallel with the voyages to Ophir under Solomon, and the presents brought to him by the Queen of Sheba, might seem too obvious to note, but for its very striking illustration of the *kind* of testimony which the records of Egypt bear to the truthfulness of the sacred books, confirming their character as genuine contemporary records, not by this or that particular coincidence, but in the whole tone of manners, social state, and circumstances,

circumstances, which no fictitious invention could have preserved in harmony and *vraisemblance*.

The glimpses of reviving power and prosperity at the end of the Eleventh Dynasty prepare us for the splendour of the Twelfth, or the 'Middle Empire,' under which Egypt reached her highest prosperity; for the greater military glory of the 'New Empire' of the later Theban kings had in it the seeds of disaster and decay. Under the kings who bore the alternate names of Amenemhat and Usurtasen, the southern frontier was carried beyond the second cataract, to the point where the temple-fortresses of Semne and Kumme bear records of high interest; while the successful wars on the Eastern and Western frontiers denote the pressure of Arabian and Libyan tribes that were soon to become dangerous. The capital of these Pharaohs was fixed at Thebes, where they began the great imperial temple of Amon, which, increased by the additions of a long line of kings, has left its stupendous ruins at Karnak for the admiration of all ages. Their temples, sculptures, and obelisks, covered the face of all the land; but it was in Middle Egypt that they left their greatest monuments of utility as well as art: 'imperial works and worthy kings.' The famous lake of Mœris,\* the true site of which has lately been discovered by M. Linant-Bey, was a vast reservoir for regulating the inundation of the Nile, any failure of which, either in defect or excess, brings on the land dangers of famine and devastation, against which the best security would seem to be the restoration of the ancient work.

The great reservoir gave to the vast neighbouring edifice the name which affords a very interesting result of Egyptian etymological research. Familiar as we are with the Greek word *Labyrinth*, in the sense of a maze, we feel a surprised amusement to learn that it is pure Egyptian, *Lape-ro-hunt*, 'the temple at the flood-gate of the canal.' The vast number of small chambers which formed the building, with their intricate passages, gave the idea which became inseparably connected with the Greek form of the word: a good example of the etymological process, by which a word does not describe the thing it names, but the thing gives a new sense to a word of quite a different origin. The excavation of the Labyrinth by Lepsius has shown that Herodotus may not have very greatly exaggerated

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\* By the well-known process of an etymological myth, the Greeks ascribed the work to a king of this name, but it is simply derived from the Egyptian word *Meri*, or *Mi-uer*, which means any kind of basin or lake; and the sense of the appellation is preserved in the Arabic name of Fayoom, the 'lake country.' The Labyrinth also gave name to an imaginary eponymous king, Labaris (and varied forms) in the Lists of Manetho.



in saying that it contained three thousand chambers. Its purpose remains a problem: whether it was built, as Strabo says, for a place of meeting for legal purposes, which would indicate a sort of federal constitution, of which we have no other evidence; or, as seems more probable, for assemblies of the priests. Waiting patiently, as well we may at so early a period of Egyptian research, for the clue to this, with other problems, we come to the great catastrophe which severs the old age of Egypt's prosperity from the later period of its revived splendour and final decay, ending in the loss of independence.

In no part of his work has Brugsch done better service to history, than by the entirely new light in which he sets the relations of the Egyptians to their neighbours, and especially to the Semitic tribes on the east, who were perpetually intruding within the frontier, and forming settlements in the fertile lowlands of the Delta. The old notion, that Egypt was a self-contained country, inhabited by a homogeneous population, is now dispelled; and the presence of a Semitic element is traced from a period of unknown antiquity to the present day. The physical character of the country almost prescribes the state of things which we now find to have existed. The triangular level, which the Greeks called from the letter Delta, between the Pelusiatic arm of the Nile on the east and the Canopic on the west—watered by the branches of the river and its numerous canals, and defended by no national boundaries—was a land of plenty ever inviting the inroads of the wandering tribes, of Libyans on the one side, and Arabs on the other. On the east, in particular, the marshy flats along the Tanitic branch offered to the Arab herdsmen the abundant pasturage, which in their own desert land was always scanty and often failed. Hence we find them continually seeking admission, either by force or favour, 'to feed their flocks on the land of Pharaoh': frontier-fortresses were built to check their inroads: frequent wars are recorded with these 'hostile Shasu and Amu': and the governors were occupied, sometimes in repelling them, and sometimes in negotiating the terms of the entrance which they seem to have been unable to refuse. Thus, in the time of the Eighteenth Dynasty, a great officer writes, in the record of his life:

'I placed warriors at the openings of the roads of the country, to keep back the inhabitants of foreign lands in their places, for they were settled round about the two sides of Egypt, and opened wide their eyes to make inroads upon the districts of the Nemausha (inhabitants of the desert). I did so, for example, at the lake of the Sethroitic mouth of the Nile' (vol. i. pp. 424-5).

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We shall presently see the great significance of the last words in their bearing on the question of the Exodus ; and the following report is still more important for the same reason :—

“I will now pass to something else which will give satisfaction to the heart of my lord (namely to give him an account of it), that we have permitted the races of the Shasu of the land of Aduma (Edom) to pass through the fortress Chetam (Etham) of Mineptah-Hotephimaat—Life, weal, and health to him!—which is situated in the land of Sukot near the lakes of the town Pitom of King Mineptah-Hotephimaat, which is situated in the land of Sukot, to nourish themselves and to nourish their cattle on the property of Pharaoh, who is a good sun for all nations.”

‘In this extremely important document of the time of the second Mineptah, the son of Ramses II., the allusion is to the races of the sons of the desert, or, to use the Egyptian name for them, the races of the Shasu, in which science has for a long time with perfect certainty recognised the Bedouins of antiquity. They inhabited the great desert between Egypt and the land of Canaan, and extended their wanderings sometimes as far as the river Euphrates. According to the monuments, the Shasu belonged to the great race of the Amu, of which they were the chief representatives’ (vol. i. pp. 215–216).

The generic name *Shasu* or *Shous* is an Egyptian word signifying robbers, used in a spirit of contempt, and describing the mode of life still pursued by the Bedouins of the same race. The locality of one great tribe of these Shasu is clearly defined in the above report by the well-known name of Edom ; and here too the Egyptian records confirm the Scriptures by naming the Seirites, the primitive inhabitants of Mount Seir (afterwards called Edom from the son of Jacob) ; for among the exploits of Ramses III., recorded in the Great Harris papyrus, the King says, ‘I annihilated the Sair among the tribes of the Shasu.’

Besides these nomad herdsmen, who roamed about, and thrust themselves within, the frontier of Lower Egypt in search of pasture, we meet on the same ground another people, who played one of the first parts in the history of the ancient world : the Phœnicians appear on the Egyptian monuments under the general appellation of *Char* or *Chal*, as well as under the more specific name of *Fenekh* :—

‘Under the name of Char, or Chal, was known not only a people, but also the country they inhabited, namely, those parts of Western Asia lying on the Syrian coast, and before all others the land of the Phœnicians. Richly laden ships went and came from the land of Char ; for the inhabitants of Char carried on a lively trade with the Egyptians, and seem, if we are not to mistrust the monuments and the rolls of the books, to have been a highly-esteemed and respectable people. Even the male and female slaves from Char were a

highly-esteemed merchandise, who were procured by distinguished Egyptians at a high price, whether for their own houses, or for service in the holy dwellings of the Egyptian gods. The land of the Char bears in the inscriptions another name, the most ancient mention of which is supported by all the testimony we could desire, namely, by witnesses in the first times of the eighteenth dynasty, about the year 1700 B.C. It is always called Kefa or Keft, Kefeth, Kefthu, on the monuments. As at a certain time of Egyptian history, namely, at the beginning of the reign of the first Seti, the territory of the Shasu extended as far as the town of Ramses, so, about a hundred years later, the seats of the people of Char, or the Phœnicians, were described as "beginning with the fortress Zar (Tanis or Ramses), and extending to Aupa or Aup." The last-mentioned name designates a place in the North of Palestine, without our being able more nearly to define its situation. On the other hand, the information is of very great importance, that these same Char had extended their seats quite into the heart of the Tanitic nome. We can, after the reasons we have given above, no longer be surprised that these descendants of Phœnician race constituted in the eastern provinces of the Egyptian Empire the real kernel of its fixed, industrious, artistic, and, above all, its seafaring and commercial population. In their habits and mode of life they were directly opposed to those wandering Shasu, the children of Esau, who traversed the deserts, and only remained with their herds on the property of Pharaoh so long as the pastures suited them and supplied sustenance for themselves and their cattle. The influence of the settled Char on Egyptian life is unmistakable in a thousand details, for a knowledge of which we have to thank the monuments, and particularly the little rolls of papyrus' (vol. i. pp. 221-223).

We find these Char-Phœnicians employed in all kinds of official service, and in the latter times of the Nineteenth Dynasty one of them even usurped the throne of the Pharaohs for a time. Their language is the one named on the monuments as the representative of all the Semitic dialects. Their firm footing on the soil of Egypt has been held down to the present day; for all evidence marks them as the ancestors of that peculiar race of fishermen and sailors observed by M. Mariette-Bey on the shores of Lake Menzaleh, whose manners and customs, religious ideas, and even some dim historical traditions, prove them to be strangers to the true Egyptians. Their distinct origin, long since forgotten by themselves, is attested by their non-Egyptian physiognomy, with broad cheek-bones and thick prominent lips.

The parallel is completed by one very instructive trait. The trouble which the people on Lake Menzaleh long gave to the Khalifs illustrates the twofold relation of the foreign settlers to the old Egyptians, as useful servants but dangerous inmates;  
like

like the Roman emperor's famous wolf, hard to hold, but ruin to let go; and we can see the reason for the counsel taken by Pharaoh: 'Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass that, when there falleth out any war, they join also our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land' (Exod. i. 10).

We have seen how the Egyptian officials endeavoured to regulate the terms of their entrance; and those within the border were subject to a special administration. The governor of the fortress of Zal (of which more presently) is also called 'governor of the foreign peoples.' The chief authority was the *Ab-en-Pirao*, or 'counsellor of Pharaoh,' the exact office held by the patriarch JOSEPH.\* Under him was the *Adon* (lord), an example of the Semitic names which were infused by these people into the Egyptian tongue. A *Hir-pit*, or 'steward of the foreigners,' was set over each of the separate divisions under which they were enrolled by their names and families in the royal archives. They were kept in order, and their labour was regulated, by a body of police or bailiffs, called *Mazai*, whom the painted and inscribed monuments set before our eyes as saying to the workmen, 'Be not idle, the stick is in my hand.' These, the stick-bearing 'overseers' of the book of Exodus, were under a superior called *Ur*, who also had often the chief superintendence of the royal buildings, and in the name of one of these officers, Amenemhat, the court architect of Ramses II., the monuments appear to have revealed to us the immediate instrument of that Pharaoh's oppression of the Hebrews.

The local centre of this administration, and the fortress which at once guarded the eastern frontier and kept a hold over the foreign denizens, was the city already mentioned by the name of Zal, which becomes henceforth a chief centre of the part of Egyptian history most closely connected with the Scripture records, and the ruins of which have yielded to the researches of M. Mariette-Bey a perfectly new historic revelation.† It is impossible within our limits to discuss fully the grounds on which Dr. Brugsch identifies the Zal, Zar, or Zor ‡

\* Genesis xlv. 8, where our version gives 'a father to Pharaoh,' the sense of *ab* in Hebrew. One of the most interesting results of Egyptian learning is the discovery of the true meaning of Egyptian names and titles in this part of Scripture, which were formerly interpreted from the Hebrew. See Canon Cook's 'Essay on Egyptian Words in the Pentateuch' appended to the 'Speaker's Commentary,' vol. i. pt. ii. p. 476.

† Mariette, *Première et deuxième lettre à M. le Vicomte de Rougé sur les feuilles de Tanis*.

‡ The Egyptian word *Zor* means a 'fortress,' and, in connection with the Phœnician population settled in this region, Dr. Brugsch points out the resemblance of the name to *Zor* (Tyre) in Phœnicia.



of the documents referred to, with the great city of Lower Egypt called Zoan in the Bible, and Tanis by the Greeks, and this with the city of Raamses, which the children of Israel built for Pharaoh; the 'great and splendid city of Ramses Miamun' in Lower Egypt, which is repeatedly named in official documents, and the glowing description of which in the extant letter of an Egyptian \* answers in every particular to the site of Tanis, well known by its ruins at Sán. To the doubts still expressed by some eminent Egyptologists, there is one decisive reply: that no other city has been found to answer the required conditions. The experience of scholars, quite as much as that of lawyers, is daily giving a lesson, which seems to be as constantly forgotten, of the danger and futility of setting up a train of ingenious argument from circumstances against a few broad decisive facts. Just as the spade of Schliemann at once dispelled the conjectures of ancient grammarians and modern speculative critics about other sites for Troy than the Ilium of unbroken tradition, and proved that nearly all scholars had mistaken the plain meaning of Pausanias about the royal sepulchres of Mycenæ, so the researches of Mariette revealed the ruins of Zoan-Tanis as the only site that answers to the capital of the Shepherd-kings, the favourite residence of Ramses II., the scene of his son's vain contest with Jehovah and his wonder-working prophet, and the starting-place of the Israelites on their Exodus from Egypt.

And here comes in another simple lesson of criticism. Amidst all the ingenuity that has been expended on biblical interpretation, there is a marvellous lack of readiness to take the words of Scripture in their simple obvious meaning. So far as we know, Mr. Stuart Poole was the first to suggest that the Psalmist, who sang 'How God wrought His signs in Egypt, and His wonders in the field of ZOAN' (Psalm lxxviii. 12, 43), meant exactly what he said, and knew the fact that he affirmed; and now we learn from Dr. Brugsch that this *field of Zoan* is no mere 'poetic parallel' to *the land of Egypt*, but a definite geographical expression, the exact translation of the Egyptian *Sokhot-Zoan*, the great level skirting the Tanitic arm of the Nile, and the favourite muster-place and exercise-ground of the Egyptian armies under the Shepherd-kings and the Pharaohs of the Nineteenth Dynasty. From the statement of the

\*mist, and a mass of other evidence, we identify it as certainly with the scene of the contest that preceded the catastrophe of Exodus, as we know the famed *Campi Catalaunaci* near

e the translation of this most interesting document in Brugsch, vol. ii. 90

Châlons to have been the battle-field where Attila was overthrown. Its present aspect is thus described by Brugsch: 'The plain, covered with ruins, resembles a vast charnel-house, on which the dead remnants of stones, memorials of Ramses the Great, lie scattered broadcast, broken and worn, like the mouldering bones of generations slain long ago' (vol. ii. p. 95).

Another scriptural notice of Zoan supplies us with one of the most remarkable dates in ancient history. 'Now Hebron was built *seven years before Zoan in Egypt*' (Numbers xiii. 22). So exact a date must have been supplied originally from the knowledge of a contemporary, who was acquainted with the origin of *both* cities: and who could this have been? Abraham fixed his residence at Hebron after his return from Egypt (Genesis xiii.). The motive of his journey, to seek food and pasture for his flocks during a famine, and the short duration of his stay, alike point to Lower Egypt for his sojourn, which every Egyptologist places (from the best computations that can be made) under the Twelfth Dynasty.\* Now, though Tanis has supplied a block inscribed with the names and titles of King Pepi, of the Sixth Dynasty, it is under the Twelfth that we first find distinct mention of works of architecture and sculpture at what is now called their 'great city;' and this might well be the proper epoch of its building. But the passage in Numbers xiii. 22 suggests more than a mere date. Hebron was at first called Kiriath-Arba, 'the city of Arba,' the progenitor of the Anakim, a conquering race, who long ruled southern Palestine; and late researches have traced the origin of the Phœnician power to a migration from Chaldæa about the same time as that of Abraham, one result of which might well be their intrusion into Egypt and settlement in the neighbourhood of Zoan. That city is constantly designated in the Egyptian records as if it were a foreign town, and its inhabitants as 'the people of the eastern border lands,' that is, the later Tanitic name.

This state of things will explain the ease with which, in the time of internal weakness which followed the end of the Twelfth Dynasty, Lower Egypt was overrun by the Semitic invaders, whom Manetho calls Hyksos (a name which seems properly to denote their sovereign, *Hak-Shous*, 'King of the Shasu'), but who are always styled in the Egyptian records *Men* or *Menti*, that

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\* The migration of Asiatic foreigners into Egypt at this precise time is remarkably *illustrated* by the painting in the tomb of Khnumhotep at Beni-hassan already cited, though it does not represent the actual arrival of Abraham any more than of Jacob. See Brugsch, vol. i. pp. 140, 178, for the works of the Twelfth Dynasty at Tanis; among which are the fragments of a portrait-statue of Usurtasen I., in the very best style of Egyptian art.

is 'shepherds,' and are designated as people of the land of *Asher*, namely Syria. This is not the place to discuss the doubtful history of their domination, as related in the famous fragment preserved (and unquestionably perverted) from Manetho by Josephus. The few important points certainly known of them are, that they held the whole of Egypt in military subjection from their great camp at Avaris,\* while they fixed their capital at Tanis, which they adorned with new works in the Egyptian style, with some modifications, and set up there the worship of their god Baal-Sutekh, whom, under the name of Set-Nub ('Set the Golden'), they identified with the Egyptian Set (the Greek Typhon), the brother and enemy of Osiris, and the type of annihilation. This worship was maintained by the kings of the Nineteenth Dynasty, and especially by the great Ramses II., beside that of Amon and his associate deities, and combined with a cultus of the king himself. The Shepherd-kings adopted the court usages, and, in general, the customs of the Egyptians, and set up their inscriptions in the native character, which is inaccurately called hieroglyphic. In return for the civilization which they adopted, they taught the Egyptians new elements of knowledge and forms of art:—so far was their domination from being of the utterly destructive character represented by Josephus. What native princes were allowed to govern under them in the several nomes, is a question on which we have the most imperfect knowledge, except in the one case which contains the germ of the future restored monarchy of Egypt. During the latter part of their dominion, at least, we have the most distinct evidence of the existence of a native dynasty at Thebes, with the title of *Hak*, or 'sub-King,' the descent of which can be traced by the sepulchres at Thebes, from the Eleventh and Thirteenth Dynasties. These Theban kings belong to the Seventeenth Dynasty, and the last of them, Kames, was the father of Aahmes, who expelled the Shepherds and founded the Eighteenth Dynasty and the new Egyptian Empire.

These facts are made known to us by those biographical records, bearing every stamp of faithful simplicity, which the great servants of these Theban kings have left us in their tombs at El-Kab, the ancient Eileithyiaopolis, in Upper Egypt. At the head of these stands the wonderful memorial of Aahmes, son of Baba-Abana, the sailor-captain who served four gene-

\* As Avaris or Awar (a name curiously like Arba) is described as a camp, it seems more reasonable to regard it, with Brugsch, as a military station on the extreme eastern frontier, than to identify it, as Mariette does, with Zoan-Tanis. The whole subject of the Shepherd-kings has been admirably treated by M. Chabas, *Les Pasteurs en Egypte*.

rations of kings. He relates the quarrel between Ra-Sekenen, the sub-king of Thebes, and his shepherd-suzerain Apopi; the details of the campaign in which his namesake, King Aahmes, expelled the Shepherds; and the commencement of the war of vengeance against Asia, under Amenoph I. and Thutmes I. But we must turn away from the brilliant exploits and great monumental works of the Eighteenth Dynasty, which may be read in all the modern works on Egypt, and confine our attention to the remaining points in which the monuments throw new and wonderful light on Holy Scripture.

According to the tradition preserved by the Greek epitomists of Manetho, JOSEPH came into Egypt under the Shepherd king Apophis, the Apopi of the monumental record of Aahmes.\* Now while, to one conversant with Egypt, the whole narrative in Genesis and Exodus presents a constant character that proves the absolute *impossibility* of its having been composed otherwise than in the midst of Egyptian life, at the very time of the events recorded, there are marked shades of distinction between the state and manners depicted in the times of Joseph and of Moses. As Mr. Poole puts it in a word, 'The transition is from almost patriarchal simplicity to a highly organized condition of society.' The latter breathes the despotic imperialism of the Nineteenth Dynasty; while in the former there are some things that are hardly pure Egyptian, but just what we might expect to find in the latter part of the Shepherd domination, when they had partially adopted the manners of Egypt. Such, above all, is the advancement of a youth of Semitic birth and servile origin to the highest post under the king. As to that post itself, there is a striking parallel, which we may observe in passing, though it has no special relation to the age of the Shepherds, except in so far as the use of the title *Adon* attests a time when Semitic influence was already strong. An *Adon*, or Viceroy, *over the whole land* was so rare a dignity that we only remember one other example in the whole history of Egypt. This was the advancement of the prince Horemhib before he became the last king of the Eighteenth Dynasty (Brugsch, vol. i. p. 464 f.). After being made *Ab* or counsellor to Pharaoh, whom 'he consoled by the utterances of his mouth,' and 'he contented the inhabitants of Egypt by the deci-

\* Mere verbal and other trivial coincidences must not be made much of, but there is a better reason for noticing that the king Ra-Sekenen receives the messenger of Apopi with the very taunt addressed by Joseph to his brethren, 'Ye are spies, ye are come to see where the land lies open' (for this is the true meaning of the word translated *nakedness*, Gen. xlii. 9); words exactly expressive of the constant jealousy of the Egyptians about the exposure of their eastern frontier.



sions of his mouth'—like Joseph, to whom Pharaoh said, 'There is none so wise and discreet as thou art, according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled' (Gen. xli. 39, 40)—Horemhib was exalted to the place of Adon of the land. 'The great men of the court bowed themselves outside at the door of the palace'—just as Joseph went forth and they cried before him, 'Bow the knee' (v. 43). 'Then was all appointed to be done under the orders that he gave,' and 'his authority was greater than that of the king in the sight of mortals'; and even so Pharaoh said to Joseph, 'I have set thee over the land of Egypt, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt' (vv. 41, 44).

All the circumstances of the narrative point not only to the pastoral lands which lie on the eastern border of the Delta, as the abode of Jacob and his sons, but they imply a proximity to the usual residence both of Joseph and the king; a condition only satisfied by a time when the court was held at Tanis, for the age when Memphis was the capital is in any case long passed away. Here, a little south of Tanis, Dr. Brugsch's geographical research has now found the name of Goshen at the place called Phacussa by the Greeks, the Kesem or Gesem of the Egyptian texts.\*

But he has developed a still more remarkable discovery from the new name which Pharaoh gave to Joseph—written in our version *Zaphnath-paaneah* (Genesis xli. 45). In the region of Tukot, east of Tanis, the Sethroite nome of the Greeks (which Brugsch identifies with the biblical Succoth), the chief town was Pi-tum, that is, the 'city of the god Tum,' who was there worshipped under the special character of the 'Living One'† (*ankh*). Hence the place was called *p-aa-ankh*, 'the dwelling-place of the Living One,' and its district *p-unt-p-aa-ankh*, 'the district of the dwelling-place of the Living One.' Prefixing the word *Za*, 'a governor,' we get the full Egyptian form of Joseph's official style, *Za-punt-paa-ankh*, the 'governor of the district of the dwelling-place of the Living One,' or in the Greek phrase, 'nomarch of the Sethroite nome.'‡

Egypt has seen many a famine, resulting from the irregularities of the inundation, and far more frequently in modern than in ancient times, when the Lake of Mœris was in action, and the

\* We must specially refer the reader to the splendid maps of Lower and Upper Egypt, which accompany Dr. Brugsch's work.

† The relation of this name to that of Jehovah, and to the pure monotheistic base of the Egyptian religion, is a subject beyond our present range, but too interesting to pass over without thus noting it.

‡ For the significance of the names of Joseph's wife and her father, and of his master, Potiphar, see Brugsch, vol. i. p. 265.

sluices were vigilantly watched. Such cases are the more likely to have been recorded, because the officials are fond of telling us on their tombs how they 'gave bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothing to the naked.' Thus in the remarkable biography of Ameni, under the Twelfth Dynasty, we read, 'The hungry did not exist in my time, even when there were years of famine'—that is, when such years happened occasionally (Brugsch, vol. i. p. 137). But such a catastrophe as a *famine for many years in succession* in the happy valley of the Nile is so unprecedented, and the mode of dealing with it so remarkable, that we almost start to read the record:—'*I collected the harvest. I was watchful at the time of sowing. AND NOW WHEN A FAMINE AROSE LASTING MANY YEARS, I ISSUED CORN TO THE CITY TO EACH HUNGRY PERSON.*' Surely, one will say, this must be only another version of the story, how Joseph 'gathered up all the food of the seven years, . . . and laid up the food in the cities. . . . And Joseph opened the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians,' and 'in all the land of Egypt there was bread' (Gen. xli. 48, 54, 55). While others besides a chief butler have 'remembered not Joseph but forgotten him,' the first of these records, written at the very time in the tomb of the officer who gathered the corn and fed the people during the famine of many years, has stood hidden from every eye and unaltered on its walls. That officer was Baba, the father of the Aahmes above named, who served the Theban kings contemporary with the last age of the Shepherds, and who records the embassy of Apopi, the very Pharaoh in whose time Joseph is placed by Manetho (Brugsch, vol. i. p. 263).

Neither was Joseph forgotten in the native traditions of Egypt, even under the dynasty that 'knew him not.' It is not enough to say that the first part of his life in Egypt finds a striking parallel in the 'Tale of two Brothers,'\* written for the instruction of Seti II., the son of the Pharaoh of the Exodus: the likeness is too close to be anything short of 'a fiction founded on fact,' though quite a different turn is given to the story in the end.

Supposing that these reasons are sufficient to confirm the old traditional place of Joseph in Egyptian history, there still remains one of the most remarkable dates in Egyptian chronology—the *only* definite one of that early period—to bridge over the space between the time of Joseph and that of the Exodus. A precious relic of the ruins of Tanis contains an inscription of Ramses II. bearing this date: 'In the year 400, on the 4th day

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\* The translation of that part of the tale which forms the parallel will be found in Brugsch, vol. i. pp. 266 f.

of the month Mesori, of King Nub' (Brugsch, ii. p. 259). Now King Nub, or Nubti, stands among the Shepherd-kings in the list of Manetho, and is the only one of the line, except Apopi, named upon the monuments. The lists of Manetho involve such doubts, that the attempt to fix thereby the exact place of Nub among the Shepherd-kings tends only to confuse the one broad inference, that there was an interval of 400 years from some point of the Shepherd domination to some point in the long reign of Ramses II.; and we learn from Scripture that 400 (or 430) years was also the time of the sojourning of the Israelites in Egypt.\* Now, as Joseph belongs to the later time of the Shepherds, the Exodus would fall about the end, or after the end, of the reign of Ramses II.; and here, again, the tradition preserved from Manetho places the Exodus under Mineptah II., the son of Ramses II., who would thus be the Pharaoh of the oppression. All the circumstances of this great king's long reign of sixty-six years are in striking accordance with the character thus assigned to him; and, combined with them, his name seems alone sufficient to mark him as the Pharaoh for whom the Israelites built the 'treasure,' or, more properly, the 'temple-cities of Pithom and Raamses' (Exod. i. 11). The city of Zoan-Tanis is full of his memorials, and no remains have been found elsewhere to justify another site for that 'splendid city of Ramses Miamun' (Pi-ramses), which is celebrated in glowing descriptions, and mentioned in many official records as the favourite abode of the Court under Ramses and his son Mineptah. Our space is too far spent to pursue the many interesting points in the argument, which has now led most Egyptologists to the conclusion thus emphatically announced by Brugsch:—

'The new Pharaoh, "who knew not Joseph," who adorned the city of Ramses, the capital of the Tanitic nome, and the city of Pithom, the capital of what was afterwards the Sethroitic nome, with temple-cities, is no other, *can be no other*, than Ramessu II., of whose buildings at Zoan the monuments and the papyrus-rolls speak in complete agreement. And although, as it happens, Pitum is not named as a city in which Ramses erected new temples to the local divinities, the fact is all the more certain, that Zoan contained a new Ramses-city, the great temple-district of the newly-founded sanctuaries of the above-named gods. Ramessu is the Pharaoh of the oppression, and the father of that unnamed princess, who found the child Moses exposed in the bulrushes on the bank of the river.

'While the fact, that the Pharaoh we have named was the founder

\* Genesis xv. 13; Exod. xii. 41; Acts vii. 6. Commentators are now generally agreed in rejecting the view, which some have inferred from Galatians iii. 17, that the 430 years should be reckoned from the call of Abraham.

of the city of Ramses, is so strongly demonstrated by the evidence of the Egyptian records both on stone and papyrus, that only want of intelligence and mental blindness can deny it, the inscriptions do not mention one syllable about the Israelites. We must suppose that the captives were included in the general name of foreigners, of whom the documents make such frequent mention. The hope, however, is not completely excluded, that some hidden papyrus may still give us some information about them, as unexpected as it would be 'welcome' (vol. ii. pp. 98-100).

The determination of Zoan-Tanis as the seat of the court under Mineptah, the son of Ramses II., fixes it, or its neighbourhood, as the starting-point of the Exodus, when the 'children of Israel journeyed from Rameses to Succoth' (Exod. xii. 37), and thence to 'Etham in the edge of the wilderness' (Exod. xiii. 20), where they were commanded to 'turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and *the sea* over against Baal-zephon'—what sea we are not yet told, but '*the sea*' (*par excellence*) was a frequent appellation of the Mediterranean. Here, as Pharaoh thought, 'they were entangled in the land, the wilderness had shut them in' (Exod. xiv. 2, 3). *Where was this point?* No Egyptian record traces the route of their pursuer, as the march of conquering Pharaohs is defined stage by stage; for the royal annals are silent on so unexampled a catastrophe. But, in the paper on 'the Exodus of the Israelites and the Egyptian Monuments'—read before the Congress of Orientalists at London in 1874, and now appended to the History—Dr. Brugsch has propounded a view scarcely more striking for its novelty, than for the powerful arguments by which he sustains it. From the starting-point at Zoan-Tanis, the city of Ramses, two roads only led out of Egypt to the East.\* That leading from Pitum (Pithom) direct to Pelusium is the same which Pliny (*H. N.* vi. 33) describes as 'rugged and wanting in springs' and therefore impracticable for the Israelites. The other was the great Pharaonic road, along which the royal couriers are often mentioned as travelling, having four stations, a day's journey distant from each other; and these are identified by Dr. Brugsch from the monuments as the very stages in the

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\* This explains the statement in Exod. xiii. 17, 'that God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, though that was near.' Though this is placed by anticipation at the beginning of the narrative, it clearly cannot describe a start different from the only possible direction of the march, but a deviation from the ordinary route at the point on the eastern frontier, where the 'way of the Philistines' began; and it was not till *after* the overthrow of the Egyptians that the Israelites were turned away from facing new enemies in Philistia, by the diversion of their march southwards, when 'God led the people about, by the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea' (v. 18).



Hebrew march. The first, after Tanis, was the 'barrier' on the border of the district of *Tukot* or *Sukot* (the Hebrew *Succoth*). Next, *Khetam*, a frontier fortress on the Pelusiatic arm of the Nile, represents the Hebrew *Etham*. The third stage ended at a fortress, which the Egyptians as well as the Hebrews called by the Semitic name of *Migdol*, at a place called 'the Wall' (in Egyptian *Anbu*, in Greek *Gerrhon*, in Hebrew *Shur*), commanding the entrance of the 'road of the Philistines.' Their march thus far is illustrated by one of the most wonderful parallels ever found in history, in the shape of an official report of the time of Mineptah III., the son of this very Pharaoh:—

'A happy chance—rather let us say, Divine Providence—has preserved, in one of the papyri of the British Museum, the most precious memorial of the epoch contemporary with the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt. This is a simple letter written, more than thirty centuries before our time, by the hand of an Egyptian scribe, to report his journey from the royal palace at Ramses, which was occasioned by the flight of two domestics.

"Thus (he says) I set out from the hall of the royal palace on the 9th day of the 3rd month of summer towards evening, in pursuit of the two domestics. Then I arrived at the barrier of Sukot on the 10th day of the same month. I was informed that they (that is, the two fugitives) had decided to go by the southern route. On the 12th day I arrived at Khetam. There I received news that the groom who came from the country (the lagoons of Suf), said that the fugitive had got beyond the region of the Wall to the north of the Migdol of King Seti Menephtah."

'If you will substitute, in this precious letter, for the mention of the two domestics the name of Moses and the Hebrews, and put in place of the scribe who pursued the two fugitives the Pharaoh in person following the traces of the children of Israel, you will have the exact description of the march of the Hebrews related in Egyptian terms.

'Exactly as the Hebrews, according to the biblical narrative, started on the 5th day of the 1st month from the city of Ramses,\* so our scribe, on the 9th day of the 11th month of the Egyptian year, quits the palace of Ramses to go in pursuit of the two fugitives.

'Exactly as the Hebrews arrive at Succoth on the day following their departure,† so the Egyptian enters Sukot the day after he set out from Ramses.

'Exactly as the Hebrews stop at Etham, on the third day from their leaving Ramses,‡ so the Egyptian scribe, on the third day of his journey, arrives at Khetam, where the desert begins.

'Exactly as the two fugitives, pursued by the scribe, who dares no longer to continue his route in the desert, had taken the northerly direction towards Migdol and the part called in Egyptian "the

\* Exod. xii. 37.

† Ibid.

‡ Exod. xiii. 20.

Wall,"

Wall," in Greek "Gerrhon," in the Bible "Shur"—all names of the same meaning,—so the Hebrews "turned," as Holy Scripture says,\* to enter on the flats of the lake Sirbonis' (vol. ii. pp. 358-360).

This treacherous mixture of lagoon and quicksand is fully described by Diodorus (i. 30), who marks it as the place where Artaxerxes Ochus, marching against rebellious Egypt, and 'coming upon the great lake, about which are the places called the Gulfs, lost a part of his army, because he was unaware of the nature of that region' (xvi. 46). And here Dr. Brugsch places the catastrophe of Pharaoh's army in 'the sea or lake of weeds' (for *that* is all the record says)†—not at the head of the Gulf of Suez, but on the narrow tongue of land which formed a treacherous path between the Mediterranean and the quicksands of

'that Serbonian bog  
Betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,  
Where armies whole have sunk.'

The next march of Israel southwards, turning from 'the way of the Philistines,' would bring them to the Bitter Lakes (*Marah*), and thence to Elim, having thus *turned* the head of the Gulf of Suez. This novel view awaits a fuller discussion than the mere dogmatic assertions which we have as yet seen opposed to it. Meanwhile we place on record Dr. Brugsch's emphatic statement of the present position of the whole argument from the Egyptian monuments to the truth of the records on which our faith is based:—

'Any one must certainly be blind, who refuses to see the flood of light which the papyri and the other Egyptian monuments are throwing upon the venerable records of Holy Scripture, and, above all, there must needs be a wilful mistaking of the first laws of criticism by those who wish to discover contradictions, which really exist only in the imagination of opponents' (vol. ii. p. 330).

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\* Exod. xiv. 2.

† This name, in Hebrew *Yam Suph*, is regarded by Brugsch as a common descriptive name for the lakes and lagoons of Lower Egypt, full of papyrus and other reeds. Its later specific application to the Red Sea was simply assumed as its meaning in this passage by the LXX. translators. We would direct attention to the Note of Dr. Brugsch's Editor on the *miracle* in its relation to this new view (vol. ii. p. 364).

ART. VI.—1. *Le Secret du Roi: Correspondance Secrète de Louis XV avec ses Agents Diplomatiques, 1752-1774.* Par le Duc de Broglie, de l'Académie Française. Deux volumes. Paris, 1879.

2. *The King's Secret: being the Secret Correspondence of Louis XV. with his Diplomatic Agents, from 1752 to 1774.* By the Duke de Broglie. Two volumes. London, Paris, and New York, 1879.

‘STORY, God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir!’ ‘King’s Secret!’ there is no secret: nothing at any rate like what is commonly called a secret, or what the title of the book named at the head of this article would lead the unsophisticated reader to suppose. This title—a clear misnomer—is simply the designation prescriptively assigned to a miscellaneous correspondence which it was the whim of Louis XV. to keep concealed from his ministers and his mistresses. It relates exclusively to public events; and his Majesty’s motives for commencing and sustaining it might well baffle enquiry and speculation, if indeed there were any use in speculating on the motives of a monarch so thoroughly *blasé* or ‘used-up’ that any kind of distraction or excitement was a relief.

The book will be valued for the light it throws on some doubtful points of history; but its main attraction is derived from the character of the principal agent, the Comte de Broglie, one of the most remarkable men of any age, who, after receiving scant justice from contemporaries, was in imminent danger of being completely ignored or forgotten by posterity. The revival and illustration of his memory have fortunately devolved upon a distinguished member of his family who has every qualification for the task. The Duc de Broglie is a statesman, a scholar, an accomplished man of the world; and the high position he has attained as a writer will be enhanced by this work; which challenges admiration by the selection and arrangement of the materials, the general justness and good taste of the reflections, and the graceful correctness of the style. The political life and adventures of the hero are so artistically worked out as not unfrequently to attain the interest of a drama or romance. But to follow them with pleasure and profit, it is essential to be acquainted with the political state of Europe when he first appears upon the stage.

‘After that peace,’ says Voltaire, ‘referring to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748), ‘Christian Europe remained divided as it were into two great parties, who dealt cautiously with one another,

another, and each sustained the balance on its own side. The States of the Empress-Queen of Hungary, a portion of Germany, Russia, England, Holland, and Sardinia, composed one of these factions; the other was formed by France, Spain, the two Sicilies, Prussia, and Sweden. All the Powers remained in arms, and a lasting tranquillity was to be hoped for from the very fear with which these two halves of Europe seemed to inspire one another.' No mention is made of Poland, and the Duc de Broglie accounts for the omission by the fashion, then prevalent in France, of affected indifference towards a country which had come to be associated in the French mind with failure and disgrace; but, as he remarks, 'we have only to cast our eyes upon a map to perceive how important a part this division of Europe into two well-balanced halves must have assigned to a kingdom peopled with soldiers, placed, as it were, between the scales of the balance on the rear of Austria, equidistant from Russia and Prussia, in the centre of all the contending interests, and on the road of all the armies.'

Nor was it merely geographical position that conferred importance on Poland and made it unceasingly the focus of diplomatic intrigue and the object of Machiavellian ambition, till it was broken up. Its institutions seemed formed for the express purpose of creating civil dissension and inviting foreign interference. The monarchy was elective; the electors being the nobles, computed at more than 100,000. They also elected the Diet, and stood towards the rest of the people nearly in the same relation as the Athenians or Spartans to their slaves. The most complete equality, legally if not practically, prevailed amongst the privileged class; and any one, the poorest or weakest, could negative the collective resolutions of the rest. It may be taken for granted that, in rude times, rough and ready measures were employed to produce unanimity. There is a tradition of a solitary dissident rising from behind a stove to pronounce the privileged veto, when a sabre-flash was seen, and before the word had well left his lips, his head was rolling on the floor. But the ordinary tactics of a minority appear to have resembled those of the Irish Home Rulers. They created obstructions and delayed the course of legislation till the sitting, limited to six weeks, came regularly to an end. Caussidière, the Prefect of Paris during the most turbulent months of 1848, boasted of having restored order by disorder. This was the Polish method of righting matters. The majority formed themselves into a confederation, and either usurped temporarily the conduct of affairs or supported the reigning monarch in providing for the safety of the State. Quoting Voltaire, who



compared this régime to the government of the Goths and Franks in their migratory state, the Duc de Broglie exclaims :

‘It was really so, and never was definition more exact. Let us picture to ourselves 150,000 gentlemen holding in servitude an entire population attached to the soil ; all the members of this noble democracy legally equal among themselves ; all with lance in rest or sword in hand ; all equally entitled to compete with, or to pretend to, the government of the commonwealth, no decree being valid except by their unanimous consent, the majority, however, possessing the right of organising its resistance in private confederation, whereby civil war was admitted among the number of allowable customs, if not of legal institutions. Let us picture a king borne upon shields in a plenary assembly to which each noble came armed on horseback ; the power emerging from these stormy waves not only elective, but conditional, and enjoying no other prerogatives than those with which a special convention, renewed at the commencement of each reign, was pleased to have it invested ; no police, the mere phantom of a standing army, but a cloud of undisciplined cavaliers always ready at the first call ; justice itself administered by the elect of a victorious faction, presiding at their tribunals with their swords by their side :— was not this the political régime of a conquering emigration, or, so to speak, of a solidified tide of invasion ?’ \*

The partition of Poland was contemplated in 1658, more than a hundred years before it actually took place ; and to the greater Powers in her immediate vicinity she was thenceforth the ‘sick man’ whose inheritance they had determined to appropriate. France, not being conterminous, was less immediately concerned in Polish affairs, but Poland was too important a piece on the European chess-board to be neglected by any State engaged in the animated game of the balance of power ; and French kings were found little less anxious to be royally represented at Warsaw, than to regulate the Spanish succession and practically efface the Pyrenees. Signally failing in Spain, where they had many chances in their favour, it is no matter of surprise that they failed in the far-off country, on which they had no means of operating except by corruption and intrigue. The Duke of Anjou (afterwards Henri III.) was hardly allowed time for his coronation before he became perforce a fugitive from his realm. The Prince de Conti, the brother of the great Condé, although commissioned to try the adventure by the Grand Monarque and the elect of a party, did not wait to be proclaimed and is not enumerated amongst the kings. The

\* Vol. i. p. 43. This passage is so altered in the translation that we were obliged to retranslate most of it. The sense and meaning of the work are given with tolerable accuracy by the translator, but he commonly contents himself with raphrase.

expulsion of Stanislaus, the victim of Pultowa, was yet more humiliating to France, for she had engaged to support him by arms, and he was the father-in-law of her king. The natural result of this succession of failures was the indifference of which we have already spoken as explanatory of Voltaire's; an indifference which was far from being shared by Louis XV. His family pride, his sense of honour, had been deeply wounded; and the Duc de Broglie gives him credit for seeing farther than his ministers—for anticipating the fate of Poland if abandoned to the tender mercies of her neighbours by almost the only Power that could not profit by her fall.

His Majesty was in this mood of mind, when some Polish emissaries arrived in Paris to propose to the Prince de Conti, the grandson of the former candidate, the renewal of what in some sort resembled an hereditary claim. They came deputed by the families in the French interest, which, although faintly and irregularly sustained of late, had never been permitted to die out, and the time (1742) was deemed especially opportune for reviving it. The declining health of Augustus (Elector of Saxony), the reigning or titular king, promised a speedy vacancy, and the low place to which he had fallen in public esteem was thought fatal to his hopes of transmitting the elective throne to a son. His entire reign had been devoted to self-indulgence, and we might add indolence, so far as mental exertion was concerned. His only passion was the chase. 'Engaged in this unique and perpetual occupation,' says Rulhière, 'he pretended to govern in his own proper person his two States of Saxony and Poland; but in effect all the cares of government were abandoned to a favourite, Count Brühl, adroit enough to make this vain and sensitive, although nonchalant Prince, believe that they were discharged by himself.' It would appear, from their common mode of life, that there were neither cares nor duties to discharge. Like master, like man: the secret of the minister's influence was not aptitude, efficiency, or versatility, but assiduity: 'Out of sight out of mind,' was his motto: always close to his royal patron in the forest, or passing whole mornings in his presence without uttering a word, except when the frequently recurring enquiry was addressed to him, 'Brühl, have I money?' 'Yes, Sire,' was the unfailing response; and to make good his words he deluged Saxony with paper money, and put up to auction every place or employment of which he could dispose in Poland. His own expenditure was on the most extravagant scale, and Augustus, attached from indolence to a simple mode of life, took pride in being served by a sumptuous minister: 'Were it not for my profusion,' said Brühl, 'he

would leave me in downright want of necessaries.' The foreign policy of this precious pair consisted exclusively in securing the support of Russia by the most degrading compliances. As for domestic policy, they had none.

'Imagine the smallest inheritance left for years without master or management; all would fall into ruin; and one of the greatest kingdoms of Europe remained thirty years without any sort of administration. There existed no lawful power to demand an account either of the levying of imposts or the condition of the troops. The grand treasurers were enriched with the public treasure, whilst the State was poor and encumbered with debt. The generals in chief were potent, and the republic defenceless. The grand marshals were redoubtable, although no police was maintained. No minister was despatched to any foreign power.\*

Strange to say, the Poles got on better when left to themselves in this fashion than when they were subjected to regular authority or a centralized system of administration. Their local customs and their habits of self-government saved them from lapsing into lawlessness or confusion, and it was care for the future rather than impatience under the present, that induced some of the more thoughtful of them to prepare for the expected vacancy of the throne. The Prince of Conti, to whom the deputation, strictly secret, was addressed, is described by the Duc de Broglie as fully justifying their choice. From early youth he had given proof of a brilliant capacity for war. The victory of Coni, won in his twenty-seventh year, had caused him to be compared to the hero of Sens and Rocroi. Like his uncle, he was endowed with the gift of speech:—

'His ready eloquence, his aptitude for affairs, had often been the surprise and charm of the Parliament. He had a correct judgment in public business; he was agreeable and reliable in intercourse, and kept an open house highly relished by people of the world as well as by the men of letters, over which presided a charming friend, the Comtesse de Boufflers, whom the easy morality of the time was not shocked to find constantly at his side.'

Such an existence was little calculated to foster the spirit of adventure; but the Prince was like Mr. Tennyson's highborn beauty, Lady Clara Vere de Vere—

'In glowing health, with boundless wealth,  
But sickening of a vague disease.'

He thought himself born for better things. He was haunted

\* 'Révolutions de Pologne.' Par Claude Carloman de Rulhière. Quatrième édition. Revue sur le texte et complété par Christian Ostrowski. Paris, 1862. 3l. i. p. 135.

by visions of lost opportunities. He longed for a more exalted sphere of action than that of a *far niente* prince of the blood. His military career had been cut short by his refusal to serve as an aide-de-camp under Marshal Saxe; and a man of his rank could indulge no hope of distinction as a statesman under such a régime as then prevailed in France. No wonder therefore that he was irresistibly tempted by the dazzling prospect opened to him by the Poles; but before closing with them he was under the imperative necessity of securing the willing assent, if not the cordial operation of the King. His Majesty lent a favourable ear to the proposal to the extent of authorizing the Prince to temporize with it, but as for submitting it to his Ministers or making it the starting-point of an avowed course of policy, this was more than could be hoped or expected under the circumstances. In the first place, he would have been required to bestir himself, to take part in the execution of the project, to choose and guide the instruments, to undergo the trouble of thinking and acting, two things which were equally repugnant to his habits. In the next place he would have to encounter a formidable opposition in the bosom of his family, in which the House of Saxony had warm supporters, beginning with the Dauphiness, the daughter of Augustus. Then, again, his Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Marquis d'Argenson, was strongly prejudiced against the Poles, and would have turned restive at the bare suggestion of a renewed interference with their affairs. All that the Prince could obtain was a promise of some support in money from the privy purse and a secret order, under the royal sign manual, to M. Castéra, the French resident at Warsaw, to act as the medium of communication.

‘Such was the origin of the *affaire secrète*, and this obscure agent was the first confidant of the private thought of the King.’ Things, however, could not rest here; and Conti, watching his opportunities, soon found means to engage the King deeper and deeper, on the ground that success would be materially facilitated by having representatives in the States bordering on Poland, who, without being entrusted with the scheme, might be indirectly useful in forwarding it. He got sure friends of his own appointed to the embassies of Berlin, Sweden, and Constantinople. These corresponded with him as well as with the Foreign Office; he carried their letters as well as those of the secret agent to the King, with whom he was so often closeted as to awaken the suspicions of the Ministers and the favourite, Madame de Pompadour, who left no stone unturned to get at the bottom of the mystery.

Four years passed away without this strange description of  
intrigue



intrigue becoming known beyond the limited circle of the initiated, or any material advance being made towards the ultimate object, when (in 1752) the Polish-Saxon Ambassador, the Marquis des Essarts, was transferred from Dresden to Turin, and the Prince de Conti plausibly urged that, if the covert scheme was to be pursued in right earnest, he should be replaced by one acquainted with it and specially charged to carry it out. The expediency of such a course was made more manifest by the importance attached to the adhesion of Poland in the contemplated renewal of hostilities. The war, if it broke out anew, would be waged by Russia and Austria, backed by England, against Prussia, in alliance with France; and certain intelligence had reached the French Court that a league, offensive and defensive, between the two Empresses, Elizabeth and Maria Theresa, and Augustus as Elector of Saxony, was already signed at St. Petersburg, and was about to be laid before the Polish Diet, in which a powerful faction was actively at work to pave the way for its adoption. The design imputed to the English was to subsidize a hundred thousand Russians, and get them to traverse the Polish territory to engage in the wars of the South:—

‘The danger was too evident and too serious to be overlooked by even the most prejudiced eyes. Willingly or unwillingly, the French Ministers were obliged to acknowledge that it would be well to secure, if not an effective alliance with Poland, at least her neutrality, and it was agreed that the new ambassador should be instructed to oppose in every way the accession of Poland to the Treaty of St. Petersburg. There was, however, only one means of acting on the Diet—the old expedient of creating, or, at least, of reviving, a party favourable to France among the ranks of the nobility who composed that assembly. Now, from that to preparing the way for the election of a French candidate to the throne on a future day, there was only one step.

‘The moment was therefore most opportune for revealing the secret to an ambassador; but a confidant had to be selected; and Prince de Conti undertook that task. He proposed to the King that a gentleman who had as yet made a figure in war only, but whose talents were much appreciated in the Prince’s circle, should be appointed to the vacant post. This was Charles François, Count de Broglie, second son of the Marshal and brother of the Duke (afterwards Marshal) of that name, and himself, though barely thirty-two years old, already a brigadier in the royal army.’

The family of Broglie, which ranked amongst the oldest of the noble houses of Piedmont, was of comparatively recent standing in France; and, although every step of its rise was marked by an illustration, the Duc thinks it necessary to say that its elevation could hardly be attributed to royal favour or caprice, since the

the personal character of its members was ill-adapted for the atmosphere of a court. 'An independent and caustic spirit, inordinate frankness of language, austerity of principles pushed to roughness and firmness of conviction to obstinacy, these are not the qualities which commonly cause merit to be appreciated or forgiven by people in power.' The one exception during three generations was an Abbé, the uncle of the Comte, known at Versailles as the Grand Abbé, who had the art of employing his talent for raillery and free speaking to divert, instead of offending, his superiors. The President Henault said of him that he was an intriguer without ambition, and indecent without any impeachment of his morals. He contrived to be always in the good graces of a part of the Ministry, which employed him to work against the other part, whilst all the while making the King laugh at the expense of both; and he even won his way into the private circle of the Queen and the Dauphiness, where the habitual tone was decorous and devout. His *bons-mots* were a peculiar object of dread; and even the reputation of D'Aguesseau sustained a stain, like a shield struck by a glancing shot, from one of them. Surprise being expressed that this high-principled, stern, unbending magistrate was called to the direction of ecclesiastical affairs at a conjuncture when the Court of Rome required to be met in a conciliatory spirit,—'Fear nothing,' said the Abbé with a smile, 'this man will no sooner be in this place than a ministerial soul will be injected into him (on lui *seringuera* une âme de ministre), and he will be in all respects like the rest.' The operation, it is added, was effected, and with success.

He had never aspired to the episcopate, but he managed to secure the only piece of preferment he coveted, the Abbey of Mont-Saint-Michel, by his ready wit. It was promised him by the Regent, who was in no hurry to keep his word. One day, the Abbé having spoken highly of some Burgundy which he pretended to have discovered, the Regent expressed a wish for a cask, which was sent shortly afterwards, with a note of the cost: 'so much for the price, so much for the duty, so much for the carriage: total—the Abbey of Mont-Saint-Michel.' The Regent laughed, and paid the bill. The Abbé was proud of his family and race, and made a point of looking after their interests at Court whilst they, bad courtiers at best, were absent on their military or diplomatic duties.

The Duc objects to regular historical portraits, thinking that they are best drawn, as dramatic characters are best evolved, by events. He therefore refers us to Rulhière for the full-length portrait of the Comte, avowing at the same time his preference for

for the sketch, hit off in four lines by the Marquis d'Argenson in his Journal: 'The Comte de Broglie has just been declared Ambassador to Poland. He is a very little man, with the head set up like a little game-cock. He is choleric, clever and vivacious in everything.' According to another contemporary, his sparkling eyes, when he was animated, resembled a volcano. His services had been confined to the army. He was utterly inexperienced in diplomacy, or in any other branch of administration, and no one was more surprised than himself when he was named ambassador. His surprise was dashed by alarm and an almost overpowering sense of responsibility when, eight days after the nomination (March 8, 1772), the Prince placed in his hands this autographic billet from the King: 'The Comte de Broglie will put faith in what will be told him by the Prince de Conti, and speak of it to no living soul.' He was then made acquainted with the precise nature of the mission, and the complicated, contradictory, probably compromising duties imposed by it:—

'What a beginning for an improvised diplomatist setting his foot for the first time on unknown ground, to have to get a King elected unknown to his own government! What a task, to carry out such a negotiation at a thousand leagues from Versailles in the midst of a Diet in arms, in presence of the league of three Courts, while remaining constantly exposed to the risk of being publicly repudiated, and handed over to ministerial wrath by the slightest indiscretion of a postal agent! What a complication, to have two masters to serve, two different sorts of language to hold and to bring into agreement!'

There was one decisive answer to all the scruples and objections that could be urged. The sovereign had signified his pleasure: the order was absolute: and to withdraw after being put in possession of the secret was to incur certain disgrace and fall under a lasting imputation of disloyalty. And what minister, what royal personage, could find fault with him for obeying their common master? The pecuniary difficulty had been anticipated by the King, who, on the first mention of his name for the appointment, had cried out, 'Ah, he is not rich, he must be helped.' The attachment of the Dauphin and especially of the Dauphiness (a Saxon princess) for his family was an additional qualification, as he was the less likely to be suspected of intriguing against her house.

'Convinced by these reasons, good or bad—or rather led away by the love of adventure, which in the age of ambition overrules all considerations of prudence—the Comte yielded, and Conti went to report to the King that (these are his own words) "M. de Broglie was ready to serve him, without consideration for anybody, or for himself; and that,

that, with talents, tranquillity, and the hope of pleasing the King, there was nothing which might not be expected of him.”

He started with two sets of instructions. The official, from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, purported that he was to do his best to prevent the alliance of Poland with the Empresses, and to counteract the English project, but to do so, if possible ‘without appearing,’ through the instrumentality of two or three important personages of the French party, behind whom he could operate with advantage. With regard to the contemplated vacancy of the throne, he was to preserve a tone and attitude of strict neutrality, professing that any prince who should unite the free suffrages of the nation would be acceptable to France. The secret instructions, on the contrary, made it his chief business to pave the way for the election of the Prince de Conti, and specified the steps by which this (the real) object of his mission might be brought about.

On his way to the scene of action he stopped at Breslau for the purpose of communicating with Frederic the Great, and ascertaining how far he might calculate on the co-operation of this monarch, who was quite as likely to be swayed in any given transaction by caprice or vanity as by ambition or policy, and had been notoriously indulging his caustic vein at the expense of the French Court. He had, moreover, an old grudge against the Marshal Duc de Broglie, and was reported to have complained, on hearing of the nomination of the son, that they had picked out one of his personal enemies to act with him. Little good, therefore, was augured from the meeting, and the Comte came to it armed at all points to encounter a sarcasm or evade a snare. He was agreeably disappointed. Frederic was in good humour, and invited him to dinner with the Prince-Bishop of Breslau and other dignitaries of the Church, who were anything but edified by the scoffing scepticism of the conversation, which the King began by calling to the Prince-Bishop across the table that he liked nothing better than giving an occasional fillip to the fanatics. The Comte had no time to recover from his astonishment, before his royal host rose, and passing behind his chair bade him graciously adieu, saying he should hear with pleasure the success of his first essay in arms.

The Comte reached Dresden just as the Court was starting for Grodno in Lithuania, where the Polish Diet was to meet. He followed it, and rejoined King Augustus at Bialystock, the residence of Count Branicki, Grand-General and Commandant of all the military forces of Poland.

“You may not perhaps care to know,” he writes to the Marquis de



de Saint-Contest, his official chief, "that Bialystock is a beautiful place, and that the house has all the air of a great noble's dwelling. Its owner may be regarded as one of the most powerful private individuals in Europe, and I only call him a private individual because he is not a Sovereign; otherwise he enjoys more enviable prerogatives than many princes, and his revenue is 1,200,000 livres. It is said, however, that his income is not sufficient for his expenses here. I cannot give you a better idea of the style in which he lives than by likening it to that of the Duke of Orleans, at Saint-Cloud, when he gives a fête. You must add a military court consisting of a prodigious number of officers whom, in his capacity of Grand-General, he has always about him."

In the same despatch he comments on the character and bearing of his rival, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, whose portrait is carefully drawn by Rulhière, and may be taken as a specimen of the manner in which our countrymen are too frequently judged by foreigners:—

'The ambassador whom they (the English) sent to Warsaw was a man of strong imagination, who seduced at first by the range and vivacity of his mind, but who speedily revolted by his indiscretion, his flightiness, the infamy of his debauches, his abandonment of all the principles of decency and virtue, and the violence of his melancholy. Renowned to this day in London for having attempted to establish, under the form of a new worship, pure deism, he ended his days in an entire loss of reason and a recognised madness. He owed his advancement to a society formed in England of men full of knowledge, of agreeability, of talent, but the most corrupt that ever existed in the world, priding themselves on their depravity and their unbridled licence, and regarding the avowed contempt of all the proprieties as a part of their liberty. They had initiated a young English prince in their most secret pleasures: one of them, through the credit of this young prince, had for a moment attained to the ministry; and the Chevalier Williams, one of the worst of this coterie, had been nominated by his companions in debauchery Ambassador of England to Poland.'

The Duc de Broglie partially adopts and confirms this description by introducing Sir Charles as 'apparently one of those diplomatists with the pretensions of *roués*, such as one encounters often enough in the English legations, to which British prudery gladly relegates them, as if, deemed unworthy to participate in the austere duties of parliamentary life, they were only thought suitable for the relaxed morals of the Continent. He had promised his friends in London in particular the Prince of Wales, of whom he was the companion in debauchery, to bring things so to pass that an army of 100,000 Russians might arrive at the first signal in the heart of Germany across all Poland laid open to them.'

Considering

Considering that the Duc is the author of an able essay on diplomacy, this, literally taken, may prove a damaging as well as an unkind hit at English diplomats. None of them, to the best of our knowledge, certainly none within living memory, have been indebted for their elevation to British prudery; although our colonies may have had occasional reason for complaint that a shattered fortune and party services have been held the primary qualifications for a governor. The misapprehension of the historian and the Duc touching Sir Charles is so complete, that we can only account for it by supposing that they have mistaken him for one of a set who flourished at a later period, the Medmenham Abbey set, one of whom, Lord Sandwich, became a Cabinet Minister in 1763, but (as is clear from the date) not through the credit of a prince; the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, being then a child in arms. Nor was there any Prince of Wales in 1752, to whom, a companion in debauchery, Sir Charles could have made the alleged promise; Prince Frederick having died in March 1751, when his son, afterwards George the Third, was in his twelfth year. It is almost superfluous to add that neither of these two princes answers to the description of debauchees or profligates. George the Third was from youth upwards a pattern of the domestic virtues; and his father, Prince Frederick, although he affected the reputation of a man of intrigue, was devoted to his wife. 'This reputation, and not beauty, appears to have been his aim; and his principal favourite, Lady Middlesex, is described as very short, very plain, very yellow, and full of Greek and Latin.' \*

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, a wit and a man of pleasure, neither better nor worse than his modish contemporaries, was brought into public life by Sir Robert Walpole. He had a seat in Parliament and a place when, according to Horace Walpole, his intimate friend, 'domestic crosses and disappointments drove him to shelter his discontents in a foreign embassy, where he displayed great talents for negotiation, and pleased as much by his letters as he had formerly done by his poetry.' The alleged engagement to bring a Russian army across Poland sounds apocryphal at best. In the short biographical notice prefixed to his works it is briefly stated that he sided with Russia in supporting the candidature of Czartoryski, quarrelled with Count Brühl on that account, and was consequently recalled. For the purposes of the present narrative it is enough to say that, on arriving at Warsaw, Comte de Broglie found him an active and formidable opponent.

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\* Earl Stanhope. 'History of England from the Peace of Utrecht,' vol. ii. p. 303.

'My presence,' writes the Comte, 'kept him down a little at first, but this did not last long. He talks to everybody, has become more caressing than an Italian, and embraces the old and young deputies all day long. I have often seen him talking in private to the young princes, whose influence is very trifling, and even to the Queen's waiting-women. He neglects nothing to captivate them, and publicly conversed for a whole hour before my eyes with the one who is at present in favour with her Majesty. All this hubbub gives me more amusement than uneasiness. When one is quite sure of what one is about, and the cards are well sorted, one is really tranquil.'

A less confident man would have seen that the odds were decidedly against him: that at Bialystock, where all the conflicting elements were collected, he was in the very centre of adverse influences, with hardly an available resource. The magnificent lord of the castle, who had served in the Mousquetaires and retained pleasant recollections of Versailles, was not personally disinclined to France, but he had late in life contracted a marriage with a young and beautiful Countess Poniatowski, to whom he was passionately attached. She belonged on the mother's side to the illustrious house of Czartoryski, then represented by two brothers, Auguste and Michel, who, by dint of inherited or acquired possessions and dignities, united with commanding force of character, had acquired a position not much unlike that of Warwick, the last of the Barons, when he feasted daily thirty thousand retainers in his halls. They sided with Russia. The French party, if it deserved the name, was scattered and disheartened. The sum placed at the Comte's disposal was only 800,000 fr. (32,000*l.*), and the Polish nobles resembled petty states to be subsidized rather than individuals to be bribed. As at any moment they might be compelled to take the field, they naturally demanded money for equipment from the side on which they were to act. He put the best face on the matter, scattered promises right and left, and experienced little difficulty in recruiting a band of partisans amongst the turbulent spirits who longed for action or the members of the Diet who regarded the Czartoryskis with distrust. His instructions were to bring about the rupture of the Diet, and thus prevent the adoption of the treaty; but he soon discovered that by so doing he should be playing the game of his adversaries, which was to paralyse the proceedings of the legislative body, and then resort to the extreme measure of a confederation. At the instigation of the Czartoryskis, a deputy had issued an insulting manifesto against the King. This they forthwith made the pretext for a counter-declaration in vindication of his Majesty, which they invited the nobility to sign. It lay for  
signature

signature at the palace of Count Branicki, whose definite adhesion would have placed all the military forces of the State at the disposal of the confederates. It had already received the signatures of the majority of the senate and other magnates, when the plot was suddenly counteracted and upset by the courage and energy of one man. This was a young noble, named Mokranowski, remarkable for the loftiness of his stature, his personal beauty, great bodily strength, rude eloquence, and high courage. After serving with distinction in the French army, he had attached himself to Count Branicki, and was reputed to stand high in the good graces of the beautiful Countess. The Duc mentions his entry on the scene as concerted with the Comte de Broglie; but Rulhière describes him as having his attention accidentally called to the scheme as it was on the point of being consummated.

‘He is informed that an act of confederation, already signed by all the senators, is about to be signed by all the nobility. Nothing stops him; neither the disfavour of the Court, which must feel affronted, nor that of the Grand-General, on whom his whole fortune depends, nor the resentment of the Russians, who had announced that their sovereign had an army on the frontier to sustain their enterprise, nor finally the multitude in the act of signing. He forces his way through them; seizes the document, already consecrated by so many signatures; swears that he will only part from it with life; and, rushing with it to the Grand-General, boldly lays before him all the consequences of his co-operation in such an enterprise. The dangers of Russian protection, the comparative advantages of France, were emphatically pressed. The Grand-General was urged to consider his own dignity and name, which imperatively required him to stand forth the liberator, the champion of his country, instead of being made the cat-spaw or tool of a faction, French or Russian, and the impetuous orator ended a passionate appeal by tearing the act of confederation to pieces and placing it in this state in the hands of his chief.’\*

Branicki, who had given only a languid support to the measure, gazed and listened as one electrified: the full bearing of the engagements he had more than half contracted flashed upon him; hurried out of himself, he started to his feet, hailed Mokranowski as his deliverer, embraced him with transport, and vowed a never-dying friendship with him from that hour. The Czartoryskis were checkmated; their combination was broken up: the Diet separated in confusion. ‘A single result, says the Duc, was clear: after twenty years of eclipse the French party was reconstructed; this time on the excellent and almost impregnable basis of the defence of the national institu-

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\* Rulhière, vol. i. p. 160.

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tions.' It would have been so reconstituted had the Comte been properly supported by his employers or been left free to carry out his policy, but he was so placed as to be under the necessity of apologizing for his triumph, instead of taking credit for it. In his official despatch to the Minister for Foreign Affairs he begins by modestly suggesting that, although things might have turned out much the same without his intervention and he had hitherto kept in the background, it might, notwithstanding, be advisable for him to profit by the emergency and come forward as the open and declared protector of the patriots. As a first step, he requested that the services of Mokranowski should be recompensed by the Cross of St. Louis and a high grade in the French army. The request was peremptorily refused in a manner that partook more of reproof than concurrence or satisfaction, and the correspondence with the Prince de Conti was still more embarrassing, for in it he is informed that the King, whilst approving what he has done, is particularly anxious that he should avoid coming to a distinct understanding with his Minister or inviting official instructions which must prove irreconcilable with the secret object of his mission. To this he pointedly replies: 'How can I take upon myself to speak to the Saxon Minister in the tone which his Majesty thinks I ought to assume, without being authorized by my Minister, who prescribes the exact contrary?'

What added to his vexation was the step taken by Count Brühl, who, after telling the Polish nobles that the French ambassador was acting without the authority of his Court, caused the Queen of Poland to write to her daughter, the Dauphiness, to complain of the course pursued by him. The Queen spoke to the Abbé, who, knowing nothing of the secret mission, wrote to remonstrate with the Comte at what he called his ingratitude and imprudence. All his friends and well-wishers adopted a similar tone. Convinced that he was on the right track, the Comte was little moved by these warnings and remonstrances. What most troubled him was his incapacity to make good the promises he had lavished amongst his partisans, and to meet the expenses of his establishment. He had already spent more than 100,000 livres, including 1000 louis for post-horses, 500 louis for house-rent, and 500 more for carriages. 'No one,' he says, 'without having been in Poland, can form an idea of the multiplicity of expenses required to keep the state of ambassador. I could not go out without having twenty-six or thirty persons, or horses, with me; the secretaries or gentlemen by whom I am obliged to send the ordinary compliments can only go in carriages, and even the maîtres d'hôtel, generally speaking, will

will not go otherwise to market. One easily spends fifty thousand livres in four months in a country where it is quite common to drink one hundred ducats' worth of Hungarian wine at a sitting.'

His representations having been disregarded, he took the decided step of stating positively and distinctively, that he was ready to submit to anything for the King's service, with one exception; he had already sacrificed his own small fortune, but he could not contemplate without alarm the prospect of sacrificing the fortunes of others. If therefore he should be commanded to remain without an augmentation of his salary (sixty-five livres a-day), his mind was made up to change his abode for a humbler one, reduce his establishment, and scrupulously adapt his expenditure to his means. This produced an arrangement. M. de Saint-Contest (the Minister) administered an official rebuke to the Comte, and informed him that the King saw no objection to the reduction of his establishment. On the same day, he received 5000 ducats to aid him in keeping it up on the same scale as before. He rightly calculated that an air of self-assertion was indispensable, and he resolved, in the midst of intrigues and jealousies, to suffer no abatement of his dignity. The Queen of Poland (Electoral Princess of Saxony), suspecting his hidden purpose, had begun to treat him with marked coldness, and one evening at a court ball given to the Prince of Modena she made a pretext of her pregnancy for declining to dance, in order to avoid opening the ball with him, according to the right of the Ambassador of France, even in presence of a prince. A few minutes afterwards he saw her dancing with the Prince of Modena, and advanced so as to be exactly opposite her at the moment when she resumed her seat. 'I am quite out of breath,' said the Princess, with some embarrassment. 'That is not surprising,' replied the Comte, 'your Highness having committed the imprudence of dancing, in your present situation.' 'Nevertheless,' said the Princess, 'that shall not prevent me from dancing with you, when I am a little rested.' 'I have no wish to dance,' rejoined the Comte drily, and, taking his sword and his muff, he left the room without another word.

The next day all the Court was in a turmoil. The Princess shed tears of mortification, and Count Brühl could only quiet her by promising to have the offender recalled. But the Comte stood firm. 'Take care,' he wrote to his Minister, 'that there is no yielding. These people are cowards. When one shows one's teeth, they are all submission; when one deals gently with them, they believe it is from fear.' The King, whose pride was wounded by the want of consideration shown to his representative,

tive, thought him right, and the Minister did not venture beyond a slight reprimand.

The manner in which the Comte held his own against his official superior, as well as against the Court of Saxony, inspired his Polish friends with a degree of confidence they had long ceased to put in any representative of France, and he left no stone unturned to improve his opportunities. 'Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes,' was the sum of Napoleon's instructions to the Abbé de Pradt, when it was an object to conciliate the Poles. The Comte took this maxim for his guide :—

'His pleasant and popular manners, the inexhaustible gaiety of his conversation, and the loyalty of his character, daily added personal friends to his political supporters. He was very much liked, even by women, and these the youngest and handsomest, notwithstanding the strictness of his morals—a subject on which he was frequently rallied. The charming Princess Lubomirska, Palatine of Lublin, and daughter of Count Brühl; and the Countess Minsech, who was married to one of the Marshals of the palace, kept up a coquettish correspondence with him. "Missionaries of this kind," said he, "are very good hands at making proselytes." His relations extended even beyond Poland. Prince de Conti had put him in communication with the envoys of France at Stockholm, Copenhagen, Berlin, and Constantinople, all, more or less, initiated into his views. The petty sovereigns of the riverine States on the Black Sea and the Danube, the Khans of the Crimea and of Tartary, who were always looking to Warsaw for defence against the menacing ambition of Russia, addressed themselves to him as to their natural protector. His correspondence was so numerous and so active that four secretaries were constantly occupied in transcribing or deciphering his letters, and he frequently dictated for sixteen or seventeen hours consecutively. In a word, he had rapidly become, what he had wished to be, the soul of a great party, capable of and impatient for action.'

All this time he was sorely perplexed by the reflection, that he had led the Polish patriots to expect far more than he was able to perform, and that he was liable to be thrown over at any moment by his employers if they found or thought themselves committed by him to greater risks or responsibilities than they had reckoned upon. Fortune so far favoured him, that he was enabled to acquire a great accession of strength by the judicious outlay of a sum which did not exceed the limited resources at his command. A dispute, in which the Court and all the great nobles were involved, had arisen touching the possession of the Ostrog estates, the extent and importance of which may be estimated from the fact that the holder was bound to entertain at his own cost six hundred cavaliers always ready  
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to fight against the Turks. The family of Ostrog was extinct in the direct line, and the provisional administration of the estates had been granted to a family of collaterals (the Tan-gazkos) till a rightful claimant should appear ready to assume the burthen with the property. It remained so long in this family that the last of them was emboldened to treat it as his own and sold the reversion to the Czartoryskis for a large sum of ready money. The transaction was outrageous in its defiance of law and right. It was too much for even Polish opinion, which usually laid little stress on legal or constitutional observances. The enormous accession of wealth and influence to the Czartoryskis, already dangerously strong, was an obvious cause of alarm; and the patriots, headed by Count Branicki, resolved to prevent the transfer at all hazards, even by an appeal to force.

They applied to the Comte for pecuniary assistance, naming 60,000 ducats, as well as the open support of France. Here was a dilemma. Where was he to get 60,000 ducats? How was he to induce the King to throw off his reserve and declare openly for either party? In reply to his request for instructions, his Minister told him that all his endeavours must be directed to throw oil on the troubled waters, and that he must on no account transgress the strictest limits of neutrality. The Prince de Conti wrote that, if the Czartoryskis should be the first to appeal to arms, the King would be disposed to aid the patriots with money. 'These instructions,' the Prince added, 'are very prudent, and they put you more at ease than any you have yet received.' He was by no means at his ease, when a gleam of light and hope broke upon him from an unexpected quarter. The public indignation excited by the sale was shared by King Augustus, who, besides regarding it as a palpable infringement of the rights of the Crown, was not disposed to view the further aggrandizement of his haughtiest vassals with complacency:—

'The displeasure of the King and his Minister was indisputably genuine, and when they reached Warsaw, and had evidence of the state of public opinion, which was adverse to this transaction, they gave utterance to their sentiments without reserve. Count Brühl said openly, in the presence of the Grand-General, that since the actual administrator of the Ostrog estate did not choose to keep the management of it, the King would do well to resume his rights, and appoint new administrators. This was repeated to Count de Broglie by Count Branicki, and they both regarded it as a hint which ought not to be allowed to pass unobserved.'

Moreover, they both knew by what means the Saxon Minister was to be confirmed in this mood of mind, and it was immediately arranged between them that 10,000 ducats should be



offered him, on condition that the Czartoryski purchase was set aside. The bribe was accepted, Count Brühl declaring that his royal master's mind was already made up; and, five days after the payment of the money, it was announced that new administrators of the Ostrog estates had been chosen from amongst the patriots:—

‘This was a surprise to everybody; but to the Czartoryskis, and especially to the diplomatists of their party, it was a thunderbolt. Just an hour before the announcement was made, the English Minister, suddenly apprised of the fact, had made a wager of one hundred ducats that the thing was impossible, that the King would never venture to do it. As for the Russian minister, he was literally stupefied.’

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‘Comte de Broglie came out of this redoubtable pass without striking a blow, and nevertheless with all the honours of war; for the patriots, enchanted by their unexpected stroke of fortune, lavished gratitude for it upon him, and praised his cleverness up to the skies. The Court of Saxony, embroiled all of a sudden with its habitual supporters, and obliged to change its front on the moment, had recourse to him for advice in the execution of this manœuvre, so as to incur as little unpleasantness and humiliation as possible. Thus he had become the arbiter of the situation, and fully master of that ground which had been so slippery on the eve. There was no cloud anywhere in his sky, neither at Dresden, where he might openly patronise his friends henceforth; nor at Versailles, where the favour of the Court of Saxony would speedily lull the suspicion of the Dauphiness and the Minister.’

It was formally notified to him from Versailles that ‘His Majesty’s Council had passed a fitting eulogium upon the prudent course he had taken,’ and the rank of a general officer in the French service was conferred at his request on Mokranowski. At the New Year’s festivities at Dresden all the princesses contended for the honour of dancing with the Comte, and the Electoral Princess, in particular, asked for an ‘*allemande*,’ in addition to the ‘*contredanse*’ which was ‘of etiquette.’ The fame of the triumph of France at Warsaw spread to foreign Courts, and was loudly echoed there. ‘The events that are taking place where you are,’ wrote the Marquis d’Aubeterre, Ambassador of France, from Vienna, ‘attract the attention of everybody. It is quite clear that the Russian party is beaten in Poland.’ The King of Prussia also wrote to his Ambassador at Paris to express his gratification at the turn affairs had taken: ‘It is in part to the firmness of the Grand-General that this good fortune is due; but at bottom the wise and intelligent conduct of Count de Broglie has contributed most largely to it.’

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The Prince de Conti was far from sharing in the general satisfaction. The conjunction of the patriots with the House of Saxony boded him no good, as the success of his future candidature mainly depended on the unpopularity and isolation of that House. The closer the friendship between the reigning family and France, the more difficult for France to set up or support a rival. The Prince intimated his dissatisfaction to the Comte, who, instead of reassuring him, proceeded to unfold a grand scheme of policy which was to change the face of Europe, with the trifling drawback of treating his secret employer's pretensions as of no account. Saxony, subsidized by France, and co-operating with Poland, was to present an insuperable barrier to Russia on one side, whilst Turkey and the Danubian States were to assail her on the other. Denmark was to join; and the national party in Poland was to lend effective aid in promoting the grand aim of the combination, which was 'to thrust the successors of Peter the Great back into their deserts.' Prussia was to be utilized in seizing Hanover and keeping England in check. France would then have only Austria on her hands, with whom she might make short work with the aid of the smaller States of South Germany, already enlisted in the cause. 'Such,' gravely and seriously remarks the Duc, 'was the plan, as grandly as simply conceived, that a young soldier, shot into diplomacy at thirty-two, unaided, in the centre of a lost land, by the solitary labour of his vivacious intelligence had been able to form. In his hands a vulgar intrigue was metamorphosed into a genuine conception of high policy.' The Prince, it is added, strongly objected to this scheme, but M. Martin gives him credit for one which in all essential features is the same. His personal qualities also are placed in a different light:—

'The son of the despised Conti had passed through a youth more than stormy: traits of brutal and cruel debauchery had seemed to announce another Comte de Charolais;\* but age had operated an un hoped-for effect in him; an enlightened and honourable ambition had tempered this savage impetuosity, and he had conceived a system of foreign policy which adopted the sound national traditions, and which would have restored the French preponderance on the continent. Preserve the spirit of the Treaty of Westphalia in Germany—unite by a perpetual treaty Turkey, Poland, Sweden, and Prussia, without the mediation but with the accession of France—separate thus, by a chain of hostile States, Austria and Russia, those dangerous

\* It was the Comte de Charolais who shot a tiler on the roof of a house for the pleasure of seeing him roll off. Louis XV. pardoned him, saying, 'Understand me well. I will likewise pardon any one who shoots you.'

allies, and place a barrier from the pole to the Archipelago between Europe and Russia, which would be thrown back upon her deserts—this was certainly not the conception of a vulgar mind. Poland was the pivot of this system, which was opposed to that of the Marquis d'Argenson only on one point, namely, that Conti meant to take for himself in Poland the part which d'Argenson destined to the House of Saxony. The end was the same: the means differed.\*

One thing is clear. No one could infer from the Prince's uniform language to the Comte that he had anything in view besides his own personal interests. 'The treaty,' he writes, 'of which you speak to me, would be expensive, useless, and injurious to the secret affair.' It was regarded in a totally different light by the Comte's open and official employers at Versailles, who eagerly caught at the opportunity of detaching Saxony from England, and he was instructed to take steps at once for ascertaining the feasibility of his scheme. Here, again, the difficulty of serving two masters pressed upon him more heavily than ever, and as the best way of escaping from the dilemma, at all events of gaining time, he requested leave of absence under the pretext of ill-health, alleging as his real reason to the Prince the necessity of oral communication:—'It may happen that when I shall have the honour of conversing with your Serene Highness on this subject you may change your opinion, or, if not, you can place me in a position to evade the orders of the Minister without risk.' His diplomatic position was entirely owing to the Prince, yet the Duc indulges in a speculation on his motives and conduct on this occasion in apparent unconsciousness that his honour and loyalty are at stake.

'I am by no means sure that in thus deserting the negotiation mid-way, to go and breathe the air of France, it was the Comte's intention to arrange with Prince de Conti in what manner he might disobey the orders which he had himself solicited from the Minister. I am strongly tempted to believe that his design was quite an opposite one, and that he proposed to elicit from the Minister an express and precise order by which he would be authorized to act against the Prince.'

The Comte on his return was in open, frequent, and familiar communication with the ministers, whilst he and the Prince only met at rare intervals, and in the presence of others. 'The consequence of this intimacy on the one side and restraint on the other was, that at the end of three months the Comte set out again for Dresden as the bearer of the draft of a treaty to be proposed to the Court of Saxony, with orders to urge its

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\* Martin, '*Histoire de France*,' vol. xv. p. 449.

acceptance by every means; and that Prince de Conti, not apprised of the treaty until the last moment, could raise only timid and querulous objections to it.' This draft is described as his political plan in its entirety. In consideration of an annual subsidy of two millions of francs, Augustus was to bind himself, as King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, to act in complete concert, offensively and defensively, with France.

'What would have been the fate of this convention, which thus placed nearly half the northern continent at the discretion of France? Had not Count de Broglie presumed too far on his ascendancy in promising to make so recent an ally accept such strict conditions? If he had succeeded, what would have become of the secret affair, and how could he have refused to such accommodating friends the promise of assuring the inheritance of their throne to their family? These are all questions which it is impossible to answer, for he had hardly had time to communicate his proposal to the Court of Saxony, and the Council of State were still discussing its acceptance, when an unexpected event changed the face of Europe. Another treaty anticipated the meditated one and was about to make more noise in the world.'

The means by which this event was brought about must sound startling even to those who have duly reflected on Oxenstiern's world-wide maxim, or have even come to regard public morality as a myth. Under the Restoration Béranger was prosecuted for his 'Songs,' and particular stress was laid by the Advocate-General on one entitled *Le Bon Dieu*, with the refrain or burthen, referring to the crowned heads of the epoch:—

'Si c'est par moi qu'ils règnent de la sorte,  
Je veux que le diable m'emporte.'

He was defended by Dupin, who argued that, allowing for poetic licence of expression, there was neither impiety nor irreverence in declaring that bad rulers, although parts of the inscrutable designs of Providence, were not special objects of divine sanction or support. Then, after an eloquent sketch (paraphrased from Milton) of the kingdoms of the world as shown by Satan from the high mountain, he wound up:—  
'Assuredly, at seeing the world thus governed, our blessed Saviour, the harbinger of peace and good-will to men, might have exclaimed that it was not by Him, nor by His heavenly Father, that nations were governed *de la sorte*.' It would be difficult to name a period at which this train of reflection would have been more natural or more appropriate than the year immediately preceding the Seven Years' War, when the instruments of destiny were a King, undeniably great, who laughed at principle, and three women actuated by the essentially feminine



tially feminine motives of caprice, wounded vanity, vindictiveness, and spite. Elizabeth, the Messalina of the North, was exasperated by Frederic's sarcasms at her irregularities. Maria Theresa was burning to recover Silesia, and revenge the manifold wrongs she had endured at his hands. Madame de Pompadour was also nettled to the quick by his openly expressed contempt and cynical jests; but what won her over to the league, and with her France, was the adroit flattery of the proud daughter of the Hapsburgs, who stooped so low as to address a letter, beginning *Ma Cousine*, to the low-born mistress, *née* Poisson.

The new combination was pretty nearly the reverse of the one planned by the Comte. Russia, instead of being thrust back into her deserts, had all central Europe laid open to her; and Prussia was ranged on the side of England, instead of co-operating with France. It is admitted on all hands that the turning-point was the Treaty of January 18, 1756, between Prussia and England. It was this which disconcerted all the Comte's calculations, and exploded like a bomb-shell in the political circles of Dresden and Versailles. But the Duc is not satisfied with the popular explanation of the affair, and plausibly contends that an undue share of the responsibility has been thrown upon Madame de Pompadour. Although he does not deny that she had a good deal to do with bringing about the alliance between France and Austria, he contends that Frederic's treaty with England was not provoked by the refusal, instigated by her, of any prior overtures from him to France: that, on the contrary, the overtures came from France, and were insultingly declined by Frederic. The Duc de Nivernais, who stood high in the good graces of the lady, was sent to Berlin in great pomp, with the ostensible mission of renewing the existing treaties, and securing the co-operation of Prussia in the war with England.

'Frederic preferred to anticipate the arrival of the Ambassador, so that he should find the English treaty concluded, signed and sealed. It is even said that he seasoned the communication with an epigrammatic hit in the worst possible taste. The Duke de Nivernais was not only a great noble; he was also a literary amateur, and the author of some writings of such taste and merit that they had procured him a seat in the French Academy. At his first audience, Frederic made him recite some of his verses, and then said, with a laugh, "I will show you presently a piece of my composing." This "piece" was no other than the famous treaty, which was thus rudely thrust almost into the face of the Envoy Extraordinary, acknowledged by common consent to be the most finished gentleman of his country and his time.'

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The Comte was at Dresden, about (as he fancied) to put the finishing stroke to his grand project, when, what he at once felt to be its death-blow, the treaty between Prussia and England was made known. Although unprepared for the shock, he bore it with exemplary calmness. To the Duc de Nivernais, still at Berlin, he wrote (Feb. 4, 1856); 'If I am the only person grieved by it, though I carefully conceal my feelings, I am not the only one who feels the importance of the event.' The ambassador replied: 'I see that your patriotism would have been as much astounded as my own if you had arrived here on the 12th of January, whilst the said convention was being signed in London on the 16th. . . . I think the best plan is to say nothing, and that is the course I adopt. There are things which must be left to speak for themselves.'

These things speedily spoke for themselves in language that could be neither mistaken nor suppressed. Count Branicki, and all the other principal actors he had been training, threw up their parts, and he received orders from Paris to suspend all action, and resume the attitude of a mere looker-on:—

'Thus vanished in a day the result of four years of toil. The Count was furious, but not disheartened. On the contrary, plan after plan suggested itself to his eager intellect, and he at length evolved a design, which he submitted to the King at the same time by the official and by the secret channel, and which he confided to M. de Rouillé (the Minister) at the same time as to the Prince de Conti.'

His new plan was an alliance with Austria against Prussia, including a stipulation that, by way of conciliating the secondary States, the spoils of Prussia (with the exception of Silesia) should be promised to Saxony. The Prince de Conti declared at once that the plan was impracticable: M. de Rouillé made no answer at all, and the projector was kept in entire ignorance of what was going on or meditated at Versailles until the 25th of May, when (still at Dresden) he was officially informed that a treaty with Austria had been signed at Versailles three weeks before. This treaty was only in outward seeming an adoption of his views, as it placed France in a subordinate position, and practically bound her to take the offensive at the shortest warning on the bidding of Austria. His opinion was that, if Frederic's defection was to be treated as a hostile act, the whole power of France should be put forth to crush this common enemy. What added to his embarrassment and discontent were the remonstrances of his Polish friends, when they found Russia preparing for an advance across the frontier:—

'Their fears were redoubled when they learned that Russia, after  
a brief

a brief hesitation between her two former allies, had taken part against England and for Austria; that the British Minister to the Court (our old acquaintance, Sir C. Hanbury Williams) was in full flight from St. Petersburg; and that France was sending a new Minister thither, the Chevalier Douglas, an Englishman by birth, but a Catholic and a refugee, whose sole title to this high office was, that during a former sojourn he had won the good graces of the Empress Elizabeth.'

The mission of the Chevalier Douglas was to establish a private correspondence between Louis XV. and the Czarina. He was selected, like the Comte de Broglie, by the Prince de Conti acting by the King's order; but was kept, like the Comte, in entire ignorance that there was any secret mission besides his own:—

'Thus, two representatives of the secret diplomacy were sent a thousand miles from France into neighbouring and closely-united countries, to work in directly opposite senses—the one to excite anti-Russian passions, the other to propitiate the Russian Sovereign; the former to prepare the mine, the latter the countermine, until the inevitable day should arrive when the two subterranean toilers must end by meeting face to face. We may conceive that Prince de Conti would be embarrassed when that critical moment should have arrived, but the imagination loses itself in trying to picture what Louis Quinze could have proposed to himself by crossing the threads of his plots until the skein had become too tangled to be unravelled by any human hand.'

The absurdity of this mode of conducting affairs is made more glaring by the nature of the coming contest and the character of the antagonist to be encountered. 'Unfortunately,' remarks the Duc, 'there was then at Berlin a King who pursued one policy only, who deceived his enemies, but not his servants, and who lied without scruple, but never without necessity.' On the 18th of July Frederic summoned Mitchell, the English Minister, to an audience, and told him that he was about to demand explanations from the Austrian Empress of the recent movement of her troops. Mitchell objected that, by assuming the offensive, he would provoke the intervention of France. 'Look me in the face,' said the King, rising suddenly; 'what do you see in it? Am I the man to be mocked with impunity?' \* By God, no! This lady wants war: she shall have it. It is only for me to be beforehand with my enemies. My troops are ready. I must put an end to the conspiracy before it grows too

\* This is a weak paraphrase by the translator of the King's words: 'Regardez-moi en face: que voyez-vous sur mon visage? Ai-je un nez fait pour porter des nasardes? Par Dieu! je ne m'en laisserai pas mettre.'

strong. I know the French Ministers—they are too weak and too stupid to get out of the clutches of Austria: Count Kaunitz will have led them into anything he chooses before they get their eyes open. My position is surrounded by dangers, and I can only get out of them by a bold stroke.'

Receiving a haughty reply to his request for an explanation from the Empress-Queen, he put himself at the head of his troops, already massed on the frontier, and demanded a passage through Saxony to invade Bohemia. It speedily became manifest that this demand was a mere pretext. What he wanted was not merely a passage for his troops, nor even neutrality: it was the incorporation of the Saxon troops with his own army, after they should have gone through the preliminary formality of swearing fidelity to himself. 'Good God!' cried the Saxon Envoy, 'such a thing is without example in the world.' 'Do you think so, sir?' replied the King. 'I think not; but even if that were so, I do not know whether you are aware that I pique myself on being original. Such is my condition. Saxony must share the fortune and the risks of my States.'

This time his calculation, based on the terror of his name, proved erroneous. In anticipation of this demand, or something equally humiliating, the Elector-King with his sons and Count Brühl had left the capital for Pirna, the centre of a fortified camp on the road to Bohemia, where he could await the succour of the Austrians. This step was taken by the advice of the Comte, who, under any circumstances, would have advised it as the bolder and more honourable course; but the Duc suggests that the dignity of King Augustus was neither the first nor the sole object of his solicitude. He knew that Frederic was too good a tactician to advance, leaving the army in Pirna ready to fall on his flank or bar his retreat in case of a reverse; and the inevitable delay would give Europe time to awake and deprive the aggressor of all the advantages of surprise. Frederic was fairly nonplussed, and showed that he was so by his vacillation. He remained stationary for three weeks. One day, he had the French messengers stopped and brought to his camp. The next day, he sent them back to Dresden with a guard of honour and a safe-conduct. What disconcerted him even more than the military difficulty was the failure of the attempt to deprive the Saxon monarch of sympathy by humiliating him,—by making him an object of pity or contempt:—

'Instead of the puppet he had reckoned upon, he found a victim who was trying to transform himself into a hero, and he discovered that he himself, instead of doing a clever thing, had committed a crime. Already, from the whole of Germany, a cry was rising up  
against



against him ; all the petty princes felt their dignity hurt ; in Poland also, the excitement caused by the first intelligence had been great, and howsoever unpopular the House of Saxony, the pride of the Republic was hurt by the affront to its elected Sovereign. At any cost, it was necessary to prevent in the eyes of Europe, exasperated and already indignant, so dangerous a reversal of parts.'

Economical enough in all conscience on ordinary occasions, Frederic spared no expense at any time to penetrate the secrets of diplomacy, and he had become aware of the existence of a correspondence between the Saxon and Austrian Ministers, which was hostile to him, or at all events might be represented as such. When an important object was to be obtained, he did not stand upon trifles. One morning the Queen was informed that her Swiss guard had been replaced by Prussian soldiers, and that the commander's orders were to insist on having the keys of Chancellery delivered to him, using force if necessary. She summoned her Council, and by their advice, resistance being useless, the keys were surrendered, but not until she had placed her own seal with her own hand upon the locks. On the morrow the officer reappeared with fresh orders, requiring that certain specified papers contained in a specified coffer should be delivered up. The Queen refused : seated herself on the coffer, and defied them to lay hands on her. Frederic, who complacently reverts to the scene in his History, says 'that they had a great deal of trouble to make her understand that she would do much better to yield, out of complaisance to the King of Prussia, and not offer resistance to a proceeding which, though not so moderate as could have been wished, was nevertheless the result of absolute necessity.'

The scene lasted more than an hour. At length, finding tears, bursts of indignation, and pathetic appeals equally vain, she gave way ; 'and (adds the Duc) that very evening Frederic received the trophy of his ignoble victory, a woman's secret, extorted by a soldier.' The soldier (we learn from Lord Stanhope) was General Keith, brother of the Marshal, and we can well believe that the duty was little to his taste ; but this sentimental flight is somewhat marred by the fact that it was not a woman's secret. The diplomatic documents thus obtained supplied the materials of the '*Mémoire Raisonné*,' in which Frederic laboured, not unsuccessfully, to prove that the sole purpose of his aggressive movement was to forestall plots hatching or hatched against him. 'Since the accusation, likewise *raisonné*,' remarks the Duc, 'of the wolf against the lamb, I do not think that might has spoken the language of right with such a mixture of cynicism and pedantry.' Yet it did  
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more than answer the immediate purpose or make a sensation. Owing, it is suggested, to the comments of hired flatterers among his brother-philosophers, and also to 'that criminal connivance with genius and success of which history is too often guilty,' the false impression has been perpetuated and accepted, generation after generation, by posterity :

'We read in all the histories of the Seven Years' War, and especially in those written by French historians (strangely indulgent to the enemy of their country), that the discoveries made in the archives of Saxony fully justified Frederic in invading an unoffending prince by stratagem, pocketing his money, and raising his hand against his wife. It remains to be asked whether those who reiterate this stereotyped phrase have taken the trouble to read those documents which they discuss so glibly.'

The official despatches received by the Comte were complimentary and satisfactory, contrasting strangely with the letters of the Prince de Conti, who suspected, not without reason, that his personal interests had been forgotten or merged in the more comprehensive and ambitious projects of his emissary. There also arrived an affectionate letter from the King of France to his brother of Poland, which the Comte was charged to deliver into his Polish Majesty's own hand, his Polish Majesty being then shut up in Pirna. The reply to the request for a safe-conduct was tantamount to a refusal ; and without further parley the Comte started to execute his mission. He was stopped at a Prussian outpost, where the Margrave of Würtemberg was in command, and was told that he could on no account be permitted to pass. On his making a forward movement, the Margrave stretched out his arm to bar his way, on which the Comte said : 'Prince, you arrest me.' The crisis was now close at hand. On the 11th the Saxons made an unsuccessful attempt to co-operate with the Austrians under Marshal Browne, were driven back, and capitulated on the 16th. Their King was allowed to go where he pleased outside of Saxony, and he elected for Poland. The whole Saxon army (with the exception of the officers) was incorporated with the Prussian. 'We are conquered, but Bohemia is saved,' said the Commander-in-Chief, as he surrendered his sword. 'Every one has missed his aim in this business,' wrote the Abbé de Bernis : 'the Austrians have not delivered the Saxons : the Prussians have not penetrated into Bohemia.'

The Duc thinks that the very excess of the disaster which befel Saxony 'proves the profound wisdom of the advice proffered to King Augustus by the Ambassador of France :' this advice having led to the ruin of the sovereign to whom it was proffered,

proffered, although it may have saved the Empress-Queen from the meditated surprise. He also makes it the basis of a parallel which has the merit of ingenuity, if it will not bear strict examination :

‘ So far as two historical events can be traced one upon the other, so far as a copy can be carved from a model, the campaign directed by Count Bismarck in 1866 was evidently intended to reproduce, feature by feature, the ever-memorable aggression of the hero of the House of Brandenburg. Both in diplomatic proceedings, and in military movements, the imitation is apparent everywhere. There is the same hollowness in the pretexts for the attack, the same intention of carrying everything by surprise, and, almost stage by stage, the same distribution, the same itinerary of the different army corps, and the same care to secure a basis of operations by invading Saxony; but, although Count Bismarck has but repeated the part taught him by the great Frederic, Saxony has not repeated her former rejoinder. Intimidated by the recollection of his ancestor’s misfortunes, the Saxon King of our days did not venture to dispute the ground. By taking refuge with the Austrian Staff, he followed precisely that counsel which was formerly given by Marshal Browne, and set aside by Count de Broglie. We know what happened, and that, the Prussian eagles once masters of the strong positions, nothing could arrest their flight towards the Danube. After the lapse of a century, King Augustus and the counsellors who inspired him have found their long-delayed justification in Sadowa.’

It is here assumed that, if Saxony had resisted in 1870, the march of the Prussian armies would have been checked or stayed, and the results of the campaign materially affected or reversed. This strikes us to be a wholly untenable proposition.

Frederic states in his *Memoirs* that he caused it to be signified to the Comte that his proper place was no longer at Dresden but at Warsaw with the sovereign to whom he was accredited, and that the Comte, although he received the communication with an air of haughtiness worthy of a representative of the Grand Monarque, promptly complied. ‘ Comte de Broglie,’ he adds, ‘ was the most suitable man that could have been chosen to set courts together by the ears.’ He certainly did his best to widen the breach between France and Prussia, and to force his own sovereign into the field. We have seen how he managed to provoke an infringement of his ambassadorial dignity at the Prussian outposts; and, instead of leaving Dresden as required, he remained several days, on the plea that his proper place was with the Queen, who had not followed her husband; and at length he only yielded to violence, in the shape of a threat to quarter Prussian soldiers in the house he occupied.

The fame, which had preceded him, of his bold counsels to  
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the vanquished monarch and spirited defiance of the conqueror secured him a triumphant reception at Versailles, where he was the lion, the hero of the day, whilst the novelty lasted. The policy he had all along recommended was in vogue: his views for once coincided with those of his official employers: but there was this essential difference: *his* were broad, enlightened, and steadily directed towards the honour and influence of France: *theirs* were petty and personal, with no higher object than the preservation of place or the gratification of vindictiveness. He was, therefore, only consulted for form's sake. 'His experience of courts and his knowledge of the German armies were turned to no purpose. Madame de Pompadour, Marshal de Belleisle, and the Abbé de Bernis, held their decisive consultations in a cabinet, whose door was not open to him.' Precious consultations they must have been between such a trio! His haughty impracticable temper, his honesty and directness of purpose, his lofty superiority to intrigue, were quite sufficient to disqualify him for their adviser; and a warning he hazarded against trusting too implicitly to Austria put the copestone to his disfavour with the clique:

'This prudent and distrustful disposition was, however, by no means to the taste of the persons in power. Comte de Broglie had to learn, in common with all those who take part in public affairs in our country of unsteady brains and light imaginations, that it is more easy to confront a ruling opinion by direct opposition than to moderate while sharing it. When an idea has once taken possession of our hot heads, it reigns there alone, and all reserve is regarded with even more dislike than a direct contradiction. Any precaution against the enthusiasm of the hour, taken in remembrance of yesterday or in prevision of to-morrow, is taxed with cowardice and the narrow spirit of routine.'

These reflections are just, and need not be confined to France, but it is worth noting that they emanate from an ex-Minister, who has just narrowly escaped impeachment for want of that very moderation which he recommends.

The same lack of subserviency to the people in power, which excluded the Comte from their councils, naturally led to the refusal of his earnest application to be appointed ambassador at Vienna; and in a fit of disgust he thought of retiring from diplomacy and returning to the army. But on the first hint of this intention, he was told that his presence was necessary at Warsaw, that he was the fittest person to deal with the Poles, and that he must continue in his old post whether he liked it or not. 'If (wrote the King) I had known any one else who could have served me well in Poland, I would have preferred him



him to you, that I might have gratified your wish to serve me in my army, but having found no one, I rely on your doing your very best to be useful to me there.'

One comfort was that he had no longer to deal with the Prince de Conti, who had fallen into disgrace and been directed to place all the cyphers and papers belonging to the secret correspondence in the hands of M. Tercier, First Clerk of Foreign Affairs, an excellent specimen of a class who (the Duc states) had been for centuries the hidden mainspring of the whole of French foreign policy. M. Tercier and the Comte understood and appreciated each other. It was through the First Clerk that the Ambassador procured permission to take Vienna on his way. He arrived at a critical moment, when the Austrian army under Marshal Browne, having sustained a crushing defeat, was shut up in Prague. All was confusion and consternation. The Empress alone retained her presence of mind, declaring that Prague must be relieved at any cost, but this could only be effected by the advance of her only remaining army, which her advisers, civil and military, were reluctant to risk. In his first audience he so impressed her by his clearness, decision, and knowledge of the situation, that she begged him to discuss the subject with her Council. A week had not passed before he found himself entrusted with arranging the junction of the two armies, and installed at the Imperial Chancellery in the quality of 'officious' Minister of War, as he had been the preceding year the volunteer Chief of the Staff to the King of Poland. On the 5th of June he writes: 'I am still working at the plan for uniting the two armies, which I think will succeed if it be well executed; but I have no confidence in the hands.'

That the junction was well planned is proved by Frederic's eagerness to prevent it. The relieving army was within twelve leagues of Prague when he attacked it in an almost impregnable position, was defeated with enormous loss, and compelled to raise the siege. 'When the Count went to the palace, on the arrival of this happy news, to offer his congratulations, the Empress, in great delight, repeated over and over again that she owed the victory to him as much as to the Marshal himself; and two hours later she sent him by Count Kaunitz her own portrait set in diamonds.'

This was the most brilliant episode of his life, and the position he took up on arriving at Warsaw was almost entirely owing to his personal ascendancy. The Russian Minister told him sharply that he was taking too much upon himself, and the Chevalier Douglas, the French envoy to St. Petersburg, happen-  
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ing to pass through Dresden, was commissioned by both the Russian and the Saxon Ministers to carry their remonstrances against French assumption to the Abbé de Bernis. The Abbé, however, being somewhat in awe of the rank and reputation of the Comte, did not venture to do more than recommend a little less vivacity towards a Minister standing so high in his Sovereign's favour as Count Brühl, and a more conciliatory tone towards Russia. The Comte, under all the disadvantages of the half-hearted support of his Court, was able to procure the recal of Poniatowski, the ambassador and favourite of the Czarina.

‘His resolute persistence was just about to be rewarded; he had almost succeeded in dragging his Government after him whether they would or no, when, at that very moment, an unforeseen disaster occurred, and the whole of France—her Army, her Cabinet, and her Ambassadors—was given over to the derision of her allies and her enemies alike.’

The battle of Rossbach, fought on the 5th of November, 1757, was a decisive victory for Frederic, a complete defeat for France. Her representative could no longer use on the morrow the dictatorial language he had ventured on the eve. He had no longer an army at his back, and Russia had one about to enter Poland. To common apprehension, all was lost; yet the Comte alone refused to give up the cause as hopeless, and vehemently protested against the weak and cowardly policy he was now instructed to pursue. ‘There is no managing your nephew,’ said the Abbé de Bernis to the Abbé de Broglie, ‘he will do nothing in politics except out of his own head; he assumes a legislative tone in all his despatches, and in his proceedings there is a harshness and a bitterness which are almost fierce.’

Despairing of effecting anything with the Minister, he made a final appeal to the King, and received (as might have been anticipated) an evasive reply. To fill up the measure of disappointment, there arrived a note from Count Branicki to say that, as it was obviously idle to reckon upon France, ‘he would not for the future neglect such opportunities as might be offered to him by other friends and neighbours (the King of Prussia apparently) to reconquer the liberties of his country.’ The Comte saw nothing for it but to consult his own self-respect by requesting his recal, which was granted in flattering terms with by no means flattering celerity. It was forwarded by return of post, with a letter from Tercier, concluding thus: ‘Patience; the seasons succeed one another. Come back here and set your health up, and afterwards return to make a King of Poland, for  
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you will do that, if you choose, in spite of all difficulties and vexations.' He put off his departure, first for several days, then for several weeks, trying to persuade himself and others that it was not a final farewell, pressing the Polish patriots not to despair of their country, and acting as if he accepted as prophetic the soothing assurance of his friend that he would some time return to make a king of Poland. We agree with the Duc that, although such pertinacity under the circumstances may provoke a smile, there is something elevating and inspiring in the spectacle of 'a solitary man pursuing, by his own unassisted strength, without his government, without armies, without instructions, without serious hope of success, a line of policy which had been betrayed by fortune and deserted by its natural supporters.' It may also be plausibly urged that, if France had adhered to that policy, the partition of Poland, that terrible example on the grandest scale of what would have been thought conspiracy and robbery on a smaller one, might have been spared to civilization, to mankind.

'He had failed; the whole project was at an end; and with the departure of Count de Broglie the abandonment of Poland was consummated. The impotent notions of the secret diplomacy had only retarded for a day the selfish weakness of the official diplomacy. Such an experience might have sufficed, one would think, to have disgusted Louis XV. with mystery, and his secret Ambassador with confidences, but nothing of the sort was the result. The scene of the secret diplomacy of the King of France was about, on the contrary, to transform and extend itself; and its action, although more varied and strange, was not destined to be either more glorious or more efficacious in the future. This we shall see as we proceed.'

The secret diplomacy had henceforth no definite aim, purpose, or end. It would seem to have been continued by the King, simply to enable him to play at hide-and-seek with his mistresses and his ministers. 'Reduced to these proportions (remarks the Duc) it appears most frequently to be nothing but a royal whim, half childish, half senile, and one hardly knows which is most surprising, the aberration of mind of the sovereign who yields to it, or the subservience of the subjects who consent to be made its instruments.' There is nothing surprising in the readiness of the principal agent to be made its instrument, as it gave him the privilege of constant communication with his royal master. It was tantamount to the right of private audience at all hours, and it was adroitly used by the Comte to protect and promote the honour and interest of his family, which greatly needed some support of the kind. His elder brother, the Duc-Marshal, was by common admission the best  
of

of the French generals, but the Minister of War, Marshal de Belleisle, was his personal enemy, and both the brothers were disliked and distrusted by Madame de Pompadour. Yet the Comte contrived to get the command, first of a division, then of the whole army of the Rhine, for his brother, and the appointment of Chief of the Staff for himself. Two circumstances that favoured him were the defeat at Creveldt of the Comte de Clermont, Madame de Pompadour's nominee, and the accession of the Comte de Stainville, afterwards Duc de Choiseul, to the Ministry. The extent to which favouritism was pushed and merit as long as possible kept back, is shown by the manner in which the news of the defeat of Prince Ferdinand at Bergen, by the Marshal, was received at Versailles: 'The battle,' wrote Madame de Pompadour to a female friend, 'has given me very great pleasure. M. de Soubise had so well placed his quarters and chosen so good a field of battle at Bergen, that we could not have been beaten. My only regret is that he was not there, and that the King kept him in attendance on his person.'

M. de Soubise (who was at Versailles) had nothing whatever to do with the choice of the field of battle. The Hanoverians were turned by a skilful manœuvre, and routed by a charge of cavalry. It was the Prince de Soubise who commanded at Rossbach, and lay under the double stigma of ill-luck and incapacity, yet Madame de Pompadour insisted on his being placed in a position to hamper others, with hardly a chance of retrieving his own military reputation. At her peremptory bidding, Choiseul, now Minister of War, notified to Marshal de Broglie that the forces under his command were to be divided into two corps, the larger to be placed under the Prince de Soubise, with an independent command and a distinct field of operations. The united army was superior to the opposing army, but the division obviously exposed each half to be overpowered. To render matters worse, Choiseul wrote to warn the Prince, that 'it would be better for his own fame as well as for the welfare of the State, that he should have nothing in common with M. de Broglie, for that if he committed the error of co-operating with him, everything would go badly, owing to the incompatibility of M. de Broglie.'

The Prince had the good sense to disregard this warning and a joint plan of attack was agreed upon between the two commanders. Prince Ferdinand was encamped on the river Lippe, with his right resting partly on the heights of Vellinghausen, his left on the other side of the river. The arrangement was, that the Marshal should carry the heights whilst the Prince attacked the left wing. The operations were



...but the ... opportunity presented the ... the Prince, who ... a general ... message from the ... and to request ... so as to ... his forces for ... was aware of this ... no discussion was ... the whole German ... and in- ... to put his ... Alanya was in full ... The result was that ...

... with ... and none his best ... he was ... have passed ... had ... responsibility. ... course ... the court circle ... he demanded ... The case was ... All France will ... Majesty shall ... The King, who ... would ... by asking ... of the Com- ... is described by the ... the more dis- ... and animated debate in ... which the Marshal received the ...

... Having come to the conclusion that the form and ... which you have taken in presenting to me a ... of the recent campaign are as contrary to the ... of evil example in my kingdom, I mark my

—a copy—

were left to the Marshal, and ... of re-union: that Prince ... between the two, turned ... Hist. vol. xv, p. 582.  
displeasure

displeasure by taking from you the command of my province of Alsace, and commanding you to set out for your estate of Broglie next Saturday, where you will remain until further orders. On which I pray God to have you in His holy keeping.

"At Marly, 17th February, 1762.

"LOUIS."

Public opinion was with the Marshal. On the evening of his disgrace, 'Tancrède' was acted at the Comédie Française. Madame Clairon played Amenaïde, who exclaims:

'On dépouille Tancrède, on l'exile, on l'outrage :  
C'est le sort d'un héros d'être persécuté.'

On coming to these lines she advanced to the front of the stage, and recited them with marked emphasis amidst acclamations and clapping of hands. On the same day the Comte received an order to repair with his brother to the same place of exile, an old castle in a remote district of Upper Normandy, hardly approachable for many leagues through the badness of the roads.

No reason is suggested for the Comte's exile, except that his presence would have been a standing reproach, and that he was an object of jealousy to the Minister. One would have thought that from the selfsame causes he would have been unacceptable as a confidential agent, and that his compelled seclusion was a bar to his being any longer employed in that capacity. But when Tercier ventured to ask, whether he was to continue the secret correspondence on the same footing, 'Do so,' said the King, after a moment's pause; then he continued in a querulous tone, 'What would you have? Count de Broglie has forced me to act as I have done. It is his obstinacy in explaining his own and his brother's conduct which has wrested this measure from me.'

The exile of the brothers lasted two years and two months, during which the Comte was permitted to criticize the ministerial policy, and press his own views, with the utmost freedom, upon the King. The Peace of Paris, which concluded the Seven Years' War, was signed Feb. 10, 1763. Directly afterwards the Comte, in contemplation of the renewal of hostilities, proposed the drawing up of a plan for the invasion of England, and the King gave his sanction to the project in a letter dated April 7, 1763. The strictest secrecy was to be observed, but, as the Comte's liberty of movement was restricted, he was authorized to employ an officer who could report on the configuration of the plans, and collect the required information of as well as a political agent in England to direct the expedition. His choice for the first fell upon the

Marquis de la Rozière, a young officer of engineers, the same whom, when a prisoner of war, Frederic refused to exchange, saying, 'When one has taken so distinguished an officer, one keeps him as long as one can.' This selection was approved by the King, who ordered the Marquis to start for England at once. The choice of the political agent was less fortunate; the person selected being the famous Chevalier d'Eon, then first Secretary to the French Embassy at London. The account given by the Duc of this extraordinary person is that he belonged to a family of the lesser nobility in the neighbourhood of Tonnerre, and was originally intended for the bar: that he had afterwards slipped into the diplomatic service by a side door, and soon attracted attention by his activity, and the strong physical and moral contrasts that he presented. He had all the appearance, the proportions, and almost the graces of a woman; but to these he united the boldness and the levity, even licence, of speech, of a soldier. 'This singularity at once aroused curiosity, which was rather excited than satisfied, when, on enquiry into the details of his private life (which he readily confided to the first comer), many affairs of honour were found to be among them; but not one amatory intrigue, and every indication of a temperament as cold as his disposition was ardent and vivacious.'

He had so ingratiated himself with the Duc de Nivernais that he was sent to France with the ratification of the Treaty of Fontainebleau, a mission which gained him the cross of St. Louis, and when he pressed to be made Minister-Resident at London, the wish was gratified, and the same day he received through Tercier an autograph note from the King:—

"The Chevalier d'Eon will receive, through Comte de Broglie or M. Tercier, my orders respecting the recognisances to be made in England, whether on the coasts or in the interior of the country, and he will conform to all that shall be prescribed to him in this respect, as if I had indicated it to him directly. My desire is that he preserve the most profound secrecy in this affair, and that he make it known to no living person, *not even to my own Ministers anywhere.*"

His head was now fairly turned. He had the power of embroiling two great kingdoms, of disturbing the peace of Europe, of exposing the King to the double reproach of a disloyal plot against an ally and an underhand mode of dealing with his ministers, which both they and the mistress would resent. Do what he might, the Chevalier could not be thrown over, and his language and demeanour to all who had anything to do with him, except the Comte, became extravagant and insolent in the extreme. Having quarrelled with the Comte de Guerchy, who had succeeded the Duc de Nivernais as ambassador at London, he

he indicted his Excellency for an attempt to poison him at an embassy dinner; the Grand Jury of Middlesex found a true bill; and, though the charge was ludicrously false, it threatened serious consequences, especially as regarded the diplomatic relations between the two countries, when the English Ministry got rid of the immediate difficulty by causing a *nolle prosequi* to be entered. Walpole describes him as 'mad with pride, insolent, abusive, unmannerly, in short an abomination. He was at first treated too well, and afterwards too ill, by his Court. He is full of malignity, and has talent to employ it.' Although the withdrawal of the royal favour was under these circumstances a matter of course, he had an ingenious theory to account for it. Madame de Pompadour, he states in his 'Memoirs,' had observed that the King wore round his neck a chain to which was suspended the golden key of a cabinet in a secret boudoir.

'This was a sort of sanctuary or holy of holies, in which the will of the Sovereign took refuge. He remained king only of this piece of furniture; the only part of his States which he had not allowed this courtesan to invade and profane; the only jewel of his crown which he had not laid at her feet. To all her importunities he returned the laconic and peremptory reply, "It contains State papers." These papers were no other than the correspondence of Count de Broglie and my own. The Marquise suspected this, and, besides, it was quite enough that the cabinet was interdicted to make her long for it—forbidden fruit always possessing irresistible attractions to a woman. One night, having supped with the King, Madame de Pompadour was more bewitching than ever, and she contrived to add the intoxication of wine to that of love. The King soon became drowsy, and fell into a deep sleep. This was the moment for which the treacherous Bacchante was waiting. While the King slept, she took the much-desired key, opened the coveted cabinet, and found enough to confirm all her suspicions. From that day my fate was sealed.'

'The next day,' he adds, 'the King perceived from certain indications that some one had been meddling with his papers; he summoned Tercier, who found him pale and agitated, and imparted his fears to him, begging him to let D'Eon know that a storm was about to burst over his head.' All this is pure fiction. He brought the storm upon himself by his outrageous conduct, which left the King no alternative but to get rid of him on the easiest terms he could be induced to accept. After much parley, he consented to give up the autograph order of the King for an annual salary of 12,000 livres, guaranteed to him under the royal hand; but he retained the rest of the papers, including



including the plan of invasion, and, strange to say, the Comte, instead of breaking off all connection with him, employed him as a London correspondent.

The Comte, on his return from exile, March 1764, resumed his position in the society to which he belonged by birth and connection, 'a fashionable and intellectual *coterie*, formed of the first families, and inheriting the literary traditions of the La Rochefoucaulds, Lafayettes, and Sévignés.' The impression he made in that society may be inferred from the tone in which Madame du Deffand writes to him, Sept. 22, 1764:—

'We are not masters of our choice. All that lies in our power is to take the time as it comes, people as they are, and to bear with ourselves. And this article is the most difficult, especially to those who, like myself, are mere chickens. As for you, Count, who are a lion, an eagle, nothing is too much for you, nothing is beyond your courage and understanding. *You can afford to wait. If ever you find yourself fighting with equal arms (and that time will come), all will go down before you.* In the meantime follow your plough, multiply your race. May this kind of success be the prognostic of others. You see that I lack nothing of the genuine sibyl. I shall be delighted to see you again, but something will always be wanting to my pleasure (and that something is important); it is that you will not share it. I cannot reproach you for this, *too many ideas, too many passions fill your mind.* No link attaches me to any of them.'

This letter does credit to her perspicacity. The Count's character was unsuited to his generation and (what was worse) to the peculiar part he was called upon to play. He wanted the indispensable qualifications of a courtier, and he was more of a projector, an idealist, than a politician. He thought more of the end than of the means and instruments. He treated Europe like a chessboard. He could never narrow his mind to the work immediately in hand, and his brain so teemed with projects, that they hustled and counteracted one another. That he should be voted impracticable was no more than was to be expected; but it was hard upon him to be set down as an underhand plotter and intriguer on the strength of the air of mystery with which the secret correspondence invested him. This was in a great measure owing to the selfish and ungenerous manner in which the King treated him. It is a maxim of French gallantry that the familiarity in public should be in an inverse ratio to the private intimacy. Louis seems to have acted on this maxim throughout in his relations with the Comte. He sanctioned, nay invited, the utmost freedom of communication in private; but carefully refrained from any manifestation of favour or confidence before the world.

'Perhaps

‘Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,  
But why did you kick me down stairs?’

Perhaps it was right to disown publicly all complicity with the plan of invasion or its projector; but why exile him, why systematically exclude him from the employments best suited to his capacity, why discredit him, and leave him in the end with his ancestral name rather tarnished than illustrated by his loyalty?

There was an interval during which he hoped, and had plausible grounds for hoping, that his self-devotion would be rewarded; and it may be suspected that he somewhat relaxed the austerity of his principles to arrive at the goal. This was on the occasion of the ministerial revolution of 1771, traditionally attributed to Madame du Barry,—upon insufficient grounds, according to the Duc, who takes up her cause from the same love of historical truth which made him the apologist of Madame de Pompadour, protesting all the time that he has no sympathy with either of these ladies. He thinks that the provocation was given by Choiseul, and that the favourite was obliged to declare against the Minister in self-defence. Choiseul was summarily dismissed on the 24th of September, 1770; but the definitive nomination of a successor was suspended till the June following. From the first there were only two candidates in the field—the Duc d’Aiguillon, supported by the favourite, and the Comte, relying on his known talents and services. He fully availed himself of his private access to the royal ear to place his pretensions in the strongest light; but he did this with his usual want of tact, lecturing and indulging in self-laudation so as to indicate what a troublesome minister he might prove. The depth of his mortification on failure may be imagined:—

‘After eighteen years passed in working in the dark, without advantage either to himself or to the State, he had suddenly seen a great hope shining on him; he had flattered himself with the expectation that he was about to enter on a real scene of action, to have the power of winning renown, of serving his country, of displaying faculties ripened by age before they were worn out in intrigue; and then, as suddenly, he had fallen into the shade, into an equivocal and suspected position, infinitely worse than retirement.’

He had one chance left. The embassy to Vienna would give him an employment, in which he might still do excellent service. He asked for it, and was not even vouchsafed a reply. It was his lot to be left out in the cold, whilst all the momentous events (including the partition of Poland), which he would fain have

have controlled or averted, were passing before his eyes, and one after another his pet projects were vanishing into thin air. He is involved by his equivocal position in a mysterious affair connected with the secret, gives offence by his tone and demeanour, and is exiled again. He is in exile on the accession of Louis XVI. 'A publicly disgraced man, and yet the confidant of a royal secret, in which of these two characters,' asks the Duc, 'was he to present himself to the new Sovereign, as an offender, imploring clemency, or as the Chief of the Secret Cabinet, demanding instructions?' Choosing the bolder and more honourable alternative, he submitted a statement detailing the entire history of the secret correspondence to the young King, who replied that, having maturely examined it, he had come to the conclusion that it answered no purpose and might even be injurious to his service :—

'I will send you your pay for the month of June, as the last payment; after that, you will dissolve your cabinet, and I require from you not only secrecy on the subject of this former correspondence, but also that you will burn all the documents in any way concerning it. This precaution cannot fail to be useful to you, and by acquitting yourself sincerely of it and not mixing yourself up with any affair in future, you will merit to be permitted to return to Court.'

He respectfully declined to burn the documents, or to be put upon the shelf, till his reputation was cleared from all semblance or fear of a stigma, and, by manly assertion and perseverance, he at length extorted a complete vindication and honourable testimonial under the King's own hand, backed by the Report of a Commission. Not satisfied with this, he demanded some mark of royal favour, like the title of Duke, which would, once for all, shut the mouths of his calumniators. But here the King lost patience, and sharply told him to drop the subject. This he declined doing, till full justice had been done to all who had acted with or under him. They were generously treated, and gave little trouble, with the exception of the Chevalier d'Eon, who made the modest demand of 318,477 livres as compensation for losses and sufferings, besides an annuity of 12,000 livres. The negociation, suspended by the exorbitancy of the demand, was resumed by Beaumarchais on the part of the French Crown, and proceeded on the basis that the Chevalier was a woman. Referring to his quarrelsome disposition and pugnacity, M. de Vergennes, the French Minister, writes: 'The positive declaration of her sex, and the engagement to keep to female attire in future, is the only effective mode of preventing scandal and mischief. I have peremptorily exacted and obtained it.'

it.' The Chevalier consented on two conditions: that *she* (as *he* now figures) should be paid 2000 francs for her *trousseau*, and be permitted to wear the cross of St. Louis. Beaumarchais was completely mystified. In one of her letters to him she says: 'Why did I not remember that men are good for nothing upon earth but to deceive the credulity of maidens and wives?' In a tone of complacent vanity he writes: 'All the world says that this mad woman is madly in love with me. She thinks I have slighted her, and this is an offence women never pardon. I am far from slighting her, but who the devil would have imagined that to serve the King in this affair it would be necessary for me to become the gallant of a captain of dragoons?''\*

The Comte's career was destined to end, as most of it had passed, in misconstruction and mortification. On the declaration of war, in 1778, an army of 60,000 men was formed on the coast of Normandy, destined for England, and the command-in-chief was given to his brother the Marshal. It seemed almost a matter of course that he would be named Chief of the Staff, and that his plan of invasion would be carried out at last. If he was thought of at all, it was to show him that he was not wanted, for he was appointed to a temporary charge a hundred leagues from the coast. He gave free expression to his anger and, still unable to believe that he could be set aside, except from some unworthy motive, he came to the conclusion that the minister, Maurepas, had been prejudiced against him by an Abbé Georgel, to whom he traced a rumour of an intemperate letter falsely attributed to him. The Abbé denied all knowledge of such a letter, and had obviously done no more than give currency to an idle piece of gossip; but the Comte would listen to no explanation or apology, and, in opposition to his brother and all his friends, instituted a criminal prosecution, which was tried before the Grand Chamber of Parliament in July 1779. The tide of national indignation was then rapidly rising against the privileged classes. The Abbé was pictured by his advocates as a truth-telling plebeian, marked out as a victim by the aristocracy. The popular feeling found a responsive chord in the tribunal, whose decision was that the accusation was calumnious, and that the Comte should pay twenty livres damages for the poor, besides the cost of printing and posting the judgment.

'Is not the judgment extremely rigorous? Ought the trickery

\* 'Beaumarchais et son Temps.' Par Louis de Loménie, vol. i. chap. xvi. The Chevalier passed as a woman till his death in 1810, when his sex was placed beyond a doubt.



of rogues, of knaves, to be treated with the gravity of a procedure?' So wrote the Duchess de Choiseul to Madame du Deffand; but the sympathy of his order was cold comfort to the Comte. Held up to contumely with a touch of ridicule, he felt that the arena of public employment, of ambition, was closed to him. He resolved to devote himself entirely to the improvement of his estate, when it occurred to him that an extensive system of drainage might be carried out with advantage in the neighbouring district. Unluckily, on his first tour of inspection, he caught the local fever, and reluctantly made up his mind to return to die at home. He got worse during the journey, and was obliged to stop at Saint Jean d'Angely:

'There, alone, far from all who belonged to him, in the little inn of a little town, he awaited the approach of death. At that solemn moment, this "man of iron and of fire," as he was called by one of those who had known him best, allowed all the sensibility which lay hidden in the bottom of his heart to reveal itself.

'His eyes sought for his wife, his children, his brother—all absent from his death-bed—and he called for them with an expression of mournful tenderness.

'The sentiments of piety which he had never lost, although the absorption of affairs had often distracted him from them, reawoke in his soul, and he was heard to give utterance to the same regret that had been expressed by the dying Colbert—that he had not devoted to God all that he had given to his King and his country.\* He died on the 16th August, 1781, at the age of 62.

'Such was the melancholy end of an existence beginning with so much hope and brilliancy, afterwards embittered by disappointment, finally buried in the shadow of a mystery which time itself has not been able completely to disperse. As richly endowed by nature as ill-treated by fortune, Count de Broglie may be said to have been born too late or too soon.'

That he might have fallen on times better suited to his genius, and found a better master, will be readily granted. But (we repeat) he was radically unsuited to Courts, and would not have got on better with Louis Quatorze or Louis Philippe than with Louis Quinze. When he is described as 'ill-treated by fortune,' we are irresistibly reminded of Miss Edgeworth's story of 'Murad the Unlucky,' whose alleged ill-luck, when tracked to its source, invariably resolves itself into indiscretion or imprudence. The Comte's fine qualities were dashed by others which are fatal

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\* Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to my enemies.'

*Shakspeare, King Henry VIII.*

to success in life. He was rash, headstrong, wilful, and opinionated. He could never temporize or conciliate, much less flatter. When the benevolent fairy was lavishing her choicest gifts upon him, the wicked fairy interposed to deny him judgment and self-control.

‘ Dame Nature laid her hand upon his skull  
With this prophetic warning, Be thou dull.’

She laid her hand upon the Comte’s with this prophetic warning, ‘ Thou shalt want tact.’ His signal want of it was at the bottom of almost all his failures and reverses, and the melancholy humiliating moral is forced upon us : that energy, loyalty, generosity, courage, capacity,—all that is best fitted to elevate and dignify mankind, may be rendered useless, or worse, by the absence of a quality pre-eminent in many who have no one solid claim to distinction or success.

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- ART. VII.—1. *The Constitutional History of England in its Origin and Development.* By William Stubbs, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History. 3 vols. Oxford, 1874–1878.
2. *Chapters of Early English Church History.* By William Bright, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Oxford, 1878.
3. *Remains of the late Rev. Arthur West Haddan, B.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Rector of Barton-on-the-Heath, Warwickshire.* Edited by A. P. Forbes, D.C.L., Bishop of Brechin. Oxford and London, 1876.
4. *Venerabilis Bædæ Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum, Historia Abbatum, et Epistola ad Ecgbertum, cum Epistola Bonifacii ad Cudberthum.* Cura Georgii H. Moberly, A.M., Coll. Corp. Christ. Soc. 8vo. Oxonii, MDCCCLXIX.

ENGLISH History, whether secular or ecclesiastical, antiquarian, critical, or descriptive, shows no sign of losing its place of honour in our literature. From the professorial chair of Oxford we have the most detailed narrative that has yet appeared of the Anglo-Saxon Church so far as Bede’s history carries us. Canon Bright’s ‘Chapters’ are said to have interested a University audience; they deserve to be read everywhere, and the student of Bede will find it necessary to keep them by his side, if only for their copious annotations. He gives a most picturesque account of this period; but we could wish

wish that he had been in some instances more resolute in excluding attractive but suspicious matters of detail.

Mr. Moberly's handy edition of Bede supplies a want that has long been felt, and makes an admirable companion for Canon Bright's 'Chapters.'

We must not mention the late Mr. Haddan without expressing a deep sense of our loss by his removal. Students of English history have long been familiar with his name, in conjunction with that of Professor Stubbs, in the only edition of the 'English Councils' that is now used. Mr. Haddan is represented in our list by a volume largely consisting of historical contributions to periodical literature, written with much force, and from ample stores of knowledge. It is only one of his essays that we shall have occasion to notice, 'The Churches of the British Confession,' and we confess that this one, which perhaps scarcely does justice to his acumen, has somewhat disappointed us.

But unquestionably the most important of the works at the head of this article is that of Professor Stubbs. It is true, these erudite volumes were not needed to make us generally acquainted with the distinctive character, the origin, and the growth of the British Constitution. These have been long understood. Mr. Hallam found the basis of our polity, and above all its spirit, in Anglo-Saxon times, and its crisis in the reign of Edward I. Blackstone had discerned the same before. Mr. Stubbs confirms the view. But Mr. Stubbs has rendered distinguished service to this enquiry by an elaborate and almost exhaustive treatment. His scope does not embrace anything later than the Plantagenet era, and it thus exactly corresponds with Hallam's eighth chapter in the 'Middle Ages.' But Mr. Stubbs surpasses Hallam in fulness far more even than Hallam exceeds the older sketch of Blackstone. Mr. Stubbs's volumes, therefore, together with Hallam's separate work, the 'Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.,' supply as copious materials on this important subject as could be desired. The two writers will hold rank side by side in the literature of this subject. Yet there is a striking difference between them, which makes a parallel consultation one of much interest. In temper both are fair, calm and judicial; but in their estimates of the royal actors in the great drama the palm of generosity must be awarded to Mr. Stubbs. When the growth of popular liberties is traced in the struggles of past ages, it is far too common to represent our kings in the light of natural enemies of their people, surrendering drops of freedom as they would their life blood. Under Hallam's hand Edward I. wears

too

too much of this character, and almost the only names in that reign Englishmen are allowed to remember with gratitude are those of Bohun and Bigod. Here Professor Stubbs is directly at issue with the Whig historian, who was unconsciously swayed by his political prejudices; and we are convinced he dispenses the more even justice. Edward, he asserts, 'intended to be wholly and fully a king, and he struggled for power;' but he 'saw what was best for his age and people; he led the way and kept faith' (ii. 296). Mr. Stubbs terms the two earls 'degenerate sons of mighty fathers, greater in their opportunities than in their patriotism' (ii. 298). None but a man of wide sympathies, as well as profound learning, can do the fullest justice to those ancient agitators, complicated as their cause was by every kind of motive in themselves and their comrades, of whom, if we may so express it, all were right and all were wrong; kings having to deal with ambitious spirits that would fain dissipate altogether the prerogative of the crown, side by side with those who sought only for the more accurate definition of its power. This, in fact, has been the grand difficulty in discussing all great struggles with the executive. It is here that Professor Stubbs shows to great advantage. He carefully weighs and makes allowances, without losing anything of his clear vision. It is an evident satisfaction to him when he can detect in any great party, not excluding the party of the throne, that great virtue, interest in the common weal, which so struck Delolme as predominating on the whole in the history of English politics, furnishing so marked a contrast to the selfish enterprises of constitutional parties under the Roman Republic. We have intimated that in respect to the main flow of the English Constitution there has been little left for Mr. Stubbs's erudition to discover. But in those numerous details of the current, which form most important episodes of our history, Mr. Stubbs is ever increasing our knowledge, not only from the stores of his investigation, in which he has no superior, past or present, but from that profound insight which makes old and well-known facts luminous with new ideas. These important volumes will make English history a new study and a new pleasure for this generation. We only wish Mr. Stubbs may be induced to continue his work into the later reigns. Such a guide in the Stuart period, for instance, would be invaluable.

We cannot but express our great satisfaction that the eminent services which Mr. Stubbs has thus rendered to the cause of sound learning have at length received due recognition and encouragement. His recent appointment to a Canonry in St. Paul's Cathedral is one of the most conspicuous instances  
of



of the justice and discernment with which the ecclesiastical patronage of the Crown has of late been generally administered. Upon no one could the post have been more worthily bestowed, and such a nomination confers honour upon the Prime Minister as well as upon Mr. Stubbs.

It would be impracticable for us to follow these distinguished writers throughout the wide field of their research, and we propose on this occasion to avail ourselves of some suggestions they have offered us on a single branch of their studies, that namely of Early English History, and more especially the history of the Early English Church.

But we must repeat the protest which we made a few years ago, in reviewing Mr. Green's '*History of the English People*,'\* against the modern fashion of ignoring the Roman occupation, and starting at once from the Anglo-Saxon conquest. The Britons too, it seems, must be put aside; for Mr. Freeman tells us that the early History of the British Church 'does not really matter very much to us Englishmen.' The Briton, however, we suspect, is not destined to be extinguished before the Anglo-Saxon, any more than the Roman. His historical continuity with us is probably not so utterly severed as some appear to take for granted, or it would be difficult to account for all our interest in him that still survives. But be this the case, or be it the illusion of geography, and a name that has acquired a modern pride, the average 'Briton,' we fancy, does still regard himself as a representative of the primitive inhabitant, takes part for the moment with the famous warriors who resisted Cæsar and became the victims of the Saxon, and patronizes any fair effort to assign form and force to British society, the British Church, and British struggles.

In regard to the origin of Christianity in this island, the critics have perhaps despaired too soon of tracing it. Mr. Wright will not credit Roman Britain with a Church<sup>†</sup> at all, a scepticism justly regarded by Mr. Haddan as preposterous. But as to the evidence of the when and the whence, Mr. Haddan appears little satisfied. He and Canon Bright have each minutely searched the ground; but it may be there was a stone they never turned, that might yet have been good enough to build with. We prefer Canon Bright's conclusion, as being the most cautious and as leaving room for much to be said, which Mr. Haddan's uncompromising attitude almost forbids. Canon Bright observes:—

'We cannot reasonably doubt that some Christians did pass over

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\* See '*Quarterly Review*' for April, 1876.

from Gaul to our shores during the second century if not earlier, and planted here and there some settlements of the Church. It was almost certainly from Gaul; certainly not, as far as we can judge, directly from the East' (p. 5).

We agree with Canon Bright as far as he goes; but we believe ourselves entitled to a more definite result, and we proceed to unfold an hypothesis that will afford, as we venture to hope, some fair foothold.

That British Christianity came from Gaul, hardly admits of a doubt. The case of the early Gallic Church may be thus briefly described. Through the Greek colony of Marseilles, the basin of the lower Rhone was, long before the Christian era, in communication with Lesser Asia, and Greek civilization was extensively diffused in the interior of south-eastern Gaul. In this attractive region, quite a country by itself, resembling a continuation of Italy into Gaul, Christian churches are discovered, late in the second century, principally at Lyons and Vienne. By unmistakable tokens these churches were Greek. Their martyrs' names are Greek; their illustrious bishop, Irenæus, wrote in Greek. But this was to be expected, for in that early period the Church was everywhere Greek, except in North Africa.\* These Greek churches of the Rhone were, however, colonies from Asia Minor. Pothinus, the first bishop of Lyons, came with young Irenæus direct from that country, and there Irenæus had heard Polycarp, the disciple of St. John. The narrative that was drawn up of the martyrdoms of the Rhone churches was sent, not to any Gallic brethren, nor yet to the Roman church, but to the Greeks of Asia Minor. The Paschal dispute was then active, and Irenæus remonstrated with the Bishop of Rome for excommunicating the churches of Asia Minor. The country in which these Gallic churches were seated, we have said, was in its physical character unique in Gaul, and there is pretty conclusive proof that, with one exception, it comprised the whole of Gallic Christendom. That proof is contained in a passage of Irenæus's great work, computed to have been written about A.D. 176.† The writer is enumerating the various Christian churches of the day, and particularly mentioning those within his own horizon. There are but two districts of Gaul thus particularized, one being that fringe along the left of the Rhine which the Romans were pleased to designate 'Germany,' and the other the country of the Celts, by which Irenæus means, as Mr. Haddan correctly observes, the Gallia Celtica of Cæsar, Irenæus's own locality, the country about Lyons and Vienne.

\* Milman, 'Lat. Chr.' i. 32-35.

† Hær. i. 10; Cave, i. 66.

The chain of these Gallo-Celtic churches reached up to Langres, on the northern side of the watershed, near the springs of the Seine, and through Langres ran one of the great northern roads from Lyons to the British Channel. It was by a route through Arles and Lyons, and then northwards, that Augustine in the sixth century proceeded to Britain, after reaching the Rhone basin from Italy by the easy connection of the Provincia.

Here then are beheld the churches from whence, and here the road by which, Christianity could naturally have reached Britain. How it could have arrived, except through Gaul, is all but inconceivable. Neander, indeed, thinks its approach direct from Asia Minor by means of commercial intercourse was 'quite possible and easy.' The occasional arrival of Christian individuals would thus, no doubt, have been easy from apostolic days. But it required a steady stream of immigrants to establish that vigorous plant, which developed into the British Church. In all records of ancient missions the missionaries are seen in bands, with recruits and sustained efforts along the line of communication. To found an episcopal church which subsequently attained large dimensions, we should expect in those days a large party, long prepared, well organized, and a strong leader, with the authority of a bishop to convey and perpetuate the succession; a feat of enterprise, in fact, that should have left some tradition and the name of some apostle. Where all traces of these are lacking, we look to a neighbouring Church and a frequented road, where men could come and go without much observation and with no record. In Gaul we have the Church, with a great Roman road through it maintaining constant communication with the legions and governors of Britain. Moreover, we can discover a fair occasion that might have sent the evangelistic pilgrims forth upon their sacred errand; and this is our unturned stone, to which we shall revert after one more remark.

It was about the year A.D. 208\* that Tertullian wrote the well-known passage ('Adv. Jud.' vii.) which affords our first definite information of the existence of Christianity in Britain. We thus have two limits, separated by some thirty years—Irenæus's silence about A.D. 176, and Tertullian's affirmation about A.D. 208—within which the British Church was planted. The hypothesis we suggest is, that the event occurred immediately after the earlier limit, and in consequence of the fierce persecution that broke over the churches of Lyons and Vienne, in the year 177. The narrative of the martyrdoms, written when

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\* Haddan and Stubbs, 'Councils,' i. 3.

their memory was still fresh, appears fully to warrant Mosheim in saying that the churches were by this disaster 'nearly destroyed and obliterated.'\* Extinguished they were not, for Irenæus succeeded the martyred bishop. But it was characteristic of the martyr Church from the beginning, that its blood became new seed, if not where it was shed, yet in other places. 'They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word.' An intense missionary spirit has ever been called forth among real believers by these assaults. That there was warm and earnest Christian life in those communities, a vitality out of which missionaries and apostles are made, is sufficiently shown by the narrative of the martyrdoms, illustrated by the names of the venerable bishop Pothinus and the slave Blandina, familiar to every reader of Church History. Of the confessors of Lyons and Vienne, many were themselves but sojourners in Gaul; and it was the more natural they should arise and seek other fields for their energies. The tradition of Irenæus sending forth his missions to Besançon and Valence, and the traditions which connect his name with the preaching of St. Andochus at Autun, tend to support this view. The further tradition, that he likewise about A.D. 200 ended his life by martyrdom, though probably ill-founded, may preserve the fact that the churches of the Lower Rhone continued suffering after 177; and, as long as they suffered, the stream of refugees and messengers of Christianity must have been sustained.

There being thus a dispersion, it follows in all probability that the exiles or missionaries would either settle in other parts of Gaul, or else would pass over into Britain. That they did not settle, at least in any great numbers, in Gaul, is probable from the absence of all trace of them, and from the circumstance recorded by Gregory of Tours—somewhat suspicious perhaps in form, but probably founded in fact—that in the reign of Decius (248–251) seven missionaries arrived from Rome and founded the episcopates of Tours, Arles, Narbonne, Toulouse, Paris, Clermont in Auvergne, and Limoges. Mr. Haddan ('Remains,' 225) thought it in accordance with the best evidence, that the entire Christianizing of Gaul was then first effected. If so, our hypothesis derives so much the more confirmation. The remnants of the Rhone churches are missing in the north of Gaul. This is natural. For refugees, Britain was remoter and safer, and there they would find themselves among a race of Celts akin to those they had left in the south.

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\* Mosheim, i. 108.



Since, then, Christianity was already rooted in Britain, by Tertullian's testimony, in about A.D. 208, and since it must have come out of Gaul, and that after about A.D. 176, it seems to follow that the probable date of its arrival was about the year 177, when the Rhone churches were in a great degree broken up. Mr. Haddan, we must think, is needlessly vague, when he states merely that there was no formed Church in Britain before some date close upon the year 200, and that its origin was the simple spread of the gospel from the Gallic churches to their British neighbours.\* Rhetorical scraps out of ancient authors, traditions coloured with legend, leave a bewildering impression. It is impossible that all can be baseless. We are impelled, therefore, to further conjecture; and even if no actual proof can be adduced, we crave for some explanation of these shadowy hints. We have now discovered a church, a road, a period, an occasion, all combining to afford that explanation.

Let us venture then to assume that a colony of Gallo-Asiatics reached these shores, and founded the British Church, about the year 177. They must needs have brought traditions of Asia Minor; they were sure to hold the name of St. John in special veneration; if they kept up communication with the Rhone, as no doubt they did, a memory of the paschal controversy, and of Irenæus's share in it towards the end of the century, would to a certainty be handed down to their successors; and in enquiring into their early fortunes in the new country, it will be worth while to bear these considerations in mind.

The province of Britain had then been subjugated about ninety-three years, if we date the Roman conquest from A.D. 84. The modern discoveries of Roman remains, taken in connection with what still exists of the roads, town-walls, and other masonry of the Romans, impress us powerfully with the perfect hold that great people had of Britain. The whole land was covered, as we have pointed out elsewhere, with Roman villas, granaries, fortresses, and aqueducts. The Roman residences were very numerous in the counties of Somerset, Hants, Oxfordshire, and Gloucestershire. That at Woodchester, the most splendid specimen yet known, was fit for a prætor or an emperor; but there was a perfect cluster of large villas all about that district. We therefore cannot follow Mr. Haddan in the following remark:—

‘We must remember, upon the undeniable evidence of language, how little real hold Roman occupation had upon Britain, and in what comparatively scanty numbers Roman occupants settled or sojourned there.’—*Remains*, p. 231.

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\* ‘*Remains*,’ 223, 224.

But in reference to the evidence furnished by the disappearance of the Latin language in the island, it simply proves how completely the Romans were a society by themselves, and how entirely they abandoned the country when the legions left.

Such being the condition of Britain, among which section of the population would our Gallic Christians most naturally have sought to re-erect their Church? Mr. Haddan conceives that, up to the date when Tertullian wrote, the Christian community 'had not spread largely among the native population, but had been confined mainly to the poorer class of that mixed race of immigrants which clustered round the chief Roman colonies.' (p. 218.) Our belief, on the contrary, is, that they did attach themselves especially to the native Britons, and for the following reasons:—(1.) Christianity was not as yet tolerated by Roman law; and those who, under Roman law, had just been trampled upon, would hardly seek Romans for the materials of a Church. (2.) Tertullian's expressions, too, are very suggestive: Christians were numerous where the Roman arms had not reached: '*Britannorum inaccessa Romanis loca Christo verò subdita.*' The Christians were therefore avoiding the Romans, not seeking them. (3.) They had come from the Celtic districts of Gaul: they were most conversant with Celts; in many instances they themselves probably were Celts, or mixed Celts, and therefore mostly attracted to the Celtic blood of Britain. (4.) The subsequent history, which must have sprung from these beginnings, is the history of a Celtic Church; the Roman architecture of existing remains proving no more than that, when Britons built churches, they built as those great builders, the Romans, taught them.

We assume, then, that the exiled church shunned Romans and sought Britons. The seat of Roman government was the remote city of York, and although the secure and sunny south was crowded with stately villas, all the efforts of Roman statesmanship and Roman prowess were concentrated in the direction of the Wall and the Caledonians. Here was an additional reason for Gallic refugees seeking the British shore, and here was a motive for their remaining at first in the southern districts, or only changing them for the *inaccessa loca*. If any one desires to preserve some faith in the story of Lucius sending to Eleutherus for Christian missionaries, we have seen nothing yet to prevent it. The period of Pope Eleutherus (177–192) is precisely that of the sufferings in the Rhone churches. King Cogidunus, the British prince in Tacitus who submitted to Rome, retaining his title and some authority, is a parallel for king 'Lleuer Mawr' quite sufficient to account for his existence and his ability to protect

an infant church, if other suspiciousness about him can be got over. Other traditions likewise harmonize with the hypothesis we support, without however being at all necessary to it; such as the tradition of the earliest British Church at Glastonbury with the Oriental legend of Joseph of Arimathea, and the tradition of an episcopal succession at Congresbury (also in Somerset) dating putatively from about A.D. 167. Mr. Haddan's clever essay, interesting in many respects, deals principally in rejection, establishing nothing but what is obvious: and he does not even attempt to account for the existence of Oriental traditions in the British Church, deeming it enough to demonstrate that the traditions did not correspond accurately with facts. In the Whitby Council of 664, history was indeed sadly murdered on both sides, and it is easy to disprove the grounds for the Joannine origin of the British Church alleged on that occasion; but the tradition of such an origin is nevertheless a fact, and it is a fact accounted for on the hypothesis of the British Church having been derived from the valley of the Rhone about the year 177.

An obscure and precarious existence among the Celtic natives is all that the British Church could have maintained for a long time. Yet the Church would naturally grow by its very isolation from the Roman gentry. Natives who shunned their conquerors would console themselves in its communion, and when, after a century and a quarter, the tolerating days of Constantine arrived, the British Church gained a footing of social respectability. But the Roman gentry could probably never have been won to any great extent; the British gentry were for the most part in the army abroad; the humble Britons alone remained to the Church; and it is not so very strange that Mr. Wright should be obliged to record how, with one exception, 'not a trace of Christianity is found among the innumerable religious and sepulchral monuments of the Roman period found in Britain.' On the ground of this deficiency, Mr. Wright will not recognize the existence of any Church at all in this island during the imperial occupation, allowing of no more than a probable importation of an occasional Christian recruit, merchant, or settler. So extreme a conclusion in the face of other facts—Tertullian's testimony, for instance—is surprising, and casts some reflection on the soundness of Mr. Wright's judgment. But that the Christian community was poor, struggling, native, and chiefly rural, widely differing from the extravagant establishment imagined by Geoffrey of Monmouth, is incontrovertible.

A period of suppressed hostility having been succeeded by  
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above a century of patronage and indifference, the Celtic Church of Britain was summoned to face a different sort of foe, active, persistent, and as unrelenting as the one which drove its founders (if such they were) from the regions of the Rhone. Professor Stubbs has done all that is possible for an acute investigator, to reveal to us these assailants at the time of their assault, and as to their main features and lineaments we may feel under his guidance every degree of confidence. Resisting all temptations to press his materials to excess, where there is every reason for caution and many motives to lack of vigilance, he has drawn light from Cæsar and Tacitus, Bede and Hucbald, the *Lex Saxonum*, and the Capitularies of Charlemagne; and not the least interesting of his materials are furnished by Sir Henry Maine's 'Village Communities of India.' The principle on which Mr. Stubbs bases his conclusions on this abstruse subject may be thus briefly stated. What the Teutonic races were described to have been in their own land, what they are proved to have been in British land by surviving laws and language, bears so striking a family likeness to what they are as painted by Cæsar and Tacitus, that we may safely take them to have been essentially unaltered in polity and institutions, as they were unquestionably in their paganism, for the enormous period of seven or eight centuries; a fact, indeed, to which the imagination more readily accommodates itself from what is known of the analogous and far more venerable communities of eastern deserts down to modern days.

Mr. Stubbs is the last person to be carried off his feet by an attractive theory, and his caution is worthy of all praise; yet we confess that we feel the ground he builds on a more precarious one than he appears to consider it. While thus guarding ourselves, however, we gladly acknowledge that we rise from the study of this portion of Mr. Stubbs's volumes with a new experience of the impressiveness of history. On one side of the Rhine we behold the brilliant civilization of the world's masters, its arts, its laws, its letters, its walls, its marbles, its roads, all of which have left a deathless impress. On the other side of the stream, during a parallel period, century after century, we find roadless wilds, nations without cities, without a history, yet not without a training; nations we call barbarous and uncivilized; in occupation pastoral, while to be pastoral was to be free, fearless, and wild; yet nations in organic array, powerfully cemented in kindreds and clans; distributed in *civitates* and *pagi* and *vici*; in condition *nobiles*, *ingenui*, *liberti*, *servi*; officered under *principes*, *duces*, *sacerdotes*, *reges*. It is amongst this people that Mr. Stubbs undertakes



undertakes to discover, and discovers with a marvellous degree of success, the germs of English society at all events, if not the foundations of that British Constitution which has surpassed in duration, and surpassed immeasurably in might, all that Rome ever did in Britain or in Gaul.

We hail every new example of this thorough search into historic sources, forcibly bringing together the past and the present, and enabling us to see each of them in the other, even if that search ventures further than our own convictions will allow us to follow it. But perhaps, after all, Mr. Stubbs himself goes no further than ourselves, if we may judge from the following sentence, and from the general caution that breathes throughout his striking chapters on this subject. The English, he says, are a people of German descent in the main constituents of blood, character, and language, 'but most especially in the possession of the elements of primitive German civilization and the common germs of German institutions' (i. 2). If we do not recognize quite so much as he seems to do the *foundations* of the English Constitution in the 'Germania,' we plainly behold the germs of the social organization; and above all we recognize the spirit and the character, the race in fact, which was infinitely more influential in making us what we are than any embryo forms of polity, however ingeniously detected, could be.

Christianity guided, but did not obliterate, the original impulse of the Anglo-Saxon race. It was the combination of both influences that prevented the enthrallment of that race, even under the medieval Church; it made Magna Charta a necessity, the Reformation natural, and through both of these it has opened out a prospect of influence for England, which the world beholds every year expanding.

The conversion of our wild progenitors to Christianity is indeed a theme of themes for those who desire to be impressed with the providential government of this world. The opposite conditions under which the Saxons made themselves masters of Britain, and the Franks of Gaul, sufficiently explain why one people so soon lost its paganism and its mother tongue, and the other so long preserved both. The Franks, after a sojourn of centuries in a corner of Gaul as the recognized friends of Rome, at length in one brief struggle burst out under Clovis, and made themselves masters of the land (481-496). The Gallic people were then thoroughly Romanized; the Emperor named Clovis consul, and the Romans became at once reconciled to their subjection. The Franks as a nation were not persuaded into the Church by the protracted labours of Christian missions. Two individuals, so to speak, settled that matter.

matter. A Christian bishop had the address to win Clovis, and the Franks followed their leader. A conquest under such conditions is soon forgiven, amalgamation follows, missionaries do the rest, and the highest of the two civilizations remains predominant.

In Britain it was otherwise. The Britons are commonly talked of as poor creatures, in the story of the Saxon invasion. But this seems an injustice. They were not led; they had not been trained. It was never the plan of Rome to train to arms any thing but the legion, and the legion was gone. If in Gaul it was a Roman commander that Clovis defeated so easily, it can be no wonder if the Saxons defeated the uncommanded Britons. Yet the Britons maintained an obstinate contest for centuries. The Saxon invasion was not like the Frankish, because the stormy ocean was different from an easy river. In Britain there was not, as in Gaul, a stealthy approach of warriors, and then a blow and a conquest, but a slow-advancing tide of armed colonists, that did not so instantly demand a general union of the invaded. They came, the civitates, the pagi, the vici (for these were men, not lands), and, as it would seem, with wives and children and slaves, not needing, therefore, to mingle socially with the natives even where the natives were tolerated. Fighting, as the Britons were, a losing game from generation to generation, with a chronic aggression never out of their thoughts, what possibility was there for them to carry a message of God's love across the hostile lines, or to be listened to if they did? It argues a want of perception, to blame the Britons and their non-missionary Church. When two peoples are at feud, as any one may see at this day, their respective religions are their respective strengths; the usurpers never could adopt the religion of the race they were dispossessing, except at the instance of some third party unconnected with either.

It took about sixty years for the Anglo-Saxon nations (the small province of South Saxons excepted) to yield to the Christian teacher. Compared with the conversion of the Franks, this was a long period, but, as compared with the conversion of the Teutonic tribes in their own land, it was very brief. Missions to the Germans, originated by Columbanus about A.D. 610, started almost contemporaneously with the Italian mission to the Anglo-Saxons; but it was nearly two centuries before the Saxons of the Elbe yielded to the 'armed mission' of Charlemagne, and German paganism fell. In the Introduction of Mr. Moberly's '*Bede*,' among many instructive remarks to account for the rapid conversion of the heptarchal kingdoms, much stress is laid upon some curious analogies observable  
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between the Teutonic mythology and the Christian religion, which might have served as stepping-stones into the Church. We do not, we confess, view this as the most successful portion of Mr. Moberly's essay. Little reliance can be placed on such analogies as a motive cause, for they might have proved as good for the old religion as for the new. Indeed, all mythologies have their resemblances, the 'unconscious prophecies of heathendom,' as Archbishop Trench felicitously names them, for such they are and nothing more. There were other circumstances, of far greater influence in our opinion. The migration from Germany, for example, produced a great breach of continuity in Saxon paganism. The land was different. The land the Saxons left was wild and pagan: the land they reached was civil, and to some extent Christian, and what gods had been in it were temple gods, which had departed. The Franks, the Burgundians, the Goths, felt the influence of a similar change. They took possession of the land and the people, both being Christian, and their own conversion was a rapid consequence. The Saxons took possession of the land, but not of the people. They came as colonists, in tribes and kindreds, with priests and women, with slaves, gods, traditions, like pious Æneas with Iulus, bearing Ilium with him; and the land, which was but partially Christianized, they de-Christianized and repaganized. But the new paganism could not be quite continuous with the old. Paganism is everywhere essentially a local power. New oaks, new fountains, new hills and glens, in a new land and an alien land, do not easily preserve the fables of the old, and do not readily attract new spells. Thus the Saxon superstitions, though strong enough to last, when unassailed, for above a century and a half, were essentially loosened before the arrival of Augustine.

But among the secondary causes that favoured the Anglo-Saxon conversions, the force of truth being ever first, a most important one is to be found in the circumstances of the world around. When the Italian mission landed on the shores of Britain, the Teutonic tribes settled in Gaul had long been Christian; all the civilized courts of Gaul were Christian; all the polish of the world, all the force in the world, were Christian. Anglo-Saxon intercourse on the continent was with Gaul, not with the old Saxons. The King of Kent had found a consort, not among his fellow-pagans of the Elbe, but at the court of a Frank and a Christian. Paganism was becoming more and more an anachronism. The Church was associated with powerful sovereigns, splendid ecclesiastics, indomitable zeal; with imperial Rome and imperial Constantinople. From court to court the  
movement

movement spread, and almost always through matrimony. Christian princesses seem to have possessed peculiar charms, and their hands were eagerly sought. Christianity had softened, purified them, and endued them with an elevation of character that is very striking. For in these negotiations of intermarriage, moral power was invariably on the Christian side. A pagan match is never unconditionally sought by a Christian: the pagan suitor never stipulates for a surrender of Christianity; the Christian court always stipulates for its toleration, and sometimes for a consort's conversion. It is clear that paganism knew itself to be the weaker side and to have passed its time.

Kent was the most favourably placed of all the kingdoms of the Heptarchy for receiving the new faith. Its proximity to the continent was the main point, but its geographical position in Britain itself was important. Kent was the earliest formed of the states in the south, and the speedy rise of the others around it prevented its remaining a border state to the Britons. It had long ceased to identify its foes with Christianity, while Wessex and Mercia and Northumbria were still carrying on the conflict. When, therefore, Ethelbert sought a bride in Gaul, he would experience less repugnance than some other heptarchal kings to the conditions of a Christian female court, and would offer no violent obstacle to the reception of a Christian mission on its arrival from Rome.

In the history of the planting of the Church in Kent, there are two dates that may be accepted with assurance. There need be no question that Augustine and his companions arrived in England some time in the year 597. The exact date of the baptism of Ethelbert is a little more doubtful. Most historians place it in the same year as the arrival of Augustine; but upon a closer examination of the authorities we are inclined to think that it did not take place till the year 600. Without mentioning all the difficulties in the way of accepting the earlier date, there is one which must not be passed over. Bede\* states that Augustine, on his return to Britain from his consecration, sent forthwith (*continuo*) to acquaint the Pope of the English nation having received the faith, and asked for instructions on certain points of discipline. The Pope's reply, adds Bede, was soon (*nec mora*) received. Now this reply we have, the very letter, and it is dated June 22, in the fourth indiction, i.e. 601. It has been sought to mitigate the difficulty of Gregory's replying only in 601 to a letter of 597, by suggesting the multiplicity of Gregory's cares, which

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\* I. 27.



no doubt were very engrossing. Canon Bright does his best to solve the problem thus, but he evidently has not satisfied himself (p. 55). Mr. Moberly (p. 56) notices the delay, but attempts no solution. It cannot be otherwise than a hopeless task, and for the simple reason that Gregory makes no allusion whatever to any delay, much less does he apologize for it. Moreover, Gregory wrote to congratulate Ethelbert on his conversion, dating his letter on the same day.\* The letter reads just like one indited while the news of the royal baptism was fresh, without allusion to delay, without apology for it, such as common respect to a king would have demanded. The convert is encouraged to persevere as he has begun, to advance the Christian cause, and prove another Constantine. That this advice could have been given in this manner, four years after the event, is incredible. The conclusion cannot be avoided. Ethelbert's baptism occurred much later than 597, and the announcement of the event was later than the intelligence on which Gregory based his remarks to Eulogius. A close comparison of the expressions in Gregory's two letters plainly suggests the fact, that Ethelbert's conversion had occurred in the interval between them. In 598 Gregory has heard of the conversion of above ten thousand Angli, but he is silent as to the conversion of the king. In 601 he has heard that 'the nation' has accepted the faith. The nation implies the king and court; it implies the consent of the witan and public measures in favour of the new religion.

The case, then, for a date a little, but not much, earlier than 601, is strong and imperative; it is based on dated letters and distinct contemporary statements of a definite character. One more consideration may be urged. There was every reason why Ethelbert should not be precipitate in adopting a new faith. The Anglo-Saxon king was not an absolute despot. He ruled a very free and very independent people. We detect, in the narratives of his own and other royal conversions after him, a reserve which it is impossible to mistake. Kings must feel their way with Lords and Commons, with sons and heirs. Long did Edwin hesitate in Northumbria, and it was in a witan that he at last decided for Christ. Deliberation was quite as much called for in Kent, when the first example was to be set, and the Bretwalda risked, not only the disaffection of his own subjects, but the aversion of other States that were still contending with the Christians in arms. The conversions of our Anglo-Saxon princes are far too precious as bare facts, not

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\* Bede, i. 32.

to make us jealous for the absolute credit of their narrative. Human motive, kingly nature, are as old, we may depend upon it, as Christian missions; but monkish imagination thought nothing so natural as the fall of a heathen court before a cross, a chant, a saintly life, sudden as the collapse of Dagon. The sympathetic audiences of olden days, when the ear governed literature, were the grand temptations to colouring, and produced writers of the type of Gocelin. But it is not colouring, it is grouping and lighting, it is convictions as well as impressions, that readers of the present day so greatly want. Scenic imagination has not perished with the cloistered grove. But while we should be sorry indeed to part with it, we are reminded how vigilantly we have to watch it, when so guarded a writer as Dr. Bright is not absolutely secure against its allurements.

We must then, as we believe, be satisfied with the fact, and the fact is as certain as anything in history can be, that somewhere about the year 600 the first of the Anglian kings accepted the baptism of Christ; that from his family and his kingdom other royal conversions were effected; that in a period of about half a century (it was a period just long enough to convince us that we are not the victims of monkish imagination) the other kings similarly yielded; that within the same period bishop after bishop, worthy of apostolic times, rapidly arising from the bosom of a splendid race, planted monasteries, reared scholars, and watered the seed of the Church. Bede's narrative of Augustine's reception was drawn as if especially for the painter, and there is colouring for the colourist: but it is a reception, not a conversion, and all is nature. Other legitimate subjects can be found by the painter in the artless facts of Bede's venerable work, as, for instance, the witan of Edwin, the baptism of Cynegils; and Canon Bright will be found to have illustrated all such incidents by his own descriptive talent, supported by a wealth of research.

For the reduction of the various missions and bishoprics of the Anglo-Saxons into one Church before the nation itself was one,—for the reduction of its theology to one formula likewise, and the yielding of the Celtic element to the Roman, when the Celtic appeared on the point of becoming supreme,—two men stand conspicuous. It was a turning-point for the early English Church when Wilfrid first resolved upon a visit to Rome. At any time in the eighth century nothing was more common than for an active Englishman to take up his staff for the *limina Apostolorum*. But it was long before this fashion was set, it was in the middle of the seventh century, that the thought visited the stripling Wilfrid; and, considering the consequences that ensued,

curiosity

curiosity is aroused as to his real object and motive. It was about 647, when Eanfled of Kent had just become Oswy's queen in Northumbria, that Wilfrid left his father, a Northumbrian noble, and an unkind stepmother, for service at court. He was a winsome lad with a clerical bent; and Eanfled sent him to Lindisfarne, where he gained all hearts, and was called a youthful Samuel. The Church of Northumbria was of the Celtic party; Lindisfarne was its one see, its great monastery, its place of learning; and not far off, upon the rock of Bamborough on the ocean edge, was the court of Oswy and Eanfled, both of whom took a warm interest in the religious questions of the day, Oswy, apparently, chiefly as a politician. It was Oswald, Oswy's brother and predecessor, with the apostolic Aidan, who had trained Northumbria in Celtic or Scotie ways; before that, on the first conversion of the kingdom by Bishop Paulinus, under Edwin and Ethelburga, Roman customs had been planted, but before they had taken root, the pagan war in which Edwin lost his life swept Church and all away. In the present reign one person at least must have felt the Celtic mode intolerable; and such were the times, it is easy to discern, that eager people of opposite predilections could only just endure each other. It was the Easter difference that kept every other difference in boiling water, and the duoformity, if we may coin the word, came fresh every year to irritate lay life and especially life at courts, where church seasons are ceremoniously observed and regulate the periods of travel, business, and amusement. Queen Eanfled must have been, on every account, intensely Roman. She was a princess of Kent, and it was the great distinction of Kent then and ever to be Roman on all questions that were debated. Kent was the seat of Augustine, in fact, and Canterbury was the capital of Romanism, as Lindisfarne and Bamborough were of Celticism. Eanfled's mother was Ethelburga, the daughter of Ethelbert; Eanfled's father was Edwin, the first Christian king of Northumbria, converted by the Kentish mission, defeated and slain by a pagan who was supported by a Christian Celt. On the destruction of the first Northumbrian Church by that disaster, little Eanfled, with her mother and the bishop Paulinus, the wreck of the Kentish mission, went into exile in Kent. In Kent Eanfled was reared amid every association hostile to the Celtic cause. She had now come back as a queen; Northumbria was changed, and she was new to it; she was young, and new to the husband's yoke. A Kentish priest, Romanus, was her chaplain. A zealous missionary of the first Church, James the deacon, was yet surviving at York, and quietly keeping the Roman embers alive. Finally Eanfled's house still flourished

flourished in Kent, where her cousin Earcombert filled the throne. Everything Kentish and Roman met in Eanfled as they perhaps met in no other person of that period. Eanfled then must needs have been a warm advocate of the Roman discipline.

Wilfrid was but a very young man at Lindisfarne, when the idea of a Roman pilgrimage took possession of him. In that remote monastery, far to the north of York—a city which the genius of Rome may be imagined to have haunted—with the established ideas of his country anti-Roman, before the Roman stream of travel had set in, Rome should have been the last place for him to think of. His biographer Eddius states that the idea was suggested to him by the Holy Spirit, that his aim was a greater advancement in piety, his ambition the undertaking of a journey as yet unfamiliar to his countrymen. But in the enquiry of motives, we must, as juries do, go by the evidence, and this biographer is but one witness. Bede comes nearer to the point: Wilfrid, he says, being a clear-sighted youth, observed that the path of virtue taught by the Scots was not perfect, and he resolved to learn what monastic and ecclesiastical rites were followed at Rome. The Lindisfarne monks, as Bede goes on to say, commended his purpose and advised him to proceed; he repaired to the queen, to whom he was well known, and acquainted her with his desire to visit the churches of the Apostles, a desire she was pleased to hear of. By these accounts, then, the idea was Wilfrid's own, and the queen supported it. That the monks ever seconded Wilfrid in the manner represented by Bede is scarcely probable, unless they were ripe for a spiritual revolution; for a visit to Rome, expressly to learn some better way, called in question the whole principles of their house. But if Bede's statement may be taken as an indication that there was a 'Queen's party' at Lindisfarne, nothing is more natural. Queen Consorts have, at all periods, warmly entered into religious questions, and with the university (as we might term it) and spiritual centre of the kingdom under the wing of the palace, Eanfled had fine scope for her influence. If Wilfrid was not acting from the first on a hint from Eanfled, he must have had the penetration to see that his idea would be welcome to her. At all events, the warmth of her encouragement must have effectually bound him to her views. Eanfled must be considered, therefore, as deeply involved in this proceeding of her protégé. He must have taken his formal departure from the palace at Bamborough; she forwarded (emisit) him on his journey and  
publicly



publicly assumed the credit of it ; she sent him forth 'honorificè,' as though he went a royal envoy ; she provided him with a special recommendation to Earcombert, begging her cousin to assist him 'peculiari curâ,' and to entertain the traveller until suitable company should be found for him. In all this there was something beyond the friendly patronage a queen might bestow on one of her young nobility who had a mind to travel.

Wilfrid was about the age of eighteen : at the Court of Kent he won Earcombert's heart by his religious demeanour in general, and most especially by his zeal in learning the Roman ritual, 'which surpassed the skill of the Scots.' After a year spent in such tuition, he took his journey (probably in 653) in company with Benedict Biscop. But, in truth, he was completely Romanized in Kent before he started for Italy. In five years he returned, the apostle of everything Roman. Monasteries were founded, converts of rank came forward and endowed them, colonies of monks devoted to his views were planted everywhere ; at Ripon and Hexham there was such architecture, such music, such ritual, as had never been known before in England. In after years, when all Northumbria was against him on other questions, he claimed public gratitude on the ground that he first, after the early leaders of the Gregorian mission, effected the eradication of the poisonous seed sown by the Scots ; that it was he who converted the whole of Northumbria to the true Easter and the coronal tonsure, he who instructed them in antiphonal chanting, according to the rule of the primitive Church ; he who introduced the Benedictine rule into monastic life. That claim to gratitude shows how completely he had done his work : and in truth, when there were no doctrinal points at issue, it was in many ways a gain that the great schism was closed. But the sequel of Wilfrid's life, which we must not pursue, is extremely instructive as showing the sequences of an ecclesiastical movement when once started. As soon as Wilfrid succeeded to the bishopric of Northumbria, it was seen what a formidable rival the crown had in a munificent, eloquent, and religious churchman. It had become actually necessary for the crown to take measures for its own independence, and a contest between the spiritual and lay powers was thus started. That contest is the history of all Wilfrid's later years. The prelate turned for support to Rome, and so began the first ultramontane movement in England. Wilfrid had succeeded in Romanizing his feeling ; he now sought to Romanize his action. Roman subjection seems to have been the aim of Roman aesthetics.

This

This is the great moral of Wilfrid's story. The appeal which he made for the gratitude of his countrymen was significant. Had he not instructed them in all the beautiful arts of the Roman worship? Why then should they fail him in his contest for power?

It was an Oriental, Theodore of Tarsus, who at this juncture appeared in England to rescue its crowns and its churches from the danger by which both were alike beset. The exceptional circumstance, which placed the nomination to the English primacy for this single occasion in the hands of the Pope, appears nothing less than Providential when connected with the fact, that Theodore was himself a stranger to the Pope who appointed him. The entire chain of events which led Theodore from Tarsus to Canterbury is not apparent; but, if we mistake not, there is a sufficient clue to account for them. In his youth, just about the time when Wilfrid went to Lindisfarne, the East was fast falling beneath the Saracen arms; and this is sufficient to account for Theodore residing in Italy as a monk. But although Theodore dwelt in the very neighbourhood of Rome, and was a man of attainments and talents, Pope Vitalian was unacquainted with him, a very significant circumstance, and a hint how wide the divergence had even then become between the East and the West. It was Adrian who mentioned Theodore to the Pope, and Adrian was an African. Africa, like the East, was overrun with Saracens, and Adrian was an exile. Politically, Africa was in the dominion of the Greek emperors; theologically, it had always been allied with the Latin school and with Rome: and this accounts for our finding Adrian as a refugee on the soil of Italy and in the neighbourhood of Naples, for Naples too was in the Greek dominion. As a Greek subject it was natural he should have known Theodore, and as a Latin scholar the Pope. On Adrian's recommendation Vitalian selected Theodore, selected him, not in consequence of his Greek origin but in spite of it, especially stipulating that Adrian should accompany him into England and act as a check to any Greek leanings in theology that Theodore might develop.

Such being his antecedents, Theodore was the last of men to papalize England; he had no strong personal attachment to Rome, and the Oriental mind was marked, above all things, by independence of Rome. Nor would Theodore naturally be fascinated, like a Western, by the Gregorian ritual then coming into fashion, his great tastes being rather scholastic than liturgic. He came to England therefore a very independent, as well as a strong man; he came when the see of Canterbury was at its lowest

lowest ebb, little thought of out of Kent, utterly eclipsed and in danger of being superseded by the great bishopric and towering prelate of the north. It was under Theodore that that great bishopric and others were broken up; kings found in him their natural ally, and he gained from kings his necessary support. From a little Kentish bishopric the see of Canterbury thenceforth acquired sole metropolitan authority over the whole English Church, and for a considerable period it maintained that position. Thus the Church of the Anglo-Saxons, which had been unified in rite through Wilfrid, became unified in government under Theodore; a Church of England had become constituted out of warring fragments, and had no little influence in preparing the way for a monarchy of civil rule. But for Wilfrid's ambition, Theodore would never have gained the lever he needed to raise the fabric of church order and government. Like action and reaction in nature, these men were necessary for their generation, one from Tarsus, the other from the Roman Wall; and if a stepmother sent Wilfrid to Bamborough, to Lindisfarne, and to Rome, and Mahomet sent Theodore to Canterbury, well may we exclaim, 'How strange a thing is history!'

There was one thing that made Theodore's mission a perfect success. The Church of the Heptarchy was pre-eminently national and popular, in the truest sense of those words. Ecclesiastics sat in the witan, laymen in the synod, and sometimes it can scarcely be affirmed whether an assembly was a witan or a synod. It was this blending of the administration, this mutual understanding in practical management, rather than any official alliance or compact, that constituted the relation of Church and State, and made the Church so influential for good to the State. As soon as Churchmen sought separate power, then arose difficulties; it was the difficulty of Wilfrid's day; it was, above all, the difficulty of the period of Dunstan and his successors. The national policy of one great prelate formed and preserved the Church and the Monarchy: it was the policy of another that disintegrated both, and led the way to the Conquest. But from this tempting theme we must forbear.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Agamemnon. Translated from Æschylus.* By the Earl of Carnarvon. London, 1879.
2. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus, with a Metrical Translation and Notes critical and illustrative.* By Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge, and Canon of Ely. Cambridge, 1878.
3. *The Odyssey of Homer. Books I.–XII. Rendered into English Verse.* By General George Augustus Schomberg, C.B. London, 1879.
4. *The Odyssey of Homer. Done into English Prose.* By S. H. Butcher, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford, and A. Lang, M.A., late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. London, 1879.

THE classical culture of the flower of our nobility is so special a characteristic of English life, that qualification for achieving this or that feat of exact or elegant scholarship seems to proceed on the principle that ‘noblesse oblige.’ While the average English youth of independent parentage often passes through Eton, Harrow, or the Universities without any spur of fame to his spirit, save in respect of boating or athletics, the modern volumes of ‘Musæ Etonenses,’ ‘Anthologia Oxoniensis,’ and ‘Arundines Cami,’ include many titled contributors of graceful Greek and Latin verse, in whose case the stimulus must have been wholly the distinction and evidence of culture it would bespeak, not the bearing it would exercise on future prospects. Commonly entrusted for early grounding to accredited and superior tutors, our Howards and Herberts, Cavendishes and Stanleys, seem so early imbued with the duty of proving an honourable exception to the popular waste of school and college days, that honest work is found no hardship, and a quickened intelligence approaches gallantly the generous rivalries which often cement most hopeful friendships, and remain bright points of retrospect in later years. To such training in the best English homes of rank, such emulation amongst the best blood in our colleges, is doubtless due the achievement of the late Lord Derby’s ‘Iliad,’ the Greek Iambic versions of ‘Comus’ and ‘Samson Agonistes’ by Lord Lyttelton, Lord Ravensworth’s translation of the ‘Æneid,’ and various other scarcely less convincing proofs of the abiding hold of the culture of the ancient languages on ingenuous youth. Nor is it an unnoteworthy result of such works of high emprise in scholarship, that imitators are inspired to kindred tasks, and the standard of classical scholarship is sustained by an emulation,



which might never have been quickened, had not the model and type been what Livy in his preface designates as 'documenta in industri posita monumento.'

It is to two recent achievements in the field of classical translation,—the one springing from the ambition of the Earl of Carnarvon to give proof, in his intervals of leisure, of the tenacity with which he has retained the scholarship which adorned his Oxford course, in a metrical version of the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus;—the other resulting from the worthy ambition of a distinguished officer, General G. A. Schomberg, of the Marine Artillery, to emulate Lord Derby's version of the 'Iliad,' by the reproduction in blank verse of Homer's maritime epic or romance, the 'Odyssey,'—that we propose in the present paper to call the attention of our readers, and to prepare them by a few extracts, and a remark or two of collateral criticism, for that further and closer perusal which such good and genuine work is certain to find at the hands of scholars and men of culture.

A recent annotator of Æschylus has remarked how vast a help to that grand tragedian's diction may be derived from the observant study of Homer's language; and no one enough at home in the Agamemnon to recal the tribute its author pays by the mouth of the 'King of Men' to the hero of the Odyssey, as his staunch and true yoke-fellow in the Siege of Troy (see 'Agam.' 772 seq.), will require apology for the juxtaposition of two transcripts, one of 'the noblest tragedy that ever swept across the floor of a stage,' the other of the grand epic sequel to the Tale of Troy, considering what an intense link of interest the old world recognized as subsisting between the Oresteian Trilogy and the Adventures of Ulysses. With a reversal of the chronological order of authors, the Agamemnon shall be examined first: and here it must be owned as a piece of rare good fortune, that the close of last year was marked by a decided accession to the scholastic and literary knowledge of that Drama in the learned and exhaustive commentary, accompanied with a verse translation, by the veteran Greek Professor at Cambridge, Dr. Benjamin Hall Kennedy. Not so accredited a poet as an interpreter, yet by no means inexperienced in judging and achieving poetic versions of classical authors, and with so much of an eye to exactness in his standard that his model has a strong claim to hearing, his work will be accepted as one of marvellous 'divination' and shrewd critical insight, whilst it at the same time furnishes young translators with an example, not indeed as he expresses it 'of poetizing Æschylus in English, but merely of supplying students with a close rendering

ing somewhat more agreeable than a prose version.' Dr. Kennedy sets up a standard to modern translators imitable even by those who aim less at the gratification of exact scholars and the solution of problems of translation, than at a spirited and elegant compromise between the original sense, and a fairly free yet *bonâ fide* English version. Such an one, on his own showing, is Lord Carnarvon, a refined Greek scholar, to whose mind, although keenly alive to the glorious niceties of Attic thought, idiom, and expression, it has yet appeared a higher ambition to compass, with what power he may, for the many and unlearned, an adequate reproduction of the approximate force of the original. Aware, as he tells us in his instructive preface, of the hopelessness of probing the obscurity of some passages of the drama, and of fathoming the depths of poetry in others, he lays still further stress on that Æschylean compression of thought 'which defies translation in anything like an equal number of words, while in addition to all other peculiarities there is a weird and ghostly strain running through every chorus from first to last, which gives them a character of their own, and is far beyond translation, reproduction, or imitation.' (*Pref.* p. XI.) With Lord Carnarvon's reasons for reducing the Æschylean choral odes to rhyming form, based as they are rather on modern experience and precedent, than strict consistency, the reader, if imbued with the mellowness of culture, rather than the vexatious 'quixotism' of quantitative speculation, will find himself, on perusal, in loving accord; nor do we doubt that from the larger number unspoken thanks will be breathed for his adoption of the Latin and more familiar nomenclature of the Divinities, which Lord Derby held fast by in his 'Iliad,' although in contrast to modern tendencies of translation. In not one only, but in diverse ways, he has evinced a desire to gauge the appetite of his audience, and to that end has catered rather the milk food they are able to bear, than the strong meat from which they would turn, if forced on them. As an illustration of this discriminative sympathy, his remarks in p. xvii. of the Preface on the various senses of the Æschylean ἀτῆ are wellnigh as instructive and lucid as Dr. Kennedy's learned marshalling of them in the tenth page of his introduction. In practice, however, the noble lord has represented the value of each several meaning by that idea or periphrasis which seemed most apt for the occasion. Like Dr. Kennedy too, he has instituted (what translator has not?) a comparison between Clytemnestra and Lady Macbeth; and he has especially noted that 'whereas in the latter the only affection and loyalty are given to her husband, so in Clytemnestra the only softness is

reserved for Ægisthus.' We are not so sure that she does not deserve some little meed in excess of this, when (in pp. 94-5\*) she dissuades her wolf-like paramour from his eagerness to shed more blood. Her pleading may indicate a not wholly extinct trait of feminine mercy, though we admit it might consist simply with a tact, policy, and capacity, which she alone of the guilty pair had the ability to exert.

No reader of Greek plays can forget his first impressions of the Agamemnon. The lonely warder looking out into the night from the rampart is surprised by the novel sensation of a bright flame shooting up to the right of the stage, which he recognizes as the beacon's blaze telling of Troy's capture. Whilst alive to the office of heralding the news to the queen, he already prepares the audience for a suspicion of something rotten in the royal house, even at the climax of its triumph; and chorus and interlocutors breathe alike hearts ill at ease, with the forecast of a woe from which Clytemnestra's subtly sustained part is not sufficiently trust-inspiring to set them free. While the watchman prays to be the first to grasp his monarch's hand, a strange reserve checks his utterance—

'No more—my lips in silence close are sealed;  
But had these walls a voice, methinks they'd say  
How fain I'd speak to those who know my thought,  
And silence keep to those who yet know nought.'

and the very first choral ode, if the interpretation by Lord Carnarvon (vv. 69-72) be right in ascribing them to Iphigenia's sacrifice—

'Nor offering nor tearful wail  
Nor penitence shall aught avail  
To pacify those maidens stern  
Before whose shrines no fires burn,'†

strikes a note of domestic dissension which cumulates step by step as the play advances, so as to close round the hero who, besides inheriting an ancestral curse, has shed much blood of his warlike liegemen and his innocent daughter.

\* Agam. 1588— *μηδαμῶς, ὃ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν κ.τ.λ.*

'Forbear, dear friend, we will not shed more blood,  
Enough, more than enough, of woe is wrought:  
And sad the harvest which our hands must reap.'

Lord Carnarvon's '*Agamemnon*,' p. 94.

† Agam. 69-72— *οὐθ' ὑποκαίων οὐθ' ὑπολείβων  
οὐτε δακρύων ἀπύρων ἱερῶν  
ὄργας ἀπενεῖς παραθέλξει.*

Dr. Kennedy more safely, if less pointedly, explains ἀπύρων ἱερῶν of the wrath of the deities defrauded of their customary burnt-offerings by the irregular nuptials of Paris and Helen.

Of the portent of the eagles rending the pregnant hare and its interpretation by the seer (pp. 9–10) the reproduction before us is alike perspicuous, and in accord with the Greek sense, while the enforcement of Jove's lessons to mortals of 'Learning through sorrow' in the 3rd ode of the first chorus is equally consonant to the scope of the original; and it matters more to the scholar's than the general reader's satisfaction whether in v. 166 the text is corrected by reading *τάδ' ἐστὶ* for *βιαιῶς* or *βίαια*, as Dr. Kennedy suggests.

'But those who hymn aright Jove's praise  
Shall attain their heart's desire—  
Jove who guides man's faltering ways,  
And by suffering leads them higher.  
So comes o'er sleeping eyes the memory of pain;  
Comes o'er the unwilling mind wisdom's persuasive strain:  
And on their over holy seats the blest gods sit, and school  
The hearts of men to reverence by stern compulsion's rule.'

One passage, however, from this chorus must not be overlooked, the oft-plied theme of so much imitation, so many translations—descriptive of Iphigenia's sacrifice, the irresolution and blameworthy decision of her sire, and his eventual consent to the arts of Calchas. We plead justification for a copious quotation on the score of its merit.

'Then spake the elder king that day,  
"Woe's me if I do not obey;  
"Woe too if at the altar side  
"I slay my child, my flower and pride,  
"And in her blood my hands imbrue!  
"What shall I leave undone? what do?  
"How shall I fail my comrades true?  
"For well they know a virgin's blood  
"These winds alone can lull to rest.  
"For this they crave. Perchance 'twere good  
"To hearken to their stern behest."

So spake he with a wavering mind,  
But when he once had bowed to fate  
Came o'er his soul, like change of wind,  
A spirit base and insensate;  
For frenzy, when it stirs the brain,  
Counsels to deeds of wrong and bane,  
And desperate daring swells the train:  
And so he willed to sacrifice  
His only daughter, as the price  
Of favouring gale  
To spread his sail,  
And victory in the avenging strife  
Waged for the sake of faithless wife.

Each



Each warrior-chief looked on, small care  
 Methinks had they for cry and prayer,  
 Or for her young and maiden life ;  
 And he, her sire, to whom she prayed,  
 Bade her with solemn chaunt be laid,  
 Like kid, upon the altar stone  
 Swathed in her robes from foot to crown,  
 And guard her mouth lest cry or moan  
 Upon the House bring curses down.  
     And silently and piteously,  
 In saffron robe that swept the ground,  
 She passed along with glance of eye  
 Smiting each priest that stood around :  
 Beauteous as tho' by limner's art portrayed,  
 And tho' to silence bound she oft to speak essay'd.  
     For she of yore was wont with song  
     To cheer her sire his guests among,  
     And with her young and virgin voice  
     Greet him and bid him to rejoice,  
     When he the wine-cup high had filled.'

Literality might stickle for the representation of the epithet *τρίτοσπονδον* in the last clause, as marking the dedication of that libation, whereat a Pæan was sung to *Ζεὺς Σωτήρ*, but it is a nicety Dean Milman has been content to ignore, and which, honoured in the observance by Mr. Browning, does not, after all, impress the reader with much added force. Elsewhere in this passage Lord Carnarvon's handling of the Greek deals deftly and gracefully, yet by no means with reckless touch, with diction so proverbially obscure and perplex, that (as Mr. Browning aptly notes in the preface to his translation) 'the redoubted Salmasius accounted more formidable the choruses of Æschylus than all the sacred books "*cum suis Hebraïsmis et Syriasmis et totâ Hellenisticâ suppellectili vel farragine.*"'

In the next chorus, whether the reference of the lines 383-4 (*πάρεστι σὺν ἄτιμος κ.τ.λ.*) be to Menelaus or to Helen (and Lord Carnarvon has much authority for the former view), there is exhibited by the iron old soldier of Marathon a tenderness and delicacy of pathos hardly matched in either ancient or modern poesy. We allude to the seer's lament:—

'Woe for the Royal House: woe for the marriage bed:  
 Woe for the wife whose love is lost, whose steps are fled;  
 Woe for the chiefs—foremost for him and chief of all,  
 Dishonoured, uncomplaining, silent in his hall.  
 He scarce believes that she in truth has fled across the main,  
 Tho' in her place for love of her a phantom seems to reign;

Yes,

s, for the love of her the statue's grace is gone,  
 and from the sightless eyes the light of love is flown.

In the wandering dreams of night  
 Fantasies oft meet his sight,  
 Dreams which in their birth are dying,  
 Human wit and strength defying,  
 Flitting on wings that never come again  
 Adown the paths of sleep's eternal reign.' \*

The rest of this ode teems with beauties, nowise unaccounted in translation before us: and amongst them a denunciation of coming doom from the jealous gods and vengeful Furies on the man of Blood.' To this succeeds Clytemnestra's welcome of the herald, and a dialogue in which the latter exchanges with the chorus forebodings of uneasiness, whilst, in spite of the fatal veil she throws over her yet unassured triumph, the 'ody' must be felt 'to protest too much.' An antistrophe in which the chorus illustrates nicely the Æschylean ideal of the Law of Retaliation, and a portion of it may not be unwelcome in the form of a forcible translation.

'So once 'twas said in times of yore,  
 "Great happiness can never die,  
 Or pass away, like childless sire,  
 Without result or progeny:  
 But endless sorrows shoot and spring  
 Out of fortune's blossoming."  
 But I believe unholy deed  
 Bears ever true and kindred seed,  
 While in the dwellings of the just arise  
 Fair children and illustrious destinies.  
 But in the unrighteous home  
 An ancient wrong begets a worse,  
 And, when the appointed hour shall come,  
 That worse shall yet again beget  
 Of its own kind, most dread in fight,  
 Arrogant and foe to light,  
 In the dark halls, where far from sight  
 Broods the hereditary curse.'

The contrast which follows, of the pious and unbribed selling of justice in the smoke-dimmed cot, we shall remit the reader to the translator's pages, and survey the drama from the entrance of the chief figure to its conclusion with what brevity may.

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Dr. Kennedy's study of this difficult passage convinces him that the Greek is and context point to Menelaus; and he would like to read vv. 383-4, *ἄτιμος ὡς ἀλοιδωπος δ', ἔδιστ' ὅσ' ἦν ἀφαιμένος*, casting out *ιδεῖν* as a gloss, and ending the last line 'after parting with all that was sweetest.'

Agamemnon's

¶¶ Agamemnon's entrance at the close of the choral anapaests augments rather than relieves the gloom of the atmosphere, and we seem to have fallen on a hollow season of triumph, when the mighty victor can only except his missing yoke-fellow, Ulysses, from the 'fainéant' lukewarmness of those—

'Upon whose heart a cankerous envy sits,  
Doubling the burden of their discontent  
For their own woes, and for their neighbours' weal.'

The monarch's ethos is distinctly grand, though schooled to self-repression by experience of a chequered past, and perhaps by a perception of his treacherous helpmate's over-acted part, who after a profusion of metaphors to trumpet her own devotedness, bids her maidens strew the conqueror's path with purple carpetings:—

ἐς δῶμ' ἄελπτον ὥς ἂν ἡγήται δίκη

where 'Kennedy's version—'That justice to his home unhop'd may guide his steps'—has more true tragic irony than the more formal expression in the version before us, 'Of bringing in him for whom we dared not hope.' It is noteworthy that Dean Milman recognizes and tries to express the ambiguity in the collocation of words.\*

Our feelings soften, as do those of the chorus, to the uninviting character of the King of Men, when, only to terminate a domestic difference, he consents to step upon the fateful carpets, and almost goes to his doom with a considerate intercession with his proud consort for the captive Cassandra, who is in her eyes one, if not the chief, of the counts in her lord's offending. The episode of her introduction, with her weird broken utterances becoming gradually more coherent as she nears the climax of her fate, and casts away the symbols of her prophetic craft, when, unlike her own kith and kin, the chorus accords belief against its will to the 'Ora Dei jussu non unquam credita Teucris'—gives vivid urgency to the instant dénouement: and the fine passage in which she embraces in her vision the crime of Atreus, the vengeance of Ægisthus, and the murder of Agamemnon, offers the translator a field which he has worthily occupied.

'Then mark how I, like questing hound, pursue  
With quick, keen scent, the track of ancient crime;  
For never shall they quit these halls, that ghastly crew,  
That sing in unison, not melody,

\*

'That Justice to his house may lead him in,  
The home he never dreamed of.'

Dean Milman's 'Agamemnon.' See v. 842, Greek.  
A mask

A mask of Sister Furies, drunk with blood,  
 And ever growing boldness. As they crouch,  
 They chaunt the story of an ancient curse—  
 The incestuous couch, a brother's shameful wrong,  
 A brother's deadly wrath.'

The above passage and a parallel one, beginning 'Lo! where they crouch, the phantoms of a dream,' call up to the mind the witch scene in the Fourth Act of Macbeth, and the apparitions of children and kings to the usurper's distraught fancy.

Where in the same speech Cassandra alludes to Clytemnestra's *ὀλολύγμος ὥσπερ ἐν μάχῃ τροπῇ* (1165-6), or, as our translator renders it—

'Hark how she shouted o'er him as men shout  
 When turns the battle. Yet she feigns to feel  
 Joy in his safe return'—

we prefer Dr. Kennedy's interpretation, that the prophetess is conceived as anticipating the queen's shout over the coming murder, not as referring to an actual shout. When also, in almost her last speech, Cassandra, bidding the chorus farewell, declares her sure hope of an avenger, and claims of her hearers their testimony to this her dying conviction, we feel that one word should be altered in the version of the line

'οἷτοι δυσοῖζω θάμνον ὡς ὄρνις, φόβῳ  
 ἄλλως' (1245),

and that the translation should run:—

'Tis not for fear I shrink, like the poor bird  
 That vainly shivers at the *dubious* (not *deadly*) snare:'

because the allusion is clearly to the vague idle fears that a timid bird cherishes for every unprobed bush or thicket. But it is time to conclude this portion of our task: for indeed the interest of the Agamemnon flags when its central figure is smitten, and the divided chorus is split up into irresolute units, which coincide in nought but a sense of horror, outrage and surmised usurpation. Equal still indeed to her grand rôle is the daring Clytemnestra, standing on a platform over her twain victims exposed to view, as Lord Carnarvon's note explains, by the opened scene: she avows the deed, she glories in its execution, and, holding cheap the public ban with which the chorus threatens her, taunts them with their acquiescence in Agamemnon's sacrifice of her daughter, and pleads as a set-off, lame enough, for her own adultery, the end of her husband,

'the



'the minion of his Trojan Chryseids' and of his paramour Cassandra :—

'He here lies dead. She by her lover's side,  
Like swan that chaunts her death wail, she too lies,  
And in her death a dainty vengeance brings  
For the wrongs done unto my marriage bed.'

In the latest scene, 'the shrill-tongued cock that struts beside his mate' plays the sorry part we should expect before his grander partner in guilt, to whom pertains too, as before observed, the merit of shrinking for needless bloodshed. But not even here is there any flagging of interest in the translation, which maintains to the last a clear, lucid, high-toned level of genius, such as the noble translator might be expected to exact from his Muse, before he ventured his experiment in print. We are greatly mistaken if a consensus of scholars and lovers of classic poetry do not admit into its inner circles of welcome and favour this truly noble version of the 'Macbeth of Antiquity.'

Of the motives which have prompted General Schomberg to adventure a new translation of the 'Odyssey' in blank verse, it is not so easy to form an opinion. Although its publication is some evidence of competent scholarship, and a scrutiny of it will furnish more, still a soldier's early exchange of the 'status pupillaris' for the tented field, and classic tales of battle and excitement for study of fortification and practice of musketry, is apt to check such literary fertility as would else find vent in the conversion of classic models into modern forms and measures. Doubtless there are exceptions to every rule; as was notably that of a late Indian officer, Major Campbell Guthrie Macgregor, R.A., who, it may be remembered, not only, in the years of active service in India, translated the Poems of Petrarch, but also the whole of the Greek Anthology, into English verse, and this so creditably, that both works have not only stood the test of criticism, but added considerably to the area of successful experiments in translation. General Schomberg's more concentrated undertaking, a version of Homer's 'Odyssey' rather than his 'Iliad,' is due, probably, to the fascination which the former poem has ever exercised over travellers. While it teems with a thoroughly human interest, the 'Odyssey' reads like a series of dioramic pictures of Greek mythology and eastern romance, no single scene of which suggests sameness of situation or plot. Dean Alford wrote, 'it is of all poems a poem of the sea.' As such, and not from any attraction for the  
'infandus

'infandus dolor' of modern speculation as to separate authorship of poems and parts of the Homeric poems, the '*Odyssey*' appears to have wooed and won General Schomberg's leisure, and to have left him content to see in its author the blind old bard as he seemed ere Wolff's day to our less critical forefathers, and to transmute the honey of his winsome verse, undiminished by notes or comments tending to unsettlement. He is content to take for his hero the ἀνὴρ πολύτροπος whom, as we have seen, antiquity voted second only to Achilles, and, what is a matter of greater interest, a more human, adventurous, versatile, and therefore engaging type of character.

In his choice too of a measure in which to translate the companion epic to the '*Iliad*,' General Schomberg has been exercised by few of the doubts which environ the problem of translating Homer, and which end in each hugging his own experiment, while remaining blind to the hindrances which forbid a perfectly satisfactory transcript. In the very recent prose version of the '*Odyssey*,' by two eminent Oxford scholars, which has appeared too lately for General Schomberg's perusal, an excellent piece of criticism is devoted, in the preface, to the proof that the question of Homeric translation is purely relative: that the age of Elizabeth looked for Chapman's conceits; Anne's, for Pope's rhetoric and artifices; a later generation for the ballad metre, and a later yet for recognition of the romantic vein in Worsley's Spenserian version. But even the last-named admirable resort had inherent in it a drawback, consisting in the difficulty of remeasurement of Greek Hexameters into Spenserian stanzas. Acclimatization of Greek metres is an amiable craze, if not a will-of-the-wisp; and any application of current English measures to the poetry of Homer must more or less sacrifice the original matter and manner. The prose translators mentioned above cite Mr. Matthew Arnold's remark 'that in a verse translation no original work is any longer intelligible;' and they content themselves with aiming to tell in prose 'that half of the truth about Homer, which the translators who use verse cannot easily tell;' apologizing 'for the pale far-off shadow of a prose translation,' they 'tell the story without the song.' But admitting the force of much in their pleadings, and more in their practice (which has given scholars and English readers alike a capital prose version), we fail to see any sufficient cause alleged against the compromise of 'blank verse,' a form of poetry to which our poet Cowper, albeit in a style too Miltonic, has lent an august precedent, in his '*Iliad*' and '*Odyssey*'; and which, to say nothing of Lord Derby's pre-eminent success with it 'in  
representing

representing the spirit as well as the simplicity of the great Original,' found a lively adapter some fifteen years ago in the Rev. George Musgrave, in his *English Odyssey*.<sup>\*</sup> Doubtless to those who look for the conjunction in an English version of the 'Odyssey' of rare melody with an approximation to the ancient poet's meaning, Mr. Worsley's 'Odyssey' is in many respects the least faulty ideal, whilst the Ballads of Maginn point the way to realizing another phase of the Scian minstrel's poetry on a larger scale. Yet, perhaps, it is an ambition more within compass, and yet by no means unworthy or unsufficing, to elect the metre which presents the fewest fetters and trammels to the conversion of Greek into English combined with a large amount of faithfulness, ease, and average correspondence.

Such appears to have been General Schomberg's aim, and in his adherence to it he has not prescribed to himself any hard and fast principle of precise equivalents for Homer's compound epithets, seeing that where Messrs. Butcher and Lang render *νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς* 'the cloud-gatherer,' and Musgrave calls him 'the cloud-gathering Jove,' our translator paraphrases him as, 'He who piles up the thunder-clouds.' The characteristics indeed of his explicit, simple, and withal spirited style will be made plain to our reader, as we survey the first half of his translation, just issued from the press—the portion in fact which though it does not restore the Wanderer to his home, is a half of the 'Odyssey' of rich and varied interest, seeing that in four books it deals with the acts and travels of Telemachus, in two more sees Ulysses freed from his enforced dalliance in Calypso's Isle, and cast by the wreck of his raft on the shore of Scheria, and in the remaining six, though the scene is laid in the palace and gardens of Alcinous, it contains the Bardic songs of Demodocus, and the versatile hero's tales of the stormy sea, the cave of the Cyclops, the Island of Circe, the visit paid to the realms of Pluto, and the stirring incidents of the Sirens, of Scylla, and Charybdis.

The epic opens with a council of the Gods, in which Athena avails herself of the absence of Poseidon, who has gone to feast with the far off Æthiopians, to make interest with the father of the Gods for her favourite Ulysses, whom still the daughter of Atlas is holding enthralled in her island,

'And ever strives with soft and flattering words  
To witch him to forget his Ithaca—' \*

\* 'The Odyssey of Homer rendered into English Blank Verse.' By George Musgrave, M.A., Brasenose College, Oxford; London, 1865.

\* Od. α, 56, 57—ἀεὶ δὲ μαλακοῖσι καὶ αἰμυλοῖσι λόγοισι  
θέλγει, ὅπως Ἰθάκης ἐπιλήσεται.

and the result of this council is a decision to send Hermes with a mandate to Calypso, the issue of which is told in the fifth book. The scene is then shifted from Olympus to Ithaca, where Telemachus, the heir of the long absent wanderer, is in sore need of a 'deus ex machinâ' to hold his own against the lawless revellers, who consume his substance under the plea of wooing his mother, Penelope; and thither hies the goddess Athena in the guise of the Taphian chief Mentès, intent on rousing in Telemachus a spirit of manhood and self-assertion, and on inciting him to a voyage of enquiry after his lost father to the courts of Nestor at Pylos, and Menelaus at Sparta. Various little tokens exhibit the birth of new responsibility in the young Prince under her disguised influence, such as his decisive language in bidding his mother return to her bower and household duties from the banquet-hall and song which are distasteful to her, after that Athena having sped her mission had vanished from the scene,

'And like a falcon upward winged her flight.'

The next book opens with a council whereat Telemachus states passionately his wrongs and grievances, and one of the most gay and dashing of the spoilers of his household, the suitor Antinous, makes a mocking answer to his complaints in language which, quoted from General Schomberg's version, may adequately present the posture of affairs as touching Penelope and her wooers, and shows the failure of her sometime successful and ever-proverbial web-device.\*

'Restrain thy wrath, young orator; thy words  
Reproach and shame attempt to fix on us;  
Yet we, the suitors, are not culpable,  
But thy beloved mother, and her craft,  
Consummate: for three years have passed away,  
And now almost the fourth, since she began  
Her coquetry to practise on us chiefs:  
Hope she extends, and flattering promises,  
To all; with other projects in her heart.  
This stratagem moreover she contrived;  
A mighty loom was in her chamber placed,  
Broad and extensive was the web, and fine;  
This she began to weave, and said to us:  
"Young princes, suitors mine, I you implore  
Though dead my husband be, that ye refrain  
From urging on my nuptials, till this robe  
I shall complete (lest all the threads be wasted),  
Intended for Laertes' winding sheet,

\* Od. β, v. 85, seq.—

Τηλέμαχ' ὑφαγόρη, κ.τ.λ.

[ When



When death, with its long sleep, shall overtake  
 The aged hero : for the Grecian women  
 Would cast reproach on me, should he, so rich,  
 Lie, like a pauper, shroudless in his grave !"  
 Thus spake she, and we frankly acquiesced :  
 And day by day she laboured at her loom ;  
 But every night by torchlight she unwove  
 The work by day accomplished : three years long  
 She thus deceived us ; when the fourth was come  
 And glided on the hours ; one of her maids  
 Who knew, told us the tale : and her we found  
 The beauteous web unweaving : then her task  
 Compelled she finished, much against her will.

In short, proceeds Antinous, the result of the discovery of her stratagem on the suitors has been to make them give her credit for the manual and mental gifts of Pallas, but withal to determine them to persist in wasting the substance of the palace, until such time as she shall elect a spouse from the list of the suitors. In reply Telemachus naturally declines to send his mother home to her sire and appeals to the Gods to recompense as they have deserved the suitors' wrongs, and to show some token that their acts should not be unavenged (*νήπιονοι*).

'Thus spake Telemachus, when Jupiter  
 All seeing, from the mountain peak on high  
 Two eagles sent ; on the wind's breath they flew  
 Close to each other, borne on outstretch'd wings ;  
 And when they reached the assembly, hovering,  
 They circled ; and with rapid strokes they beat  
 Their wings together ; and with threatening gaze  
 Above the heads of all, they looked destruction,  
 Tearing each other's neck with beak and claw ;  
 Then turning to the right they swooped athwart  
 The city and its houses' (B. 146-54 ; pp. 33-4, E. T.).

In both these extracts a comparison of the Greek with its present equivalent will show a *bonâ fide* and withal successful effort to place before the reader Homer's tale unvarnished and unexaggerated, an aim sustained through the voyage and its results, though we must dwell on neither except to make an extract of so much as relates to Menelaus in Proteus's constrained prophecy in the fourth book, a passage in which Homer's presentment of the Elysian fields has inspired the Muse of Lucretius, Milton, and Tennyson.

'For thee, O noble Menelaus, destiny  
 Ordains, thou shalt not die and end thy days  
 In Argos rich in pastures ; but the gods

Will

Will waft thee to the far Elysian fields  
 The utmost confines of the earth ; where dwells  
 Brown Rhadamanthus ; where for mortal men  
 A life of perfect happiness is found :  
 No snow, no winter, and no rain are there :  
 But Ocean sends the breezes from the West  
 With gentle breath its dwellers to refresh :  
 And this because fair Helen is thy wife,  
 And thou thyself art son-in-law of Jove.'

Whether in this passage it might not have been more realistic to speak of 'fair-haired, of yellow-haired or auburn' Rhadamanthus, we are not sure. General Schomberg would seem to refer the epithet to the hero's brownish complexion, and this not without authority, but *ξανθή κόμη, ξανθαί τρίχες, ξανθή Δημήτηρ*, clearly suggests the epithet *flava* or yellow. And here it may not be amiss to notice one or two slight inaccuracies of translation, e.g. where in *Od. i. 39, μνάσθαι*, in reference to Ægisthus, is not *to violate*, but *to woo* ; and in 91, *πᾶσι μυστήρεσσιν ἀπειπέειν*, not 'to send the suitors packing,' but to 'speak out firmly to all the suitors.' In *v. 274, σκιδνασθαι* is not 'to return,' but to disperse.' These are obviously slips of oversight ; and at the festival at Pylos (*iii. 7*) it would probably be more correct to translate *ἔδραι*, 'companies,' than 'seats.' It occurs to us also that he has erred in the passage from the First Book, *v. 276-8*, respecting the difficult question of *ἔδνα*, which, contrary to the immediate context, he regards as the dower given by the father to the bride ; whereas it must mean here either he presents that the bride's kinsmen give, as generally in Homer, or those given by the suitors to the father of the bride. Cf. *Il. xvi. 178 ; Od. viii. 218.*)

The Fifth Book, describing the mission of Hermes to Calypso, the fabrication of a raft for Ulysses, its launch and its wreck on the coast of Scheria, embraces a long apportionment of Homeric time with various but all-interesting matter. Here, for example, is the picture of the Argus-slayer's earthward descent and what he found in the Isle of Ogygia :—

'He skimmed the billows like the wild *sea-mew*,  
 Which o'er the dread abysses of the deep,  
 The lonely deep, pursues its fishy prey,  
 And bathes its feathers in the briny foam.  
 Thus Hermes flew athwart the countless waves ;  
 And when at length he reached the distant isle  
 And trod firm land from off the purple sea,  
 He sought the spacious grotto where abode  
 The fair-hair'd nymph ; and found her then within.  
A blazing

A blazing fire was burning on the hearth.  
 And from afar o'er all the island stole  
 The perfumed odours of the burning woods  
 Of fragile cedar, and the *tree of life* :  
 And she within sang with melodious voice,  
 And with a golden shuttle plied the loom.  
 A blooming grove around the grotto stood ;  
 Alder and poplar, mixt with cypress sweet ;  
 And long winged birds upon the branches perched,  
 Falcons and owls, and chattering hooded crows,  
 Birds of the sea, who pastime take therein.  
 And all about the lovely grotto climb'd  
 A blooming vine, luxuriant with grapes.  
 From fountains four which close together stood  
 The limpid water bubbled far and wide :  
 And from the turf so soft, the violet  
 And parsley sprang : even a god must gaze  
 On such a scene with wonder and delight.'

As to the name of the sea-bird meant by the Greek *λάρος* in the first line of this extract, it is observable that some translators shirk the question, some call it a cormorant, but our present translator, as well as Musgrave, render it the 'Sea Mew,' the 'Larus' of Linnæus. In v. 60 of the Greek, too, General Schomberg has rendered *θύου*, which the prose version represents as 'sandal-wood,' as the 'tree of life.' *Θύου*, says Mr. Merry, in his short commentary, is perhaps the 'arbor vitæ,' and we thus see the probable authority for the translator's equivalent.

That General Schomberg has an ear and an eye for peculiarities of Homeric word-collocation, may be seen in his rendering of a couple of lines in which Homer sets side by side Calypso's dalliance and Ulysses' durance. In *Od.* v. 154-5 is this peculiar juxtaposition :—

ἀλλ' ἦτοι νύκτας μὲν ἰαύεσκεν καὶ ἀνάγκη,  
 ἐν σπέσσι γλαφυροῖσι παρ' οὐκ ἐθέλων ἐθελούσῃ.

'With her so loving he with little love  
 His nights perforce must spend in her arched grot.\*'

\* It might have been supposed that this was a beauty of style Pope would have sought to transplant. Yet his result is obscure and far-fetched, viz. 'Absent he lay in her desiring arms.' Chapman happily juxtaposed 'the willing goddess and th' unwilling guest ;' and Mr. Musgrave represents the hero and the goddess 'Unwilling couched by one most willing.' Of Pope's frequent offence of exaggeration and importation a single instance from the 6th Book of the 'Odyssey' may suffice. It is where Nausicaa tells Ulysses where to find her mother, Queen Arete, sitting at the hearth in the light of the fire, with her father's throne close to hers, and he sits and drinks his wine, like an immortal—

τῷ ὅγε οἶνοποτάξει ἐφήμενος, ἀθάνατος ὤς.—*Od.* vi. 309.

In the same book, too, he represents with equal accuracy and spirit the details of the raft-building for which Calypso gives Ulysses loyal facility, though to little purpose, as after much tossing on the elements, due to Neptune's adverse machinations, it is wrecked off Scheria by the pitiless storm.

At last the patient hero is cast on the shore of Alcinous's fabled realm, and, naked as he was born, heaps together a nest of leaves in a bosky thicket, 'close by the water-side,' and, by favour of his constant goddess, finds repose in this shelter for his jaded eyelids. There is so much in the Phæacian books of the 'Odyssey' (vi—xiii.), surrounding the reader with such a spell of enchantment and fairyland, that to cull the choicest quotations is difficult and invidious, especially where space is extremely limited. Nausicaa and her maidens, and the gardens of Alcinous, in the sixth book, have afforded to our painter Turner the subjects of two of our now national heirlooms; and of two more, the 'Cyclops addressed by Ulysses,' and the 'Song of the Sirens' the inspiration is derived from the narrative of Ulysses at the banquet of Alcinous, after the lays of the blind bard Demodocus, and the wanderer's declaration of his own name and history. The sister art may in some sort suggest us themes to touch on. For that charming scene where the princess and her maidens, after having washed their linen in the dark pools of the stream by the shore, indulge in a bath and a game, unwitting that a mortal hero is within earshot, a few lines may be culled from our translation:—

'After a bath, with shining olive oil  
They all themselves anointed, and their meal  
They took beside the margin of the brook,  
Leaving the garments spread upon the shore  
To dry beneath the bright beams of the sun.  
And when they all, the lady and her maids,  
Had hunger satisfied, they threw aside  
Their veils, and with the ball their pastime took.  
Nausicaa, the white-armed led the sport' (p. 161).

The passage is not indeed complete without the comparison that follows of Nausicaa to Artemis, one which it need scarce be said that Virgil has borrowed with effect. But we close our citation with the *sport*, in order to note the well-considered judgment of General Schomberg in so rendering *μολπήs*, which is, in effect, ball play, music, and dancing in one, as also in the eighth book. The prose translators in their text make 'Nausicaa of the white arms begin the song,' but in one of the rare notes of their appendix they are at pains to point out that



this song consisted of a ball-dance as well, which they liken to the choral games of ball, described and illustrated in Mr. Gill's 'Songs and Myths of the South Pacific.'

On the blameless and fearless attitude in which the royal virgin faces the stark mariner, reminding us of Una in the 'Faery Queen,' we must not tarry, nor yet on the shrewd and prudent forefending of scandal with which she provides for Ulysses' independent entrance into the city: room has to be found for the garden of Alcinous:—

'Without the court, and by its gate extends  
An orchard of four acres, girt with walls;  
And lofty blooming trees are growing there;  
The pear, pomegranate, and the apple-tree,  
With goodly fruit; olive and luscious fig.  
On these the fruit ne'er withers, never fails,  
In winter and in summer through the year:  
Aye the soft zephyr sprouts the opening bud,  
And ripens the fruit mature; pear follows pear,  
Apple succeeds to apple, fig to fig,  
One grape cluster another follows fast.  
A plot of teeming vines is planted there,  
Some of its fruit is drying in the sun,  
Some gathered ripe, some trodden in the press.  
On the same stock are found the clusters green,  
The budding flower, just bursting into bloom,  
And fruit just turning to a darker hue.  
And at the vineyard's foot throughout the year  
Trim beds of flowers in brilliant colours glow;  
Of fountains twain, one flows in many rills  
Through all the garden; by another course  
The other 'neath the threshold of the hall  
Into the lofty courtyard throws its jet.'

We had marked for quotation two passages from the visit to the Shades; but those who albeit in a translation have travelled thus far along with the maritime epic, may be trusted to approach for themselves the 'Sirenum voces Cirœaque pocula,'\* nay even the 'discrimen ambiguum' of Scylla and Charybdis presented in the twelfth book, though it were idle to disguise that to the scholar alone and to the original poem, pertains the full truth of the two couplets said to have been inscribed in a copy of the Turnebus Homer in the Cracherode Collection:

\* In the instance of the Sirens' song, as also in two shorter lays of Demodocus in the 8th Book, General Schomberg for the sake of variety has introduced paraphrastic and rhyming stanzas, a variation which will be diversely estimated, though hardly found fault with.

'Read Homer once, and you can read no more,  
 For all books else appear so mean, so poor:  
 Verse will seem prose: but still persist to read,  
 And Homer will be all the Books you need.'

That Homer will be read more than ever for the marvellous battle-pieces and councils of his 'Iliad,' and the tales of the stormy sea and immortal and mortal island-homes of his 'Odyssey,' seems more certain now that, besides the wider spread of 'a little Greek,' one scholar has wrought both epics into a series of Homeric stories,\* and two others have turned the 'Odyssey' into a readable English prose chronicle. Yet we can conceive that not a few even strictly English readers will be ill-content, after a prefatory perusal of one or other of these helps and aids, without enjoying some trustworthy version in a recognized English metre. Whilst it is impossible to deny to Mr. Worsley's Spenserian stanzas the meed of charming versification and adequate scholarship, there is much force in our present translator's observation, that 'it is not possible to give a faithful rendering of so long a poem in verse, with the additional burden of rhyme;' and, if this is conceded, it ought to follow that a blank verse translation, combining accuracy, perspicuity, and general faithfulness, may better claim to satisfy the simple yet sustained style of the great epic bard. This claim General Schomberg makes with remarkable modesty in the brief preface to his first moiety. The interval which must elapse before the appearance of the second half may betray a few trifling oversights or errata, but these, so far as our observation extends, are commendably few, insignificant, and as nothing in comparison with the general excellence of his work. It is not often that the classical field in modern days produces simultaneously such worthy fruit as Lord Carnarvon's 'Agamemnon' and General Schomberg's 'Odyssey.'

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\* Mr. Alfred Church's 'Stories from Homer.' 1878. It would be unfair not to add, as a kindred preparation for the study of Homer, Mr. Lucas Collins' sparkling, suggestive, and meritorious two volumes on Homer's 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' in his 'Series of Ancient Classics for English Readers.' Edinburgh, 1870-1.

ART. IX.—*Papers respecting the affairs of South Africa, presented to Parliament 1876–1879.*

TEN years ago the responsibilities of Great Britain in South Africa were limited to the Cape Colony and to Natal. The Colony was bounded by the Orange River and the Kei, and a fixed resolution had been formed that these two rivers should be the permanent frontier. Natal was a small detached State, divided from the Colony by Independent Caffraria; but, if inconveniently situated, it was unaggressive, harmless, and inexpensive, and was chiefly heard of through the theology of its bishop. Caffre wars were looked upon as things of the past. The administration of the Colony was in the hands of the Imperial Government, and the native policy was prescribed by English opinion. The Independent tribes were well disposed, and were unprovided with firearms. The tribes within the British territories were peaceable, and were learning to be industrious. The two Dutch States beyond the Orange River, which a far-sighted statesmanship had established under flags of their own, that they might serve as a barrier against further extension, and for ever make it impossible for the British Government to come again into collision with the races of the interior of the continent, were growing slowly but surely; and, if still behind the Colony in civilization, they had made progress far beyond what the most sanguine anticipation had looked forward to at the time of their institution. Neither the Orange Free State nor the Transvaal had been well treated by us. It was foreseen, when they were released from their allegiance, that young and rude communities of farmers would have their differences with the native tribes, that quarrels would rise, and probably wars. Their position had been assigned to them, that the expense and invidiousness of these troubles might fall on them rather than on ourselves, and we had promised not to interfere. Our engagement had been ill-kept. The concession of independence was unpopular with the English in the Colony, and was regarded unfavourably by the friends of the aborigines at home. The Orange Free State contained the best grazing ground in South Africa, and speculators at Port Elizabeth and Cape Town thought that the wealth of the country would be developed more rapidly under British authority. The Dutch method of dealing with the coloured people was dreaded as harsh and unfeeling by excellent persons to whom the African native was a peculiar object of care. Among these classes there was a hope that the experiment would prove a failure, and a desire was continually active to show that it was a failure. Reports unfavourable to the Boers were annually  
poured

poured into the Colonial Office, some false, some true but exaggerated. At the worst the violence had been less than was expected at the time when the Boers were set free ; and to insist that in countries too poor to support an organized police, where the farmers had no protection but themselves against the predatory tribes surrounding them, a government could be maintained as orderly or regular as in an old and settled nation, was absurd and unjust. But we had half repented of what we had done, and we refused to make allowances. We had left the Boers to fight for their existence, but we did not like them to come victorious out of their struggles. We had bequeathed as a legacy to the Orange Free State a war of our own with the Basutos. After smouldering for a few years, it broke into a desperate conflict, in which the Orange Free State was almost ruined. The Boers won the day at last, but we refused to leave them the fruits of their success. We broke our word and interposed. We threatened to cut off their supplies of ammunition. We took the Basutos under our protection. The Government of the time was not to blame. It acted under the pressure of opinion at home, which preferred humanity to the faith of treaties. Obligations contracted with a people like the Boers were not considered to be seriously binding.

In spite of adverse conditions, however, the two States made their way and prospered. Towns and churches were built, roads were made, flocks and herds were multiplied, lands were broken up and enclosed and cultivated. Very few countries so thinly provided with inhabitants have made such rapid progress in so short a time as the small Dutch Republics with their capitals at Bloemfontein and Prætoria. They had more than answered the purpose for which they were called into being. The British Government had not only been saved from collision with the natives, but was looked on among them as their protector against the Boers' aggressions. The Republics being cut off from the sea, their trade passed through the ports of the Colony. No drawbacks being allowed, Port Elizabeth and Cape Town profited in their prosperity, and were enriched at their expense. And so satisfied were we with the state of things which then existed, that at the close of the Basuto war the Orange River Treaty was renewed at Aliwal, and the promises, which were made on the discharge of the Boers from their allegiance, were again with some solemnity declared to be binding.

So matters stood in 1869. Ten years have gone by, and where do we stand to-day? The ink was scarcely dry on the Treaty of Aliwal, before it was set aside. An extraordinary diamond-mine was discovered north of the frontier which we  
had



had determined never to pass, and within the territories which were occupied by the Dutch. The temptation was too much for us. We decided that the Boers could not be trusted with the charge of so rare a piece of property. A claim was set up in the name of a native chief, which, on subsequent judicial enquiry on the spot, was declared to have been a sham supported by perjury. The Colonial Office was deceived into adopting it, and we broke our word once more. We committed ourselves to an act of palpable injustice and rapacity. We took possession of the Diamond Fields, and the adjoining territory, by force; we trenched in doing so on the frontier of each of the Republics, and we had a quarrel on our hands with both of them. We fell into relations again with the interior tribes, whom we armed with an affectation of protecting them, and from that unhappy moment South Africa has been a scene of perpetual strife and confusion. The natives have been universally disturbed, war has followed war, and annexation annexation. The limitations so carefully laid down have been abandoned and cast to the winds. The area of the Cape Colony has been nearly doubled. Independent Caffreland has been swallowed up on the east. To the west an enormous extent of unsurveyed territory has been appropriated in mere wantonness. The coast line has been extended 500 miles, from the mouth of the Orange River to Walfisch Bay. This has been done by the Cape Parliament—the Colonial Office having merely given its sanction. On the other hand, the Imperial Government has annexed the Transvaal Republic. The Dutch are infuriated everywhere, within the Colony where they form the majority of the population, as much as within the borders of the Republics themselves. We have been at war with the Griquas, in whose name we took the Diamond Fields. We have been at war with half the other native tribes which touch the Transvaal borders. We are now engaged in the most serious conflict which we have yet encountered in South Africa. The expense, the danger, the responsibility of providing for the safety of the northern border is thrown exclusively upon the Home Government; while to complete the picture, at the moment while we were creating such a sea of troubles for ourselves, we thrust self-government upon the Cape Colony, and thus at once abandoned all claim on its resources, and all pretensions to interfere with its actions. The Colonial Government receives three-fourths of the collective Customs duties of the Dutch and British settlements. The Imperial Government has upon it the sole cost of the frontier. The Colonial Government has a native policy of its own. It resulted in the Caffre war of last year, which the Imperial troops had to end.

end. The authorities at Cape Town and the British authorities at the Diamond Fields set themselves alike with deliberate earnestness to supply the natives everywhere with arms. Trade in gun-barrels brought a handsome addition to the Colonial Revenue, and the restrictive laws were suspended or evaded. During the four years that the first responsible Ministry held office at Cape Town several hundred thousand guns and rifles paid duty at the colonial ports on their way to the Caffre kraals, besides what have gone elsewhere. The merchants at Port Elizabeth are accused, we hope unjustly, of having assisted in arming Cetewayo. The money went into the Colonial Treasury. The possession of the means of fighting encouraged Caffre and Zulu to strike another blow for independence. The Colony can pay but part of the cost even of its own local defence; it will not contribute a shilling to the expenses in Natal and the Transvaal; and the British Government and the British people have to furnish men and money to shoot down and render harmless the miserable people whose special defenders we had liked to consider ourselves.

All this has been the work of ten years. How has it come about? Who is responsible for it? What have we been doing? What objects have we, or the colonial authorities been aiming at, that a country so lately thriving and peaceable has been brought into such an extraordinary state of confusion? We do not ask, that we may find a scapegoat on whom to lay the blame. But we must learn where the error has been, if we are to avoid fresh blunders in trying to extricate ourselves.

The British public have a short memory. Two or three years are the utmost for which they can carry their attention back to the affairs of a colony. The present aspect of affairs they attribute to Sir Bartle Frere's too hasty declaration of war against the Zulus. They connect the Zulu question with the annexation of the Transvaal, and find fault with Lord Carnarvon and Sir Theophilus Shepstone. We do not defend Sir Bartle Frere. Still less do we condemn him. It is as ungracious as it is easy for persons sitting quietly at home, and without the responsibility for action on them, to throw censures on public servants who are in the midst of danger and difficulty. Communities where a ruling and a subject population are living face to face in unequal numbers become liable to periodic fits of panic, which are as contagious as the plague. A passionate consciousness of some immediate and appalling peril obscures the wisest judgment, and the only hope of escape seems to lie in energetically grappling with it. We should remind ourselves, too, that while we see the evil consequences

sequences which have grown out of what was actually done, we do not see what would have happened if it had not been done; and it is at least possible that, instead of the disaster at Isandula, we might have had to regret a massacre in Natal. Mutual fear and suspicion had brought about a condition of things certain to result in a collision before many weeks or months. We should further recollect that Sir Bartle Frere had always been the friend and protector of the African native races; and we refuse to believe that he would have commenced an aggressive war, except under the paramount necessity of defending the Colony against a pressing and immediate danger.

The changed relations with the Zulus may have arisen, and we believe did arise, from the annexation of the Transvaal; and that, too, was perhaps unnecessary. It was adopted by Lord Carnarvon as an expedient, and, as it appeared two years ago, the only expedient, to prevent a desperate war between the Dutch and the native races on their frontier. If the Dutch had been overpowered, European authority would have been shaken throughout South Africa, and if they had come out of the struggle victorious, their success would certainly have led to interference on our part, and interference too late to be of use. Lord Carnarvon could not have been ignorant that, in taking a step so certain to exasperate the Dutch population, both in the Republic and in every part of South Africa, he was imperilling, and perhaps destroying, the prospects of the Confederation which he was so anxious for. He would never have sacrificed so cherished a policy, unless it had seemed to him that there was no other escape from greater evils. And although we believe it would have been wiser if he had held his hand, the arguments on either side were evenly balanced, and if Lord Carnarvon erred, it was because the British Government itself, by a previous policy for which Lord Carnarvon was not responsible, had brought the Republic to the edge of ruin.

The annexation of the Transvaal, the Zulu war, and the indefinite consequences which may hereafter follow out of them, were the results of causes which were already in violent operation when Lord Carnarvon became Colonial Secretary. The dragons' teeth had been sown by his predecessors. Lord Carnarvon, Sir Michael Beach, and Sir Bartle Frere, have had to reap the harvest; and the quality of the crop which falls in August to the sickle no less surely depends on the seed which has been placed in the ground in the preceding winter, than is the jungle of difficulties, which now surround us in South Africa, the result of measures adopted and insisted on by Mr. Gladstone's

stone's Cabinet nine years ago. The Colonial Office was then under the direction first of Lord Granville and afterwards of Lord Kimberley. Though Lord Blachford was only permanent Under-Secretary, and was therefore not directly responsible for the policy which was pursued, he was so notoriously connected with that policy that we must add his name to theirs. He has put himself prominently forward as the accuser of Sir Bartle Frere, and may therefore be fitly reminded of his own share in creating the present embarrassments.

Lord Granville's principle was to give the larger colonies the constitutional management of their own affairs, and to throw on them the obligations of their own defence. So long as the colonies could rely on the support of Imperial troops maintained by the mother-country, they would neither exert themselves to provide an effective police, nor even to keep the peace with their neighbours. They would not or could not pay for the cost of their garrisons, and the burthens on the Imperial Exchequer became intolerable. The British troops were withdrawn from Australia, New Zealand, and Canada. They were not, and could not be, entirely withdrawn from the Cape. But Lord Granville looked forward to a not distant time when their duties might be confined to the protection of the Naval Station at Simon's Bay; and a constitution was forced on the Cape Colony, by which we resigned completely all further control over the conduct of its internal affairs. The only stipulation was, that there were to be no political disqualifications of colour, and that white men and black were to vote on equal terms.

We do not quarrel with the principle. We have nothing to say against the self-government of colonies, in which the whole or a majority of the population are of European origin, and where equality is a reality as well as a word. Modern theories of government insist on the combination of taxation with representation, and since, for various reasons, our distant dependencies cannot be represented in the Imperial Parliament, it is convenient, and perhaps inevitable, that they should govern themselves with Parliaments of their own. With the administration follow the responsibilities attaching to it. The Imperial Government, in relinquishing the right to interfere, is relieved from contributing further to their defence either in men or money. Under this system the Canadians and the Australians are contented and progressive. They retain their privileges as British citizens; they collect and spend their own revenues; they vote their own laws, and direct their internal policy. Even from New Zealand, where the outcry was at first the loudest, no complaints are any longer heard. The Maories, once so powerful



powerful and dangerous, are now outnumbered by the white settlers, and are rapidly diminishing. The whites have nothing to fear from them, and the two races live side by side in peace.

But the experiment can only answer where the superiority of the white population is uncontested. No one would think of establishing self-government with a popular franchise in India. It was tried to a large extent, and it failed, in Jamaica. In such countries the coloured vote becomes too dangerous if it is more than a form, while experience has shown in a hundred instances that a white minority, keenly alive to their own interests, cannot be trusted to govern equitably a majority whom they at once fear and despise. Under these conditions constitutional liberty is only tyranny in disguise, and of all systems which could be tried is the most certain to break down.

These considerations did not weigh with Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet. Lord Blachford and his friends perhaps did not care to think about them. At the time when it was proposed to inflict Constitutional Government on the Cape Colony, the coloured inhabitants were already twice as many as the Europeans, and were increasing far more rapidly. Within the Kei and the Orange Rivers there were half a million blacks, and only two hundred and fifty thousand whites. Nor was this the whole of the disproportion. The Basutos, a powerful and hitherto independent tribe beyond the frontier, had been lately taken under the protection of the British Government, and were attached to the Colony as a subject-territory, unrepresented and without the franchise. The annexation of the Gaikas, the Galekas, and our other enemies in the old Caffre wars, was regarded merely as a question of time. As soon as these tribes had been taken in, the proportion of blacks to whites would be four to one. Had the native vote been likely to become a reality under such conditions, it would have made government impossible. The alternative which would practically exist must be the supremacy of an oligarchy, like that which misgoverned Ireland in the last century.

Even this was not all. The white population itself was sharply divided. The old Dutch colonists still outnumbered the English settlers. They had never been reconciled to the loss of a country, of which they considered that they had been unjustly deprived. They had not assimilated with the English. They resented our presence: they disliked our principles. They had their own theories of native management, and they hated our interference with them. Hitherto they had been sullen and sluggish, but they could command, if they pleased, a majority in the Parliament. As soon as the power was in their hands it  
might

might be held certain that, earlier or later, they would revert to their old methods; and the convenience of those methods would tempt the English to go along with them. A superior race in limited numbers can only govern a subject people successfully by keeping the power in their own hands, by vagrant laws and apprentice laws, by attaching conditions to the tenure of landed property, and by a practical system of coercion. They will not tax themselves to support a military force. They will leave the farmers to keep the peace as they can with their whips and rifles. If they are compelled by external pressure to let the natives alone, they are jealous and discontented, and, like the planters in Jamaica, break out into periodic fits of panic and passion.

Lord Granville and Lord Kimberley knew nothing of the real condition of the Colony. They were ignorant of the feeling, perhaps of the existence, of the old Dutch population, which they may have supposed to have emigrated to the Free States. They were ignorant of the number of the natives, ignorant of everything which they ought to have known. It was not for want of information. Sir Philip Wodehouse, who was then Governor, warned them of what they were doing. The old servants of the Crown in the Colony unanimously protested. Lord Grey, whose colonial experience was greater than that of any English statesman, declared that South Africa was totally unfitted for self-government. At the Cape the desire for it was confined to a small knot of ambitious politicians. The opposition in the Council could only be overcome by the authority of the Colonial Office and the personal influence of Sir Philip Wodehouse's successor. But Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet was infatuated. Lord Granville was determined to shake off responsibility. He was eager to withdraw the troops. The opening of the Suez Canal was supposed for a moment to have diminished the importance of the Cape Naval Station, and he carried his measure through. He passed over the administration to a Colonial Ministry, answerable only to the Colonial Parliament. He surrendered the control of the native policy. He sacrificed the resources of the only part of South Africa which yields a tolerable revenue. And yet the very responsibility which he wished to escape remained as heavy as before. It was discovered that, after all, the military and naval station could not be parted with, and that ships and troops must still be kept at Cape Town. Two-thirds of our Eastern commerce still passed in sailing-vessels round the Cape. Should we be entangled in a war with any first-rate Power, so commanding a position would inevitably be snatched at, and the risk could not be ventured.

tured. The astute Colonial Ministers were perfectly aware that, in the event of a serious war with the natives, the Imperial Government would be compelled to take part in it so long as a single regiment remained in South Africa. They refused to take the slightest precautions; and the only practical effect of the change has been to tie our own hands, while our obligations are just where they were.

Responsible government has now been in operation for six years in the Cape Colony. We shall speak of the action of it only in connection with our present troubles. No one of our self-governing colonies has shown less willingness to meet the wishes of the mother-country, or more jealousy of Imperial advice. Our ships of war have been harassed with vexatious regulations. The one harbour where our vessels can refit is no longer our own for Imperial purposes. These, however, are minor inconveniences; and where we set up a new form of government by our own act, we must not quarrel with the more unimportant consequences. But the Cape Government has succeeded during its short rule in bringing on another Caffre war—of which we had hoped never to hear again—a war as costly in money, if not in life, as the wars of a quarter of a century ago. The battle, as might have been expected, had to be fought by British regiments; the cause was the negligence of the Cape Ministers. The Border was left defenceless, as if to encourage the Caffres to rise; while the Ministry had furnished them with arms as extensively and completely as if they had set themselves with deliberate intention to do so. Under the British administration, the supply of arms to the natives had been placed under regulations severely prohibitory. The restrictions were allowed to fall into abeyance. For every gun-barrel imported, a pound was paid into Cape Custom-houses. The native demand was insatiable, the merchants kept pace with it, and the Ministers were happy in an increase of revenue. The merchants made enormous profits. Three-quarters of a million, or something like it (we are not certain of the exact figure), have been paid into the Colonial Treasury on gun-barrels and powder since the Colonial Ministry have had charge. British soldiers have had to meet the Caffres thus provided, and again subdue them, fighting for a policy on which we have no influence; and the effect has been to add fifteen thousand square miles of territory to the Colony, and to hand over to the Ministry another half a million of natives to misgovern.

Had the Cape Colony been the only British possession in South Africa, we might have left the colonists, at least for a time, to extricate themselves from their difficulties, and to learn,  
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like other people, to avoid mistakes by suffering for them. Opinion in England is so sensitive where the interests of the native African races are in danger, that it is doubtful whether under any circumstances a war with them could be carried on long without a cry for interference. Acts would be inevitably done by a border colonial force, which the English public would never hear of without insisting upon interposition ; and this alone, if the other objections were insufficient, should have taught Lord Granville or Lord Kimberley to pause before taking a step which it is difficult to recal. It is a misfortune of Party government that statesmen, knowing their term of office to be short, desire to distinguish it by acts definitely accomplished, and cannot afford to wait. Still it is possible that had there been nothing to be thought of but the Cape Colony, we might have looked on for a time while the colonists fought their own battle. But South Africa was by this time fermenting to its farthest border. While he was setting up self-government in Cape Town, Lord Kimberley, by another and yet more unfortunate piece of activity, had saddled us with a fresh Crown Colony beyond the Orange River, which we had determined never again to cross. He had exasperated the Dutch population of the Colony afresh against the Imperial Government. He had gone into a quarrel with the two Independent States. He had plunged once more into complicated relations with the native tribes beyond the Vaal. He seized the Diamond Fields. He broke the Orange River Treaty, which had been renewed but a year before—

*'Hoc fonte derivata clades  
In patriam populumque fluxit.'*

Hence have come new alliances, new entanglements, new conflicts, ending in the annexation of the Transvaal, the Zulu war, and mountains of fresh responsibility.

The adoption of the Orange River frontier in 1854 was not a hasty act of impatience ; it was the expression of a deliberate resolution to advance no further into the continent : and, irrespective of right and wrong, and of the promises by which the British Government were bound, it ought not to have been set aside till the question had been seriously considered by Parliament. We had nothing to gain for ourselves by again advancing ; the diamond mines would have brought as much or as little profit to us, whether they were under the Dutch flag or the English. To the Cape Colony it was equally a matter of indifference ; and if the Free States were benefited by the discovery, the possession of so unexpected a windfall would have enabled them the better to hold their own ground and fulfil the



the purpose for which they had been made independent. But the richest diamond mine in the world was a temptation too strong to be resisted. We took possession in the name of a native chief, who was pushed out of the way as soon as he could be dispensed with. A new province was carved out of the territories of the two Republics, whose weakness alone prevented them from going to war with us, and this precious possession was intended as a gift to the Cape Colony on the establishment of responsible government there.

The Colony did not appreciate our exertions. When the annexation of the Diamond Fields was first proposed, the Cape Parliament looked askance at it, hesitating to accept, and unwilling to refuse. Some of the merchants conceived that the mines would be developed more rapidly under the British flag; others doubted whether the Free State authorities would be able to keep the peace there. The Dutch farmers in the Western Province, who seldom read newspapers, hardly knew that a mine had been discovered, and had expressed no feeling on the subject. It was thought that perhaps they might be indifferent; and the Cape Legislature passed a cautious resolution by a narrow majority, sanctioning the seizure of the territory, if the British Government chose to take it, but evading direct responsibility. Impatient as we were, the consent satisfied us. We laid hands on the mine. The Dutch, throughout the Colony, replied with a passionate burst of anger. When the subject came on again, responsible government had begun, with a Colonial Ministry in office, supported by the Dutch majority; and the British Government was informed that the Colony declined their present and would have nothing to do with it.

Thus the Colonial Office was left with a new territory upon its hands far away in the interior, of which it had become possessed by fraud and force, from which it could derive no possible benefit, and the occupation of which had provoked the violent resentment of two-thirds of the white population of South Africa. The most elaborate ingenuity could not have invented a position for us more preposterous in itself or more certain to lead to future complications.

The first and the least serious consequence was the unfriendly attitude of the Cape Parliament and Ministry, which appeared so unaccountable to those who did not understand the causes of it. The Ministry reflected the feeling of their Dutch supporters, and the hope of the Dutch was that responsible government was a step towards independence, when South Africa would be rid of us altogether. The Diamond Fields attracted a Bohemian population from all parts of the world, restless adventurers  
who

who hoped to make their fortunes by any means but industry. The colonial police were forbidden to assist in keeping order, and Downing Street expected that at least the administration should be no charge to the English Treasury, and that the government should be carried on there without the assistance of British troops. The Governor appointed was Mr. Southey, who had been for some years Colonial Secretary at Cape Town. Mr. Southey was a man of remarkable courage, a strong upholder of English influence in South Africa as opposed to the Dutch, and, like most Cape politicians, holding tenaciously to the views on which he had acted through a long and busy life. He desired to see British power and British authority paramount up to the Zambesi river, and as far beyond it as we could be induced to go. The Cape Ministry was cold to him from behind; on either side of him were the Dutch States, declining to communicate with him as having any lawful authority, and recognizing his position in territory which they still claimed as theirs—only under protest. He faced his difficulties courageously. As he could find no friend among the Dutch, he looked for friends among the natives. He is not to be blamed for it. He could do nothing else. Mr. Southey's view of British interests in that country is totally opposite to our own. We have enough work on our hands, without adding to our burthens a great South African empire; and, instead of extending our responsibilities there, we believe that we ought rather to contract them. These considerations, however, were matters rather for the Government at home, who placed Mr. Southey where he was. His duty was to carry on the government of the Diamond Fields in the best way that he could, and he took the readiest means which offered.

Mr. Southey saw plainly that, having annexed a new province beyond the Orange River, we could not stop where we were. No frontier could be laid down with either of the Free States, for both regarded us as violent intruders. Dutch and English jurisdiction came in conflict all round the borders. Farmers did not know to what authority they owed allegiance, or on what tenure they held their lands. In the Diamond Fields there was one set of laws, in the Free States another. Thus the four years which followed the occupation were marked by arbitrations demanded or evaded, awards repudiated, quarrels, reproaches, and now and then violent collisions. Ultimatums were sent from time to time to the Free State Governments, which were either defied, or submitted to under sullen remonstrance. The Dutch of South Africa are the same stubborn people as their ancestors who drove the Spaniards out of Holland. Where they

they believe that they are in the right, neither threats nor temptations will ever bring them to acknowledge that they are wrong. The natural sequel, therefore, if Mr. Southey was supported from home, could only be the forcible reimposition of British authority over the two Republics.

Towards this end Mr. Southey steadily worked. He did not ask for troops from home. He did not look for help from the diggers who had come to the mines to make their fortunes. Many of the diggers would have preferred to be under the Free State Government; and none were disposed to quarrel with it. His ideas were more ambitious and more dangerous. Native labour was in demand at the Fields. Individual Caffres could only be obtained for service there with the consent of the heads of their tribes. The tribes everywhere were eager for arms and powder; and on these conditions the bargain was struck. Communications were opened with the chiefs all round the Transvaal and within its nominal borders, from Mankoroane and the Batlapins on the west, to Sechele and Sekokuni on the north and north-east, and thence onwards to Cetewayo and the Zulus. They were invited to send contingents of workmen to the mines, on condition that the trade in arms should be freely open at the Fields. Tens of thousands of Caffres came to the mines, to return, after a few months' labour, with their rifles on their shoulders and their powder-bags at their sides, fresh relays of them succeeding one upon another. Friendly intelligence followed. Mr. Southey, with perfect sincerity, represented the British as the natural protectors of the natives against Dutch encroachment. Every one of these chiefs had their points of difference with the Government of the Republic at Prætoria. Some of them the Dutch claimed as subjects, while they themselves professed to be independent. With others, as with Cetewayo, there was a disputed frontier. British favour, exhibited practically in the form of guns and ammunition, encouraged them to defy the Dutch authority. Mr. Southey's ambition was to induce them all to declare themselves British subjects. Every question could then be ruled in their favour; an attack on any one of them would be an attack on the British flag; and the Transvaal, encompassed with a ring of armed natives, would break down and surrender at discretion.

This was all very well, but it was the very thing which the Orange River Settlement was intended to provide against. We had meant to wash our hands of further connection with the natives of the interior; we were now taking them under our direct protection. Yet Mr. Southey received no cautions from the High Commissioner or from the Colonial Office. He reported duly,

duly, that he was supporting this or that native chief against his grasping neighbours. He was led to believe that his conduct was approved. The arms were supplied openly: not a word of objection was heard. The Orange Free State protested. When natives passing with guns from the Diamond Fields crossed its territory, the Free State police took the guns away. The Free State Government was not only strictly within its right in doing so, but was discharging a public service. If King Moroko at Thaba Anchu had been able to supply his people with rifles from the Fields, the Orange Free State would have been in the same confusion as the rest of South Africa, instead of being, as it is, the only country undisturbed. But complaints were forwarded to the High Commissioner of violence done to innocent men by the ever-aggressive Boers. The case was represented at home as a fresh instance of Dutch barbarity, and fresh threats were addressed to the President. To uphold the natives, right or wrong, against the Boers, was the accepted policy diligently acted on by the British authorities on the spot, and steadily sustained in Downing Street. A little more, and war must have followed, a war which to all appearance would have been a war of the native tribes against the Dutch, carried on in the Queen's name, and which, if this had been the form which it assumed, would have indisputably led to a convulsion in the Cape Colony.

Lord Kimberley was in office while this sowing of dragons' teeth was going on. We do not know whether he was fully aware of its meaning, or had considered to what it was to lead. If he flattered himself that by such methods of indirect coercion the Republics could be forced to surrender their independence, and come back under the British flag as members of a South African Confederation, he was totally ignorant of the Dutch character. A catastrophe of some kind was evidently near, when two slight spurts of fire burst out, to show the materials with which Mr. Southey was playing. The blacks at the Diamond Fields outnumbered the whites by five to one. They stole nearly a third of the diamonds which they found in the pit. They had their guns and rifles, and the police force was a mere name: in fact, we believe the force itself was partly composed of blacks. The diggers became uneasy. They remonstrated against the sale of arms. When their remonstrances were not attended to, they formed into an association for self-protection, and at last broke into open rebellion. This was one unpleasant incident; the other was more serious. Three hundred miles off the so-called Langalibalele rebellion broke out at Natal. Langalibalele's 'young men' had gone to work at the Fields for the usual reward. They brought their guns and powder home, and the British Government in



Natal, though it had no objection to the arming of Sechele and Sekokuni, did not like the application of the same principle within their own borders. Langelibalele was required to send in the guns to Maritzberg. He did not immediately obey. His 'young men,' he said, had come by them honestly, had worked for them, and had bought them openly under the sanction of a British Governor in another province. The Natal Government, scenting mischief, declared war on the tribe, carried fire and sword through it, and, in a fit of panic precisely of the same kind as that which has now led to the attack upon Cetewayo, perpetrated atrocities in the name of the Queen more infamous than the very worst which have ever been so much as alleged against the abused and calumniated Dutch.

So matters stood when the late Government went out of office and Lord Carnarvon became Colonial Secretary. He saw at once that mischief was at work, though it was impossible for him at once to apprehend the nature of it. The Langelibalele affair called for investigation. A tribe of 15,000 people could not be 'eaten up' without notice being taken of it. At the Diamond Fields he found himself called on to sanction a policy which had driven the diggers into mutiny, and which had brought the Imperial Government to the edge of war with the Republics. To continue such a policy was to reverse what, until the annexation of the Fields, had been the traditionary principle of South African Government. The rights or wrongs, in each particular controversy between the natives and the Dutch, it was obviously impossible for a Colonial Minister in England to understand. He would have to decide, if he decided at all, on the evidence of interested parties; and the Imperial Government had declared, in the Orange River Treaty and in the Sand River Convention, that it would be no judge of such matters. Lord Carnarvon did not violently repudiate the action of his predecessor. With the general approbation of this country, he reversed the decision of the Colonial Government in the Langelibalele affair, and required reparation to be made to the injured tribe. The settlement of the frontier between the Diamond Fields and the Republics could no longer be postponed. Lord Carnarvon took up what we believe to have been the idea of Lord Kimberley, and endeavoured to solve the complication which had arisen out of the intrusion of British authority beyond the Orange River, by uniting all the South African States in a single Dominion, like the Canadian. The attempt failed, and has been called premature. We believe it to be more than premature: we believe it incapable of realization at all, unless by force, in the lifetime of the present generation

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of Dutchmen. But the situation would not wait. The existing relations with the Free States could not continue. They would not retire from their protest. The alternative was either to coerce them or to come to terms with them, and confederation seemed the only way in which we could make up the quarrel without an acknowledgment that we had done wrong. Any way the Cape Ministry refused their co-operation. Secure within their own lines, with the trade and Customs duties and the whole material resources of South Africa safe in their hands, they were well pleased to see the Imperial Government saddled with the difficulties of the frontier; and they declined to take a share in the burthen. They said too, that it was too soon to talk of confederation. The proper time would arrive, according to them, when the Imperial Government had been exasperated by its embarrassments into forcing back the Free States under the British flag. The Cape Ministers would then step in and say to their Free States' brethren, We cannot restore your independence; but we will take you in under our constitution, when you will be safer from British tyranny than when you were under a flag of your own. It is hardly necessary to say, that a confederation so formed would have been ruled by a Dutch majority in a state of fixed and irreconcilable resentment against this country, and on such terms South Africa would not have been worth our possessing. Lord Carnarvon would not gratify these wishes of the Cape Ministry. Confederation not being acceptable, he set himself to compose the quarrel with the Free States amicably. He recognized that they had been unfairly dealt with, and approached them in a friendly spirit. The Dutch in the Colony, as soon as they recovered from their astonishment and were really satisfied that a British Minister meant well towards them, met his advances frankly and warmly. The Cape Ministers were forced by their Dutch supporters to lend a certain degree of help. The President of the Orange Free State came to England; and all disputes, so far as he was concerned, were satisfactorily arranged. Mr. Huggessen, who was Under-Secretary for the Colonies when the Diamond Fields were seized, stated that this was the part of Lord Carnarvon's policy which he most disapproved. It is the single bright spot in the political relations of Great Britain with the South African Dutch, to which we can point since the Cape belonged to us.

The difficulty with the Transvaal was unfortunately harder of solution. Mr. Southey had done his work too well in rousing and arming the native tribes. In the Orange Free State the native population is small and well disposed. In the Transvaal and round it the natives amount to more than a million, and

through the whole of them a spirit of hostility and insubordination had been deliberately stimulated. When the Transvaal Republic was created, no boundaries were laid down. The boundaries were such as the Republic itself could maintain, and the Sand River Convention left the Boers and the tribes to settle the question among themselves. But the Convention had been thrown aside. The tribes were armed to the teeth, and had been brought to believe that, let them claim what they would, they would find an ally in the British Government. The Orange Free State had no dispute except with us. The Boers of the Transvaal had a hundred. They were threatened with rebellion within, and with invasion from without. If they attempted to form native alliances for themselves, they were browbeaten and menaced by the High Commissioner. To say that under these conditions the President and his subjects were passionate and ill-judged, is to say that they were much what we should have been ourselves had our positions been reversed. Our conduct towards the people of the Transvaal had been ungenerous, unjust, and, worse than either, stupidly impolitic: yet President Burgers would have been more prudent if he had met Lord Carnarvon's advances in a warmer spirit, and had recognized, as the Dutch in the Colony did, that there was at last a Colonial Minister in England who was kindly disposed to them. If President Burgers would have frankly acted with Lord Carnarvon, the worst which has happened since might have been avoided. But Mr. Burgers did not do this. He came to Europe; he entered into relations with Holland and Portugal. He projected a railway to Delagoa Bay, that he might establish a foreign trade of his own, and have his own foreign alliances. He talked wildly and rashly of South African Washingtons, and of the deliverance of the whole country from a foreign yoke. He put on a bold front to Cetewayo. He attempted to punish Sekokuni, who had defied him. Following the example which we ourselves had unfortunately set, he made an alliance with the Amaswazi, a powerful tribe who were at feud with the Zulus, and he proposed to use their services. Whether Mr. Burgers was acting legally in all this, is in itself uncertain: but whether legal or not, his conduct was unquestionably most imprudent. The hostility to the Dutch, which had so long characterized the attitude of the British Government, naturally revived. Cetewayo's claims were supported by the Natal Government. Sekokuni's independence was recognized in a manifesto of the High Commissioner. The Dutch of the Colony showed an inclination to go to the help of their Transvaal kindred. They were warned under their Foreign Enlistment

ment Act to sit still. The warning was simply idle ; for if they had persevered they could not have been prevented from going. Not a colonial policeman would have been allowed to lend his services to the High Commissioner to stop colonial volunteers on their way to the frontier, and the only effect was to aggravate the ill-feeling. Lord Carnarvon felt himself obliged to address Mr. Burgers in terms of severity and almost command. This too, we think, was unfortunate. If Mr. Burgers was rash, it ought to have been remembered that his difficulties had risen out of the action of the Diamond Fields Government. He was surrounded by nests of infuriated wasps, who had been deliberately armed against him, and friendly help at such a time would have been more to the purpose than menace. It may be that we could not have helped him. The state of English opinion would probably have forbidden any active assistance to the abused Boers, except on the condition of their becoming British subjects. But at least we might have left them alone and looked on. To suppose that the natives would draw any real distinction between the Dutch and the British, and that, when the Dutch were overthrown, men like Sekokuni and Cetewayo would become faithful allies of England, was a mere dream. It cannot be too often repeated, that the Transvaal settlers were made independent, with the knowledge that they would have to fight for their existence. It was not for us to treat them as criminals because they had the courage to assert themselves.

Mr. Burgers refused to be frightened. He went his own way. He made an expedition against Sekokuni, and was defeated. Cetewayo would have taken the opportunity to attack him. To have allowed Cetewayo to invade the Transvaal would have led to an explosion in the Colony, and we forbade him. Volunteers went from the Diamond Fields to help Mr. Burgers. They gained some advantages, and a peace was made with Sekokuni on tolerable terms. But the Republic was exhausted. The treasury was empty, and the State was bankrupt. The Zulus were with difficulty restrained from breaking in. Within the Transvaal, and all round it, were swarms of natives eager to make an end of the Boers, and professing the most loyal anxiety to be brought under the British flag. Under these circumstances Lord Carnarvon had to decide what he would do. A war of race, of the most desperate kind, appeared to be imminent. The confusion and bloodshed which would ensue would be dangerous to the peace of all South Africa. The policy of past years, the prolonged hostility of the High Commissioner against the Boers, the prejudice against them in Downing Street and in  
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English society, pointed all to one conclusion. The Chambers of Commerce at Port Elizabeth and Cape Town were anxious about the capital which they had sunk in speculations in the Transvaal. Under the British flag their loans would be better secured, their farms would rise in value. Two waggon-loads of goods would be wanted where one before was sufficient. Influential colonial opinion seemed unanimous for annexation; and the Cape politicians were delighted to see a chance of the Imperial Government again committing itself to the charge of the interior frontier, of which they had relieved it when they had been forced into accepting the responsibility for the Diamond Fields. From all sides Lord Carnarvon was entreated not to hesitate. Humanity itself appeared to compel interference. Sir Theophilus Shepstone was sent up to Pretoria. British authority was proclaimed, and the Transvaal Republic became a Crown Colony.

The balance of argument seemed undoubtedly in favour of Lord Carnarvon's action, and we ought not to allow ourselves to condemn it because the consequences have been disastrous. A disaster of some kind was inevitable. Either the Boers, supported by their friends in the Colony, would have got the better of the natives—in which case there would have been a clamour at home among the friends of the aborigines, and we should have had to interpose, at the cost of embittering our relations with the whole body of the Dutch colonists for half a century at least,—or the natives would have beaten the Boers, and a European South African State would have been in danger of being obliterated. Nor could the Colonial Office feel easy about its own share in creating the situation. The native tribes, which had become so threatening, had been armed in a British possession, and had been encouraged by British policy. Armed men will still spring out of the furrows where the dragons' teeth have been sown, but it is less easy in these days to look on, like the Theban king, while they destroy each other.

Yet when, two years ago, the annexation of the Transvaal was in contemplation, we expressed our hope \* that Lord Carnarvon would hold his hand, at least for a time. The danger was not actually pressing. The war would have broken out again, but for the moment there was peace. The Boers did not want us among them. They were still willing to defend themselves, and, if they were allowed fair play, the chances were in their favour. The country is open. The natives beyond the shelter of bush or mountain have never been able to face the Boers'

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' January, 1877.

rifles. Had they been hard pressed, volunteers in abundance would have gone to their help from the Colony and the Orange Free State, perhaps even from Holland itself. Had the natives proved too strong for them, even when thus reinforced, the Dutch inhabitants would then have asked for help from us, and we could have made our own conditions. We could have insisted, above all, on the consent of the Cape Parliament to the annexation; the Cape Colony would then have shared the responsibility; and we should have earned the gratitude, where now we have stirred the resentment, of the Dutch population throughout the country, without whose co-operation it is totally impossible that the Colony can long continue, with its present constitution, in connection with the British Crown.

By acting precipitately we have enabled the Boers to say that they neither needed our assistance nor desired it. They cling to their independence as stubbornly as their ancestors. We could have won them back with kindness. The annexation, as they look upon it, is only the last act of injustice, after seventy years of wrong. No constitutional liberties which we can offer will reconcile them to our flag. They will pay no taxes to us unless they are forced. They will not act with us in the field. In this sudden danger which threatens Natal, they refuse to lift a finger. Any one who understands their character, could have foretold with certainty that they would refuse. If we choose to rule over them it must be despotically, and over unwilling subjects. In the Colony the effect has been no less mischievous. The kinder feeling which followed the settlement of the Diamond Field dispute has again disappeared. The farmers of Stellenbosch and the Paarl brood over their new injury, and will never again be seduced into believing that they may look for justice from a British Government. The chance of a voluntary confederation we believe to be entirely gone. When the Cape Colony had consented to charge itself with the Diamond Fields, the chief difficulty was removed. The Imperial Government was relieved of its embarrassments beyond the Orange River, and the Cape Ministry had no longer an equal object in holding off. By taking the Transvaal on our own responsibility we again entered into the very same position from which we had so hardly extricated ourselves; and now once more the Cape Colony can sit quiet behind its own defences, while the cost and danger of the interior frontier remains fastened on the back of Great Britain.

Nor have any of those compensations been realized, which Lord Carnarvon was taught to expect. War has not been avoided, but it has fallen on us instead of the Boers. The natives

natives have shown no gratitude. They had cause for none. We did not defend their claim against the Dutch because we thought they had right on their side, but because we wished to use them to coerce and crush the Republic. As soon as the Transvaal became ours, the lights and shadows changed places. With Mr. Burgers's authority we adopted Mr. Burgers's frontiers. In Mr. Burgers's time Sekokuni was regarded by the High Commissioner at Cape Town as an independent chief. When the British flag was hoisted he was told that he was a subject. With ludicrous unconsciousness of the absurdity, we went to war with him in turn to force him into submission. We failed more completely than the Dutch had failed, and at this moment Sekokuni defies us. With every one of the wretched tribes whom Mr. Southey patronized in the neighbourhood of the Diamond Fields—Batlapins and Barolongs, Griquas and Korannas—we have since been at war; and Colonel Lanyon and his men have smarted from the rifles with which Mr. Southey so liberally provided them. They were meant for the Dutch: with the shift of scene they turned upon ourselves. So with Cetewayo. As long as the Dutch State stood, we were able to balance the one power against the other; and it was Cetewayo's interest to be on friendly terms with us; with the Dutch and English united against him, he knew that he would be crushed; and, the Dutch being his worst enemies, he allowed himself to be guided from Natal. But no sooner were the Dutch gone than the relations changed. We had left him unmolested to maintain his army, while there was a chance that it might be needed against Mr. Burgers. As soon as we were Cetewayo's only neighbours, we discovered that his army was a menace to us. We changed sides upon the frontier question, and found wrong where before we had found right. Cetewayo no doubt, seeing us shifting our front so rapidly and seizing territory so unscrupulously, considered that if he was to preserve his independence, his army was more necessary to him than ever. We took a different view of it. We insisted that it must be meant for aggression. We demanded that it should be dismissed, and the Zulu administration be brought under British control. We could not have expected, we could not have desired, that Cetewayo would comply; and when he refused, we made war upon him.

The war has come as the direct consequence of setting aside the Orange River Treaty, and disguising an act of mere rapacity under a dishonest plea of protecting the native tribes against the Dutch. Out of the seizure of the Diamond Fields all the rest has grown; and, as that exploit was as foolish as it was

was wrong, retaliation has followed on it with a distinctness which does not always attend more sagaciously calculated acts of injustice. The one consolation is that both the political parties in the State have blundered alike, and that neither can fairly reproach the other. They may now fitly combine their strength and their intelligence to repair the mischief which they have made. The work will not be easy.

We will suppose this miserable war over—the Zulu army destroyed, Cetewayo killed or a fugitive, Sekokuni conquered, the Boers sullen but not openly resisting, and peace once more restored. So far it is possible to look forward. As much as this is held to be necessary for our prestige. We can do it if we choose, and, wretched as is the necessity, we suppose that there is no escape from it. But what is to come next? We must provide for the government of these beautiful acquisitions of ours. Three regiments are the least which can hold the Transvaal. Two more will be wanted in Natal. Not a shilling will be wrung out of the Dutch Boers, except by direct compulsion. Customs duties there are none. The duties levied at Durban barely suffice for the ordinary cost of Natal. The Cape Colonists will not help us; and a large military expenditure of British money on the frontier will be exceedingly agreeable to them. If they are allowed a voice in the frontier management, they will provide our troops with ample work. They have set their heart on the Zambesi boundary. Between the Transvaal and the Zambesi lie half-a-dozen tribes as formidable as the Zulus; and as long as we are willing to pay for the conquest, colonial pretexts will be forthcoming, of all degrees of plausibility, to make the annexation of them indispensable. The work will be done and the cost will be paid by us: if there be any profit, either from gold or more jewels or any other treasure which may turn up, the colonists will get the benefit of it; and all the time the Cape Colony, itself the really well-peopled and prosperous part of the country, with a revenue of nearly two millions, will coolly tell us that for an Imperial policy the Imperial Government must provide. They will contribute neither men nor money; and we are to be rewarded with the consciousness that we are protecting the native tribes, and extending to them the blessings of Christianity—blessings which, if we may judge from realities rather than from fair words, will come to them in the shape of rifle-bullets, loss of independence, and eventual destruction.

This is what the state of things will be if we leave them to take their own course. Will the British Parliament allow it? We do not believe that it will. We feel assured that, as soon

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as the immediate troubles are over, Parliament will insist on revising our entire relations with South Africa, and will require that in some form or other the whole resources of the country shall be made available for the defence of every part of it. The native question is one. The war with Cetewayo and the Zulus is as much a war in defence of the Cape Colony as in defence of Natal and the Transvaal. Sir Bartle Frere insists that the Caffres on the Colonial Border were watching the dispute between ourselves and Cetewayo, that they were prepared to rise again if we feared to interfere with him, and allowed him to retain his army. Sir Bartle Frere may or may not be right in this particular inference, but of the general fact there can be no doubt at all; and as little that, as long as a British force is maintained on the frontier, a policy of annexation will be encouraged by the colonial politicians. They are naturally delighted to see the Imperial Government engaged in clearing away difficulties which they will not themselves encounter. We most earnestly hope that Parliament will not permit this distinction of interests to remain. The knot can never be untied if the Conservative and Liberal parties disagree. But they are equally interested in bringing a state of things to an end which is no longer tolerable. Together, they can devise some arrangement which will work; and if there is unanimity at home, there will be no resistance in the Colony. We do not presume to lay down a definite policy; but the choice appears to lie between four or five alternatives.

1. We may leave things as they are, the Cape Colony remaining under its own Parliament, nominally responsible for the control of its own natives, and falling back on the British troops at Cape Town when the Caffre tribes become unmanageable; we meanwhile holding the Transvaal and Natal at our own expense. Natal can contribute little—the Transvaal can contribute nothing. It is idle to suppose that, in the present humour of the Dutch there, a Volksraad can sit and levy taxes under an English administration; we must hold the province under the Crown, or we cannot hold it at all. It will be costly, it will be useless to us. It will involve us in indefinite future entanglements. This we think will not be consented to.

2. A union of South Africa may be tried under Lord Carnarvon's Permissive Bill. The Cape Colonists will not sacrifice their present security and comfort, to undertake the responsibilities of the interior frontiers, if they are allowed the choice. There was a chance of a voluntary union four years ago, when Dutch sentiment was touched by a supposed change in the attitude of the English Government, and the farmers of Marlborough  
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and the Paarl were caught with the hope that the past might be forgotten, and that they and their kindred beyond the Orange River might be one people again. The Dutch, stubborn and obstinate as they may be, are given to emotion; and, had all gone well at that time, the two Republics might have been brought back with their own consent under the British flag. Now, unfortunately, the old wounds are open again. The Boers are so embittered that, even in a serious danger, they will not lift a hand to help us. In the Colony, thanks to Sir Bartle Frere, there is at present an eastern or English Ministry, and a better feeling has prevailed. But the old Parliament is at an end; the elections are now going forward; and if the Dutch majority recovers the ascendancy, we can look for nothing but determined opposition. We may lay on pressure, however, and we probably shall. The manner in which the Cape Colonists have conducted themselves hitherto does not entitle them to any special consideration, and if we decide that the South African States are to be forcibly united under the Dominion Act, we may possibly accomplish our wish. The whole of South Africa will then be self-governed under its own Dominion Parliament. What are we next to look for? The Dutch, when they choose to exert themselves, already control the Colony. After the annexation of the two Republics they will have the whole power in their hands. There will be a Dutch native policy, carried out by a Dutch Ministry, or by a Ministry under the influence of Dutch feeling. It may be a good policy, it may be a bad policy; but it will be a policy which for the last fifty years we have ourselves repudiated and condemned. It will be enforced in the Queen's name and under a British Governor; and in their present humour, we may assure ourselves, the Dutch will strain their constitutional privileges to the utmost to prevent British interference. Nor is this all. After the fires which we have stirred, it would be unjust and indeed impossible to expect the Dominion to undertake at once the sole charge of Natal and the Transvaal. For some years we shall be obliged to keep several regiments there. From what authority are these regiments to take their orders? From the Governor? or from the Governor as advised by the Dominion Prime Minister? If the Prime Minister directs the policy, he must necessarily have the direction of the military force; and the anomaly of British troops being employed to enforce the views of a Dutch Cape Cabinet scarcely needs to be insisted on. Responsible government in a colony can only go on successfully after the troops are withdrawn; and the difficulty at the Cape would remain, even if the frontier regiments could be dispensed with. Imperial interests require the presence of a garrison at  
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Cape Town ; and, let us make what resolutions we please against future interference, if the troops are there when an emergency rises, the troops will be used.

For these reasons we have never been enthusiastic about South African confederation, preferring the opposite maxim of 'Divide et Impera.' The Eastern and Western Provinces of the Colony have never worked well together. If we were out of the way, they would separate to-morrow ; and when responsible government was established, the question of their separation was reserved. The Eastern or English Province would unite readily with Natal and the Diamond Fields. Such a union as this might be trusted with large powers of self-government, and yet would be easily and willingly influenced by opinion at home. Caffraria would all lie within its boundaries, and no very serious difficulty about native management would be likely to arise. The Western or Dutch Province might then be left to itself to manage its own affairs ; and if any scheme of confederation is to be attempted, this is incomparably the best form for it. It may be said that the Cape Parliament will not consent to a division of the provinces. Probably the majority will not ; but if we are to wait for the consent of the Cape Parliament before we set South Africa in order, we may wait for ever.

3. The clearest and completest expedient would be to suspend the Cape Constitution, which ought never to have been granted, and to place the whole of South Africa under an administration like the Indian, till a more settled state of things has been brought about. If it be true—as hardly any one now ventures to deny—that South Africa, in its present state, is not fitted for self-government, then self-government will continue to work mischievously as long as it remains ; and to say that such a concession once made cannot be recalled, however injurious it may prove to the mass of the inhabitants, is an imbecile confession of impotence. If the Colony was unsuited for such a government seven years ago, it is far less fit for it now. Then, the white population was two hundred and fifty thousand, and the natives were half a million. By the recent annexations the natives subject to the Cape Parliament have risen to a million. The whites have hardly increased at all. The black vote was a farce from the beginning ; and there is not so much as a pretence of extending it to the new additions. Therefore, as we said at the beginning of this article, self-government in South Africa means nothing but the rule of a white oligarchy, and is the very worst form of government which can possibly be established in such a country. The bad features of it will not diminish as time goes on ; they will grow greater from the nature of things.

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The black population increase twice as fast as their masters, and the best that can be hoped for is a repetition of the same phenomena which made Ireland in the last century the scandal of the empire. A change will be forced upon us at last ; nor do we believe that if we showed ourselves in earnest there would be any difficulty in bringing it about. The Colony never asked for representative institutions. The agitators for them were merely a few ambitious politicians from Cape Town and the neighbourhood, whom the Dutch farmers supported under the impression that they were taking a step towards independence. The Hollanders do not set up responsible government in their own dependencies. The Dutch at the Cape do not care for it, unless with ulterior views. If they are made to understand that Great Britain intends to hold the Cape, and has no notion of parting with it, they would sooner be governed justly and wisely by the Crown, than badly with the utmost latitude of constitutional liberty. Beyond all sort of question, a reversion to the direct government of the Queen would be most to the advantage of South Africa. To Great Britain we admit willingly that it would be a new responsibility, with no corresponding benefit to us. The interests of Great Britain are limited to the Table Mountain Peninsula ; but we owe a duty to the natives under our flag and on our borders, and we are bound either to protect them ourselves, or to secure them a protection equal to our own, as far as our power extends.

Such a protection they can never have under a colonial constitution. South Africa is not a colony, but a conquest, and a conquest where the mass of the white population has not been reconciled to the change of masters. The Dutch will not alter their habits to gratify us, and if we give them liberty they will go their own way. We have the highest respect for these tough and sturdy farmers. It is perfectly possible that their mode of managing the natives may be more practically successful than ours ; but it is different from ours, and always will be different. The Dutch principles can never be carried out in the name of the Queen, without provoking agitation and anger in England. The only form of government in South Africa worthy of English tradition, the only form which can give satisfaction to the English sense of what we owe to the native races, is the immediate government of the Crown, administered by the ablest men that we can spare for the service, men who shall have been educated at home, and have no connection with local interests or local traditions. The cost need not frighten us. The trade of the country is already large, and will grow larger when the colonists attend wholly to their business, and the false excitement  
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of politics is at an end. The Caffres and the Zulus are a superior people, easily managed if treated justly, and with a steady hand. The Customs duties would amply pay for the expense of ruling them; while, if they are left to the colonists, they are doomed as surely to degradation and destruction as every other uncivilized people who have melted before us in every country of which we entered into possession. These poor brave men are worth an effort, and if we can save and raise them, it will be one of the achievements which our descendants will look back upon with honourable pride. But if done at all, it must be done by ourselves. To dream that it can be accomplished in a colony managed by a clique of settlers and their representatives, is the idlest of dreams.

South Africa, we should be inclined to say, must belong to us on these terms or it ought not to belong to us at all. There is a superstition that a constitution once conceded cannot be withdrawn, and that the confidence of the rest of our colonies would be shaken if they saw us reimpose our authority after we had once relinquished it. We do not share the alarm. Australia and Canada cannot be ignorant that the circumstances of South Africa are wholly different from theirs, and cannot wish that responsible government should be persisted in in a country where it is certain to fail. A sounder objection may be found in the ill use which the Home Government has made of its authority in those African provinces which are still under its control. It cannot be pretended that the Cape Colony has made more mistakes than the Crown. If the Colonial Government allowed the Caffres to obtain arms, the Diamond Fields Government armed the natives round the Transvaal with a deliberate purpose. But the explanation lies in the distracted condition of the whole of our African possessions, in a divided administration, the absence of any certain policy or accurate knowledge, and in the currents of local interest which have been brought to bear on Colonial Secretaries. Let South Africa be a Crown department, with its condition thoroughly understood and its limitations strictly defined, and we shall hear no more of annexations and Zulu and Caffre wars.

4. But suppose the difficulty to be a real one; let it be allowed that we cannot take back what we have given. It is at any rate open to us to go forward on the same principles. The present situation is confessedly intolerable. If 'responsible government' is maintained or extended, we cannot carry out a native policy which will be satisfactory to ourselves, and we ought not to assist in what we disapprove. There can be no hardship in saying to South Africa, 'We cannot go on as we are doing. We offer you  
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an alternative. Come back of yourselves under the Crown, or be completely free. You will not allow us to govern you—govern yourselves then. Clear us wholly of all responsibility in fact as well as in name, and work out your own problems in your own way.' One limitation only would be required in the perfect independence which might be conceded. A collision would probably follow between the Dutch and the English of the Eastern Provinces. The Dutch might wish to reconnect themselves with Holland, or other accidents might happen which need not be dwelt upon. The Cape of Good Hope is the most commanding naval position on the whole globe. Steam and the Suez Canal have hardly diminished the enormous amount of sailing vessels which pass annually outside it; and the necessity which obliged us to take the country at the beginning of the century remains unaltered. If war broke out in Europe, the weak and divided Cape community would not long be left in possession of a situation which the Great Powers would all covet, and which one or other of them would find a pretext for seizing. If Simon's Bay were held and fortified by an enemy, a few fast cruisers issuing out from the harbour might destroy three-quarters of the British commerce with China, India, and Australia. Such a risk we plainly cannot afford to run. We must keep Simon's Bay, and Simon's Bay cannot be held against an enemy in any strength without Table Bay. If we make South Africa independent, the Peninsula of Table Mountain must be reserved to Great Britain, and a very moderate outlay will make it as impregnable as Gibraltar. The portion thus cut off would be about the size of Madeira, and not unlike it in character. The soil under the mountain is extremely fertile. Thanks to the early Dutch settlers, it is largely wooded. It contains already extensive vineyards and orange groves, and, if properly cultivated, would produce abundance of everything which would be required for the garrison. Simon's Bay, which is now comparatively useless to us through the intrusion and meddling of the colonial authorities, might be developed into a naval arsenal, properly furnished and fortified. Such a solution of the situation, we do not hesitate to say, would be incomparably the most favourable for this country; and, if the opportunity be open to us, the most common prudence would recommend us to close with it. Dutch, English, Caffre, and Zulu, might then be left to settle their own differences. From our position at Table Mountain we could guarantee them from interference from without, while we could be rigidly neutral in their internal quarrels, and should meddle as little with them as the garrison of Gibraltar interferes with Spanish revolutions.

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The Cape Colony would have its trials after the separation. Its ambition would be cut short. The Zambesi frontier would have to wait for two centuries. Great Namaqua-land would be abandoned to the natives, and perhaps Caffraria. The English and Dutch provinces would probably separate, and Port Elizabeth would keep its Customs duties for its own purposes. There would be many changes; but enterprising European colonists, with a territory already far in excess of what they can profitably cultivate, would have nothing to complain of. If they left the natives alone, they could hold their ground and enjoy reasonable prosperity, in proportion to their modesty and industry. No one is really injured in this world who is thrown upon his own resources. It is the best and often the only means of compelling him to exert himself.

We do not urge the adoption of a course so severely selfish. We should regret to see the British Government driven to make a public confession of an inability to manage one of its largest dependencies. For our reputation's sake we ought to leave no means untried to discover a *modus vivendi* between ourselves and our fellow-subjects without parting company. But the Cape Legislature would do wisely to consider how extremely tempting this arrangement must appear to the British taxpayer, and how easily they may drive us to cut the knot if they refuse to assist in untying it.

Nor do we suppose (however abstractedly desirable we know such a change to be, and however confident we feel that if we are to keep South Africa we shall be forced into it at last) that at present we shall attempt to withdraw the self-government of the Colony. We shall try to work on the lines of the Permissive Bill. If we fail, it will be possible to divide the Colony, under the reservation which was left when self-government was conceded, and to confederate the English province with Natal and the Diamond Fields. The Transvaal in that case will be the principal difficulty. We cannot simply replace it in the hands of the Boers without public discredit, nor after we have crushed the Zulus and Sekokuni, as we shall be obliged to do, can we leave them at the mercy of the Boers. The English Confederation, however, might be willing to take charge of the Transvaal after a time, and there would be less objection to having English regiments to co-operate with an English Legislature, than with a South African Dominion Government formed out of a confederacy of the whole country, which would be virtually Dutch. But there is a last alternative, less extreme and less dangerous than a simple restoration of the Transvaal Republic.

5. The policy of erecting independent States between the British possessions and the interior appears to us to have been an extremely wise one. The first open departure from it was the beginning of the present disorders. The experiment has not had a fair trial. The Dutch settlers in the Free States succeeded beyond our expectation. We no sooner saw them growing strong, than we were frightened at our own creation, and instead of encouraging them, as we ought to have done, we obstructed them, thwarted them, and at last tried to ruin them. The stronger they became, the more effective they were for the purpose for which they were brought into existence; but they were subjected to studious misrepresentation: they were no harsher to the natives than their circumstances compelled them to be, but we chose to regard them as barbarians; their efforts to impose their authority on the tribes within their boundaries we considered to be gratuitous oppression. In the eyes of themselves and their countrymen the Boers were as respectable as ourselves, and as much entitled to institute a regular government and compel obedience to it. We, on the contrary, looked on them as savages; and the title of a higher race to rule over a weaker, which in our own case we admit and act upon as a beneficent principle, we utterly disallowed to the Dutch farmer.

We should have acted more humanely as well as more prudently if, after having constituted these States as a barrier against the interior tribes, we had rather endeavoured to make the barrier a real one. From the first we left our work incomplete. The Orange Republic and Independent Caffraria blocked the further advance of the Cape Colony; but beyond Caffraria we still kept Natal lying between the Caffres and the Zulus, and in danger from both of them. It was a mistake on our part ever to meddle with Natal; it was only an encumbrance and a responsibility; and when the Orange Free State and the Transvaal were released from their allegiance, Natal ought to have been attached to them. The Dutch States would then have been complete to the sea. They would have formed a confederation of their own, with a harbour and opportunities of trade. They would have had their own Customs duties, and could have maintained a more orderly form of government; while the Caffres between Natal and the Colony, having the Dutch at their backs, would have leant necessarily on English support, and have never troubled us again. The Dutch were the first European occupants of Natal. They built Pietermaritzberg. Dutch law is still administered through the Colony, and the majority of the white inhabitants there are Dutch. We took it from them more from spleen and jealousy than from a worthier motive. We



have never colonized it. The English in Natal do not probably amount to ten thousand; and of those a few years ago there were many who would have welcomed annexation to the Free States. Among the various plans for the future which may present themselves, a return to the old Orange River policy will perhaps come up for consideration. Though we could not well give back the Transvaal alone to the Boer farmers, an independent confederation might be formed under a flag of its own between the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal; and if the boundaries were rigidly defined, so that no future question could be raised upon them, the white population would be strong enough at once to defend themselves, and would develop extremely rapidly into a wealthy and substantial community. They would work out the native problem in their own way, but we should have no responsibility. They could not treat the natives worse than we, with all our pretensions to humanity, are now compelled to treat the Zulus, and shall be compelled afterwards to treat Sekokuni.

South Africa, thus ordered, might go on tolerably: the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal, united and free; the Cape Colony and the Diamond Fields under constitutional government, either divided into two provinces or combined as at present. The mouth of the Orange River, we think, should be again the boundary on the west coast, and Great Namaqua-land be abandoned: it was taken possession of in mere vanity; it does not contain a single European inhabitant: and the Colony must be given to understand that self-government is to be construed literally, and does not mean annexation of territories to be ruled as provinces from Cape Town. Independent Caffreland has been taken over since the war of last year, and we suppose must be retained. Half a million additional natives have thus become the subjects of the Cape Ministry. The proportion of blacks to whites has been raised from two to one to four to one, and the problem of governing the existing coloured population will tax their powers sufficiently for another century.

Between the courses which we have indicated the choice appears practically to lie. Confederation will probably be proposed to the New Legislature which will meet in June at Cape Town. If it is rejected or evaded, as we believe it will be, the British Parliament must then take up the problem. Both Liberals and Conservatives, it is to be hoped, are now alive to the situation; and will not allow a question which will task all the wisdom that is in them to degenerate into a party quarrel. United, they can prescribe their own terms, and no opposition will be attempted; so long as opinion is divided  
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at home, South African politicians will refuse to be driven from their present vantage-ground.

One point only we venture to urge upon the Government. The mistakes of the past have all originated in false or imperfect information supplied to the Colonial Office. Colonial Secretaries at home and Governors at Cape Town have been furnished for the last fifty years with volunteer communications from missionaries and land speculators in the Colony, and from benevolent associations in England, which have too much influenced their action, and have at times entirely governed it. The traditions of the office—especially as regards the conduct and character of the Boers—have been formed, not on accurate knowledge, but on the reports of prejudiced persons, who have not always been even honestly mistaken. The South African Dutch are a silent people, little given to making public displays of their feelings; they are generally conscious of what has been said about their inhumanity, and they deeply resent it; but they have never cared to defend themselves; their side of the question has not been heard; and by accepting interested accusations, as if they were ascertained facts, we have embittered and exasperated an entire people, who, as we have now discovered, form the majority of the electors even in the Cape Colony itself.

Unless it be decided to bring South Africa under the Crown, the principle of self-government will probably be extended, and any step in that direction will increase still further the political power of the Dutch inhabitants. Under a confederation, they will be practically supreme. If Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Republic, are made into an Independent State, the English influence in it will be nothing. If the Cape Colony is divided, and an English Confederation is formed out of the Eastern Province, Natal, and the Diamond Fields, the rest of the country will be exclusively Dutch also. It is absurd to suppose that we can put constitutional power into the hands of a comparatively small number of European settlers, that we can throw on them the cost and responsibility of maintaining themselves in a dangerous position, and that at the same time we can expect to dictate their policy. If we mean them to go our way, we must govern them ourselves; and to give them self-government, unless we are prepared to abide by the consequences, whatever these consequences may be, will only ensure the recurrence of angry collisions. We trust, therefore, that whatever is done will be done after due deliberation, and that Parliament will not be tempted to act precipitately in its eagerness to put an end to the present crisis. The state of South Africa is not yet understood: every despatch, every  
book

book which is written about it, is tainted with prejudice. The speeches in Parliament betray a fatal want of acquaintance with the most prominent features of the situation, and are effective only because addressed to an audience in the same condition.

Before any resolution is arrived at we recommend the Government to send out a commission composed of the most dispassionate men that they can find, totally unconnected with the South African Colonies, in whom Parliament can place entire confidence. Let the commissioners enquire into the whole method of native management, both by Dutch and English. Let them look into the charges of alleged cruelty. Let them ascertain how far the natives can obtain justice under trial by jury. Let them report on the working of the native franchise, on native law and the possibility of superseding it, on the whole position of the native races and the chances of raising and improving them under Dutch treatment or English. If we are to avoid fresh fatal mistakes, we should have the clearest light upon these and similar matters. If it be found that Dutch and English alike are not to be trusted to deal fairly with the poor people for whom our occupation of their country has made us responsible, we shall hesitate in establishing a self-governed confederation which will place the natives completely at their mercy. If it be found that, although the Dutch mode of administration differs from the English, it is not substantially more unscrupulous, and that the popular impressions about the Boers' atrocities are founded on calumny, we shall regret that we have so long done injustice to a respectable body of fellow-subjects. At all events, we shall not be legislating in the dark, and we can come to our conclusions with some reasonable grounds for anticipating what is likely to come of the next steps which we shall take.

There is no need for an immediate decision. This miserable war has still to be fought out. It will not end till the Zulus can fight no more, and Cetewayo's warriors are all lying dead. Sekokuni, and the other hornets whose stings we sharpened against the Transvaal must be dealt with next, and their arms taken from them. There will then be a precious interval of quiet. Information can be collected, on which Parliament can rely; and it can then set about the work of repairing the miserable blunders of past years with some hopes of success.

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